Prince ARTHUR.

An Heroick

POEM.

In Ten BOOKS.

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The Fourth Edition Revised.

To which is Annexed,
An INDEX, explaining the Names of
Countries, Cities, and Rivers, &c.

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THE PREFACE.

TO what ill Purpoſes ſoever Poetry has been abus'd, its true and genuine End is, by Univerſal Confeſſion, the Inſtruction of our Minds, and Regulation of our Manners, for which 'tis furniſh'd with ſo many great Advantages. The Delicacy of its Strains, the Sweetneſs and Harmony of its Numbers, the lively and admirable manner of its Painting or Repreſentation, and the wonderful Force of its Eloquence, cannot but open the Paſſages to our Breaſts, triumph over our Paſſions, and leave behind them very deep Impreſſions. 'Tis in the Power of Poetry to penetrate the inmoſt Receſſes of the Mind, to touch every Spring that moves the Heart, to agitate the Soul with any ſort of Affection, and transform it into any Shape or Poſture it thinks fit. 'Tis therefore no wonder that ſo Wiſe a State, as that of Athens, ſhould retain

the Poets on the ſide of Religion and the Government. The Stage there was erected to teach the People their Scheme of Theology, and thoſe Modes of Worſhip which the Magiſtrate encourag'd; to convey to them ſuch Ideas of their Deities, and Divine Providence, as might engage their Minds to a Reverence of Superior, inviſible Beings, and to obſerve and admire their Adminiſtration of Humane Affairs. The Poets *were look'd on as Divine, not only by reaſon of that extraordinary Fury and Heat of Imagination, with which they were thought to be inſpir'd, but likewiſe on the Account of their Profeſſion and Imployment, their Buſineſs being to repreſent Vice as the moſt odious, and Virtue as the moſt deſireable Thing in the World.*

Tragedy was at its firſt Inſtitution a part of the Divine Service of the Antient Pagans, where the Chorus, *which originally had ſo great a ſhare, contain'd many excellent Leſſons of Piety and Morality, and was wholly imploy'd in rectifying their Miſtakes about the Gods, and their Government of the World; in moderating their Paſſions, and purging their Minds from Vice and Corruption: And the Repreſentation of Great and Illuſtrious Characters, gradually afterwards introduc'd, their impious, or Heroick Actions, and the different Events that attended them, was deſign'd to deter Men from Vice and Irreligion, and excite them to Great and Generous Undertakings, by ſhewing them the Vengeance that at laſt overtook the one,*

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and the Rewards and Praiſes that crown'd the o-ther. The end of Comedy was the ſame, but purſu'd in another way; The Buſineſs of Comedy being to render Vice ridiculous, to expoſe it to publick Deriſion and Contempt, and to make Men aſham'd of Vile and ſordid Actions.

Tragedy was deſign'd to fright Men, and Comedy to laugh them out of their Vices. And 'tis very plain, that Satyre is intended for the ſame End, the Promotion of Virtue, and expoſing of Vice; which it purſues by ſharp Reproaches, vehement and bitter Invectives, or by a Courtly, but not leſs cutting Raillery. The Odes of the Lyrick Poet were invented for the Praiſes of their Gods, their Heroes and extraordinary Perſons, to invite Men to admire and imitate their Perfections.

But above all other Kinds, Epick Poetry, as it is firſt in Dignity, ſo it moſt conduces to this End. In an Epick *Poem, where Perſons of the firſt Rank, Illuſtrious for their Birth or high Employment are introduc'd, the Fable, the Action, the particular Epiſodes are ſo contriv'd and conducted, or at leaſt ought to be, that either Fortitude, Wiſdom, Piety, Moderation, Generoſity, ſome or other Generous and Princely Virtues ſhall be recommended with the higheſt Advantage, and their contrary Characters made as odious. To give Men right and juſt Conceptions of Religion and Virtue, to aid their Reaſon in reſtraining their Exorbitant Appetites and Impetuous Paſſions, and to bring their Lives under the Rules and Guidance of true*

Wiſdom, and thereby to promote the publick Good of Mankind, is undoubtedly the End of this and all other Poetry.

'Tis true indeed, that one deſign of Poetry is to give Men Pleaſure and Delight; but this is but a ſubordinate End, which is it ſelf a Means to the greater, and ultimate one before mention'd. A Poet ſhould imploy all his Judgment and Wit, exhauſt all the Riches of his Fancy, and abound in Beautiful and Elegant Expreſſion, to divert and entertain the Readers; but then it muſt be with this Proſpect, that he may hereby engage their Attention, inſinuate more eaſily into their Minds, and more effectually convey to them wiſe Inſtructions. 'Tis below the Dignity of a true Poet to take his Aim at any Thing, inferiour to This. They are Men of little Genius, of mean and poor Deſigns, that imploy their Faculties to no higher Purpoſe, than to pleaſe the Imagination of vain and wanton People.

I think theſe Poets, if they muſt be called ſo, whoſe Wit, as they manage it, is altogether unuſeful, are juſtly reproach'd; but I am ſure thoſe are highly to be condemned, who ſpend all their Talents in Oppoſition to Piety, and to the Deſtruction of Probity and ſober Behaviour. There have been in all Ages ſome ſuch ill Men that have perverted the right Uſe of Poetry, but never ſo many, or ſo bold or miſchievous, as in ours. Our Poets ſeem engag'd in a general Confederacy to ruin the End of their own Art, to expoſe Religion

gion and Virtue, and bring Vice and Corruption of Manners into Eſteem and Reputation. The Gentlemen that write for the Stage, (at leaſt a great part of 'em) ſeem deeply concern'd in this Conſpiracy. Theſe are the Champions that charge Religion with ſuch deſperate Reſolution, and have given it ſo many deep and ghaſtly Wounds. The Stage was an Outwork or Fort rais'd for the Protection and Security of the Temple; but the Poets that kept it, have revolted, and baſely betray'd it; and what is worſe, have turn'd all their Force, and diſcharg'd all their Artillery againſt the Place their Duty was to defend. If any Man thinks this an unjuſt Charge, I deſire him to look into our modern Comedies, and I believe he will ſoon be convinc'd of the Truth of what I have ſaid.

The Man of Senſe, and the Fine Gentleman in the Comedy, who, as the Principal Perſon propos'd to the Eſteem and Imitation of the Audience, is enrich'd with all the Senſe and Wit the Poet can beſtow; this Extraordinary Man you will find to be a Derider of Religion, a great Admirer of Lucretius, *not ſo much for his Learning, as his Impiety; a Perſon entirely Idle, diſſolv'd in Luxury, and abandon'd to his Pleaſures; a great Debaucher of Women, profuſe and extravagant in his Expences, and in ſhort, this Finiſh'd Gentleman will appear a Finiſh'd Libertine.*

The Young Lady that muſt ſupport the Character of a Virtuous, Well-manner'd, Senſible Per-

ſon, the moſt perfect Creature that can be, and the very Flower of her Sex, this Accompliſh'd Lady entertains the Audience with confident Diſcourſes, immodeſt Repartees, and prophane Raillery. She is throughly inſtructed in Intreagues and Aſſignations, a great Scoffer at the prudent Reſervedneſs and Modeſty of the beſt Women; She deſpiſes the wiſe Directions of her Parents or Guardians, is diſobedient to their Authority, and at laſt, without their Knowledge or Conſent, marries her ſelf to the Fine Gentleman abovementioned. And can any one imagine, but that our Young Ladies and Gentlemen are admirably inſtructed by ſuch Patterns of Senſe and Virtue? If a Clergy-man be introduc'd, as he often is, 'tis ſeldom for any other purpoſe, but to abuſe him, and expoſe his very Character and Profeſſion: He muſt be a Pimp, a Blockhead, a Hypocrite; ſome wretched Figure he muſt make, and almoſt ever be ſo manag'd, as to bring his very Order into Contempt. This indeed is a very common, but yet ſo groſs an Abuſe of Wit, as was never endur'd on a Pagan Theater, at leaſt in the ancient primitive Times of Poetry, before its Purity and Simplicity became corrupted with the Inventions of after Ages. Poets then taught Men to reverence their Gods, and thoſe who ſerv'd them; and none had ſo little Regard for his Religion, as to expoſe it publickly; or if any had, their Governments were too wiſe to ſuffer the Worſhip of their Gods to be treated on the Stage with Contempt.

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In our Comedies the Wives of Citizens are encourag'd to deſpiſe their Husbands, and to make great Friendſhip with ſome ſuch Virtuous Gentleman and Man of Senſe as before has been deſcrib'd. This is their Way of recommending Chaſtity and Fidelity. And, that Diligence and Frugality may be ſufficiently expos'd, tho' the two Virtues that chiefly ſupport the Being of any State, to deter Men from being Induſtrious and Wealthy, the Diligent, Thriving Citizen is ridicul'd as the moſt Wretched and Contemptible Creature in the World: And as the Alderman that makes the beſt Figure in the City, makes the worſt on the Stage, ſo under the Character of a Juſtice of Peace, you have all the Prudence and Virtues of the Country unmercifully inſulted.

As theſe Characters are drawn on purpoſe to ruin all Opinion and Eſteem of Virtue, ſo the Conduct throughout, the Language, the Fable and Contrivance ſeem evidently deſign'd for the ſame Worthy End. There are few Fine Conceits, few Strains of Wit, or extraordinary Pieces of Raillery, but are either immodeſt or irreligious, and very few Scenes but have ſome ſpiteful Stroke at Sobriety and Good Manners, whence the Youth of the Nation have apparently receiv'd very bad Impreſſions. The univerſal Corruption of Manners and irreligious Diſpoſition of Mind that infect the Kingdom, ſeem to have been in a great Meaſure deriv'd from the Stage or have at leaſt been highly promoted by it. And 'tis great Pity that thoſe, in whoſe Power it

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is, have not yet restrain'd this Licentiousness, and oblig'd the Writers to observe more Decency. It were to be wish'd that Poets, as Preachers are in some Countries, were paid and licens'd by the State, that none might be suffer'd to write in Prejudice of Religion and the Government, but that all such Offenders, *as publick Enemies of Mankind might be silenc'd and punish'd. Sure some Effectual Care should be taken that these Men might not be suffer'd, by Debauching our Youth, to help on the Destruction of a brave Nation.*

Some of these Poets, to excuse their Guilt, alledge for themselves, that the Degeneracy of the Age makes their lewd way of Writing necessary; they pretend the Auditors will not be pleas'd, unless they are thus entertain'd from the Stage; and to please they say is the chief business of the Poet. But this is by no means a just Apology; 'tis not true, as was said before, that the Poet's chief business is to please. His Principal End is to instruct, to make Mankind Wiser and Better; and in order to this, his Care should be to please and entertain the Audience with all the Wit and Art he is Master of. Aristotle *and* Horace, *and their* Criticks *and* Commentators, *all Men of Wit and Sense agree, that this is the End of Poetry. But they say 'tis their Profession to Write for the Stage; and that Poets must starve if they will not in this way humour the Audience. The Theater will be as unfrequented as the Churches, and the Poet and the Parson equally neglected. Let the Poet*

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then abandon his Profeſſion, and take up ſome Employment, where joyning Induſtry to his Genius, he may ſoon get above the Complaint of Poverty, ſo common among theſe ingenious Men, and lye under no neceſſity of proſtituting his Wit to any ſuch vile Purpoſes as are here cenſur'd. This will be a courſe of Life more Profitable and Honourable to himſelf, and more uſeful to others. And there are among theſe Writers ſome, who think they might have riſen to the higheſt Dignities in other Profeſſions, had they imploy'd their Parts in thoſe Ways. 'Tis a mighty Diſhonour and Reproach to any Man, that is capable of being uſeful to the World in any Liberal and virtuous Profeſſion, to laviſh out his Life and Wit, in propagating Vice and Corruption of Manners, and in battering from the Stage the ſtrongeſt Entrenchments and beſt Works of Religion and Virtue. Whoever makes this his Choice, when the other was in his Power, may he go off the Stage unpity'd, complaining of Neglect and Poverty, the juſt Puniſhments of his Irreligion and Folly.

Tis no diſhonour to be a true Poet, if indeed a Man be one; that is, a noble Genius well cultivated, and employ'd in Writing in ſuch a way, as reaches the End of his Art, and by diſcouraging Vice, promotes the Good of Mankind. But 'tis a great Diſhonour and Shame, to employ excellent Faculties and Abundance of Wit, to humour and pleaſe Men in their Follies and Vices. Such a one is more hateful, as an ill Man, than valuable, as

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a good Poet. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithſtanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the moſt odious Being of the whole Creation.

Nor is this Abuſe confin'd to the Stage; the ſame Strain runs thro' the other kinds of Poetry. What monſtrous lewd and irreligious Books of Poems have been of late publiſh'd, and which is the greater Wonder, receiv'd in a civiliz'd and Chriſtian Kingdom, with Applauſe and Reputation? The Sweetneſs of the Wit, makes the Poiſon go down with Pleaſure, and the Contagion ſpreads without Oppoſition. Young Gentlemen and Ladies are generally pleas'd and diverted with Poetry, more than with any other way of Writing; but there are few Poems they can fix on, but they are like to pay too dear for their Entertainment. Their Fancies are like to be fill'd with impure Ideas, and their Minds engag'd in noxious Paſſions, which are the more laſting, by being convey'd in lively Expreſſions, and with all the Addreſs of an artful Poet.

For this End among others, I undertook to write this Poem, hoping I might be able to pleaſe and entertain, not only without hurting the Reader, but to his advantage. I was willing to make one Effort towards reſcuing the Muſes out of the hands of theſe Raviſhers, to reſtore them to their ſweet and chaſt Manſions, and to engage them in an Employment ſuitable to their Dignity. If I ſucceed not in this good Deſign, I hope at leaſt I ſhall awaken the Courage and Compaſſion of ſome other

other brave Adventurers, that may more happily attempt this honourable Work.

To write an HEROICK *or* EPICK *Poem is a work of that Difficulty, that no one for near ſeventeen hundred Years paſt has ſucceeded in it; and only thoſe two great Wits* Homer *and* Virgil *before. That the modern Poets have been ſo unſucceſsful, has not, I imagine, proceeded ſo much from want of Genius, as from their Ignorance of the Rules of writing ſuch a Poem; or at leaſt, from their want of attending to them. Tho'* Ariſtotle's *excellent Rules of Poetry were early publiſh'd, and ſoon after illuſtrated by the Comments of ſeveral* Criticks, *yet we do not find that our modern Writers were very careful to obſerve them. And indeed, as our late Poets ſeem not to have attended to thoſe incomparable Rules, ſo neither have they carefully conſider'd the great Models that* Homer *and* Virgil *left them. Some Readers that are not vers'd in this matter, imagine every thing written in* Heroick Verſe, *is an* Heroick Poem; *but theſe have not conſider'd the Nature of ſuch a Work, nor look'd into the Criticks who have written on this Subject. I ſhall therefore give the Definition of an Epick or Heroick Poem, that thoſe that have it not already, may now have a true Idea of its Nature.*

An Epick Poem is a feign'd or devis'd Story of an Illuſtrious Action, *related in Verſe, in an* Allegorical, Probable, Delightful *and* Admirable *manner, to cultivate the Mind with Inſtructions*

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of Virtue. 'Tis a feign'd or devis'd Diſcourſe; that is, a Fable; *and ſo it agrees with* Tragedy *and* Comedy. *The word* Fable *at firſt ſignified indifferently a true or falſe Story, therefore* Cicero *for diſtinction, uſes* Fictas Fabulas *in his Book* de Finibus. *But afterwards Cuſtom obtain'd to uſe the word always for a feign'd Diſcourſe. And in the firſt Ages, eſpecially in the Eaſtern World, great uſe was made by Learned and Wiſe Men of theſe feign'd Diſcourſes, Fables or Apologues, to teach the ruder and more unpoliſh'd Part of Mankind. Theologians, Philoſophers and great Law-givers, every where fell into this way of inſtructing the People in the Knowledge of Religion, Natural Philoſophy, and Moral and Political Virtues. So* Thales, Orpheus, Solon, Homer, *and the reſt of the great Men in thoſe Ages have done, and the famous Philoſopher* Socrates *is by ſome affirm'd to be the Author of many of the Fables that paſs under* Æſop's *Name. Moſt of them made their Fables in Verſe, that by the addition of Harmony and Numbers they might the better attain their End.* Strabo *and* Plutarch *greatly commend this way of teaching the People; and theſe Reaſons may be given for the uſefulneſs of it. Naked Philoſophical Precepts and Doctrines are of themſelves harſh and dry, hardly attended to, and ungratefully entertain'd. If the Hearers are rude and courſe, or very vicious, there is no hope of gaining them by a grave and ſolemn Diſcourſe of Virtue, and even the better and more civiliz'd Auditors*

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are hardly kept attentive to it. Man is naturally a Lover of Pleaſure, and if you would do him Good, it muſt be by pleaſing him; you muſt give him Delight, and keep his Mind in a conſtant agreeable Agitation, elſe he will not attend to the moſt uſeful Counſel and Inſtruction. He is pleas'd already with the Notions and Habitudes, howſoever falſe or vicious, that have the preſent Poſſeſſion of him, and you muſt give him a great deal of Pleaſure and Entertainment to engage him to hear you, when you would perſwade him to the trouble of becoming Wiſer and Better. Now the firſt Wiſe Men that undertook to civilize and poliſh the barbarous World, found this way of Fables, eſpecially in Verſe to be mighty Acceptable to the People: The Contrivance gave them Delight, and the Novelty rais'd their Admiration. They could learn them perfectly, and repeat them often, by which means the Inſtructions of Virtue covertly contain'd in them, were inculated on their Minds.

And we find, that many Ages after Orpheus, Solon, Homer, *&c.* the Divine Law-giver *of the* Chriſtians *thought fit to teach the People by Apologues, Parables or Fables, under which he cover'd and diſguis'd his Heavenly Inſtructions.*

The Action muſt be Illuſtrious *and* Important; *Illuſtrious in reſpect of the Perſon, who is the Author of it, who is always ſome* Valiant, *or* Wiſe, *or* Pious *Prince or great Commander: But let his Character be what it will in other reſpects*

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(for there is no Neceſſity the Hero ſhould be a good or a wiſe Perſon) 'tis always neceſſary he ſhould have Courage; which ſingle Quality is ſufficient to make the Hero. And the Action muſt be important, both in reſpect of its Object and its End. 'Tis the Action of ſome great Perſon about ſome noble and weighty Affair. 'Tis true, there are many other Perſons concern'd, but 'tis the Action of the chief Perſon that gives the Being and Denomination to the Poem. This Action muſt be but one; when it ceaſes, the Poem is ended; and if it be reviv'd, and taken up again, a new Poem begins. Action is Motion; and if it ceaſes cannot be reviv'd, ſo as to be numerically the ſame. There are indeed many other Actions beſides the Principal, but they all depend on, and have relation to that, with the Unity of which, the Unity of the Poem ſtands or falls. If this principal Action be broken, the Poem is broken too; if there be any other Action coordinate and independant on this, the Poem is monſtrous, and has as many Heads, as there are found independent Actions. The Narration therefore of many Actions ſucceſſively of one great Perſon, or the Hiſtory of his Life related in Verſe, is by no means an Heroick Poem, any one great Action being ſufficient for that. That which makes the Unity of the Action, is the regular Succeſſion of one Part or Epiſode to another, not only as Antecedents and Conſequents, but as it were Cauſes and Effects, wherein the Reader may diſcern that the

the former Episode makes the following necessary, and the Connection between them is such, that they assist and support each other, as the Members of the Body do, no Episode being out of its place, of a disproportion'd size to the Rest, or that could be spar'd from its place, without maiming, or at least deforming the Whole. If this order of the Episodes be preserv'd, and there appear none but what naturally and probably result from the principal Action, then the Action may be look'd on as one.

The Action must be related in an Allegorical manner; and this Rule is best observ'd, when, as Divines speak, there is both a Literal Sense obvious to every Reader, and that gives him Satisfaction enough if he sees no farther, and besides, another Mystical or Typical, not hard to be discover'd by those Readers that penetrate the matter deeper. Virgil *seems most happy in this Conduct, whose Poem all along contains this double Sense;* Homer *has often only an Allegorical Sense without the Literal, and therefore is not so well accommodated to this Age, as he was not to that of* Augustus. *But* Ariosto *and* Spencer, *however great Wits, not observing this judicious Conduct of* Virgil, *nor attending to any sober Rules; are hurried on with a boundless, impetuous Fancy over Hill and Dale, till they are lost in a Wood of Allegories. Allegories so wild, unnatural, and extravagant: as greatly displease the Reader. This way of writing mightily offends in this Age; and 'tis a wonder how it came to please in any. There*

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is indeed a way of writing purely Allegorical, as when Vices and Virtues are introduc'd as Persons; the first as Furies, the other as Divine Persons or Goddesses, which still obtains, and is well enough accommodated to the present Age. For the Allegory is presently discern'd, and the Reader is by no means impos'd on, but sees it immediately to be an Allegory, and is both delighted and instructed with it. The devis'd Story must be related in a probable manner; without this all things will be harsh, unnatural and monstrous; and consequently most offensive to the Judicious. Probability must be in the Action, the Conduct, the Manners; and where humane means cannot, Machines *are introduc'd to support it. Nothing is more necessary than Probability; no Rule more chastly to be observ'd.*

An Epick Poem must likewise be delightful and admirable; and to make it so must concur sublime Thoughts, clear and rich Expression, Purity of Language, a just Proportion, Relation, and Dependance between the Parts, and a beautiful and regular Structure and Connection discernable in the Whole. Without these it will not be capable of giving Delight, or raising Admiration. Admiration is the formal Object of an Epick Poem, nothing is to be admitted there, but as it is admirable; and by this it is discriminated from all other sorts of Poetry. Every kind endeavours to please and delight, but this only attempts to please by astonishing and amazing the Reader. In an Epick Poem every thing should appear great and wonderful,

derful, the Thoughts cannot be too much Elevated, the Episodes too Noble, the Diction too Magnificent, nor the Action too Wonderful and Surprising, if Probability be preserv'd. No Riches of Fancy, no Pomp of Eloquence can be laid out too much on such a Work where the Design throughout is to raise Wonder. To render the Action the more Admirable, Homer and Virgil have introduc'd the Gods, and engag'd them every where as Parties; and tho' I cannot say this is Essential and Necessary to an Epick Poem, yet 'tis evident, that interesting Heaven and Hell in the matter, does mightily raise the Subject, and makes the Action appear more Surprizing. Homer indeed to raise his Subject by his frequent Machines, seems to have debas'd his Religion. Virgil's Conduct, in my Opinion, is more careful and chast. But some of our modern Criticks have believ'd 'tis scarce possible for a Christian Poet to make use of this advantage, of introducing Superiour, Invisible Powers into the Action, and therefore seem to despair of seeing an Heroick Poem written now, that shall reach to the Dignity of those of the Pagans. They think the Christian Religion is not so well accommodated to this matter, as the Pagan was; and that if any Attempt be made this way, Religion will suffer more, than the Poem will gain by it. Mine has always differ'd from the Opinion of these Gentlemen, I believe that our Theology may enter into an Epick Poem, and raise the Subject without being it self debas'd.

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And this indeed was a second Reason why I undertook this Work, so full of Difficulty and Hazard. I was willing to give an Instance wherein it might appear, that this Assertion, is actually true.

In the Definition which I have given of an Heroick Poem, according to the Sense and Judgment of the best Criticks, I have said, its End is to convey some Instruction of Virtue. But of this, I have discours'd at large at the beginning of this Preface, and there is no need of repeating it.

'Tis not for me to Censure other Mens Performances of this Kind; whoever will be at the Pains to read the Commentators on Aristotle, *and* Horace's *Rules of Poetry; or that will but carefully consider* Rapin, Dacier, *and* Bossu, *those celebrated Writers among the* French, *and the Judicious Remarks of our own excellent Critick Mr.* Rymer, *who seems to have better consider'd these matters, and to have seen farther into them, than most of the English Nation, will be soon able to see wherein the Heroick Poems that have been publish'd since* Virgil *by the* Italian, French, *and* English *have been defective, by comparing them with the Rules of Writing set down by those great Masters.*

In this Work I have endeavour'd mostly to form my self on Virgil's *Model, which I look on as the most just and perfect, and which is most easily accommodated to the present Age, supposing the Christian Religion in the place of the Pagan. I*

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do not make any Apology for my Imitation of Virgil *in ſo many places of this Poem; for the ſame great Maſter has imitated* Homer *as frequently and cloſely; and I do not find that any of his Criticks have condemn'd him for it. Nor is it at all improbable, but that the Greek Poet himſelf imitated his Predeceſſors of the ſame Nation, tho' no doubt he greatly improv'd their Model.* Homer, *I believe was not the firſt Writer of an Epick Poem. We find* Ariſtole *in his Book of the Art of Poetry, makes mention of ſeveral, I ſuppoſe before him: He tells us of an Epick Poem, intituled, The* Little Ilias, *and another the* Cyprica; *and cenſures them both, as containing many perfect, diſtinct, and independent Actions. The laſt of theſe Poems is likewiſe mention'd by* Herodotus *in* Euterpe, *by* Athenæus *and* Pauſanias. *And 'tis likely many more ſuch Poems were written before* Homer's *Time, who might be well ſuppos'd to have imitated them in what they had done well, as well as to have excell'd them in avoiding many of their Errors.*

What Homer *and* Virgil *have perform'd with Honour and univerſal Applauſe, I have attempted: What they have been able, I have been willing to do. If I have not ſucceeded, my diſappointment will be the leſs, in that Poetry has been ſo far from being my Buſineſs and Profeſſion, that it has taken up but a ſmall part of my Time; and then, but as my Recreation, and the Entertainment of my*

idle

idle Hours. If this Attempt ſucceeds ſo far, as to excite ſome other Perſon that has a noble Genius, Leiſure and Application, to Honour his Country with a juſt Epick Poem, I ſhall think the Vacancies and Intervals that for about two years paſt, I have had from the Buſineſs of my Profeſſion have been very well imploy'd.

It will be expected I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning the preſent Edition. This Poem was writ in ſo ſhort a time and amidſt ſuch a hurry of Buſineſs, that 'tis not ſtrange it appear'd with many Defects. Since the former Editions I have with Care revis'd it, and have endeavour'd to give it greater Finiſhing. A Writing that was receiv'd with a more general Approbation, than I had reaſon to expect, will not, I hope, be leſs acceptable now 'tis publiſh'd with Improvements.

In the foregoing Diſcourſe I condemn'd the Looſeneſs and Immorality of Poetial Writings, eſpecially thoſe of the Theater. The Wits then in Faſhion and the Poets, that were poſſeſt of the Favour of the Town, expreſs'd their Reſentment, and did what they could to preſerve in the People a good Opinion of thoſe Poems and Plays, which I had Cenſur'd, and to create a bad one of my Performance. Tho' I could not be ſo ignorant of Humane Nature and its Paſſions as to think I ſhould make any Impreſſion upon Licentious Writers, or perſwade them to correct any Fault or Indecency, nor that ſingly I ſhould be able to bear up againſt

ſuch

such numerous and powerful Adversaries, yet for my Encouragement I consider'd that a Good Thing once started seldom dies, but will some time or other take Place in spight of all Opposition. Truth has such a native Spring and Elastick Power, that tho' sometimes 'tis under a State of Violence and Compression, yet at other Seasons it will exert its Force and recover its Liberty.

And I have beyond my Expectation liv'd to see the Taste of the Town happily Chang'd. Cato an excellent Tragedy has been lately receiv'd with such an Extraordinary and Universal Approbation, as scarce has been known in any Age. That a Play in which Religion is no where affronted, her Modesty and sober Manners put out of Countenance, where there is no Infusion of Obscenity, or any Tincture of Prophaneness to impart a Flavour, and heighten the Relish, a Play that has nothing but generous and elevated Sentiments expres'd in pure, proper and splendid Diction, and naked Virtue and good Sense to recommend it, that such a Work, I say, should be receiv'd with so much Satisfaction, and be frequented so long, by such Crowds of Auditors, is a convincing Proof, that the Town is much improv'd and come to a truer Judgment; to which this Writer to his great Honour had before very much contributed.

I allow that all the Affluence of Applause, he has met with, is due to his uncommon Merit; but at the same time I think the Audience are intitled

tiled to their ſhare of Honour; for tho' I grant, that extraordinary Perfection and Eminent Worth will break in upon the Mind with reſiſtleſs Force, and demand with Authority our Approbation and Eſteem, yet there muſt be ſome inherent Light in the Mind and a degree of Judgment fit to diſcern theſe Qualities.

Prince

Prince *Arthur*.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Propoſition. Invocation. Satan beholding Prince Arthur *with his Fleet ſailing from* Neuſtria, *or* Normandy, *to drive the Uſurper* Octa *and his Pagan* Saxons *out of* Britain *and to reſtore Chriſtianity there, reſolves to oppoſe him. He takes his Flight thro' the Air to Mount* Fiæl *in* Lapland *the Reſidence of* Thor, *an Infernal Spirit preſiding over the Winds; by whoſe Aid he endeavours to deſtroy the* Britiſh *Navy. The* Britons *ſurpriz'd in a Storm. Prince* Arthur's *Ship ſeparated from the reſt of the Fleet, and driven on the* Armorick *Coaſt, ſtrikes on the Sands. The Prince and his Men eſcape to the Shore.* Arthur *being withdrawn to his private Devotion,* Raphael *appears to him and acquaints him that his Friends are ſafe, and that the Land he is now in is* Armorica, *or* Bretagne, *King* Hoel's *Country, to*

whose Court, tho' an Enemy, he directs him to advance on a Work reserv'd for him there by Divine Providence. A Council of the Infernal Potentates is held, and new Methods debated to ruin Prince Arthur. *The Fury* Persecution *offers to undertake this Service, which being admitted, she assumes a Figure like the Ghost of* Alman *late Priest of* Odin, *and appears to King* Hoel *by Night, acquaints him that Prince* Arthur *is thrown on his Coast, and animates the* Armorick *King to destroy him.* Hoel *marching against Prince* Arthur *is stopt on the Way, and struck to the Ground by a sudden Light from Heaven; whence a Voice issuing, admonishes him to receive* Arthur *as one sent by Providence to guide him into the Knowledge of the true Belief and Worship.* Arthur *sends Ambassadors to* Hoel, *who return with Assurances of* Hoel's *Friendship. The two Princes meet with mutual Joy, and* Hoel *having related what lately happen'd to him, requests to be instructed by Prince* Arthur *in the Principles of the true Religion, and sends to the Coast in Search of the rest of the* Britons, *who were dispers'd in the late Storm.*



Sing the *Briton*, and his Generous Arms,
Who vers'd in Stuff'rings, and the rude Alarms
Of War, Reluctant left his Native Soil,
And undismay'd sustain'd incessant Toil,
Till led by Heav'n propitious he return'd
To bless the Isle, which long his Absence mourn'd:
To Reinthrone fair Liberty, and break
The *Saxon* Yoke, that gall'd *Britannia*'s Neck.
Tell, Heav'nly Muse, what made th' Infernal King
Employ his Arts, and all his Forces bring
The Valiant *Briton*'s Triumphs to oppose,
Afflict his Friends, and aid his Cruel Foes:
Tell, why the Rebel Powers did all combine
To stop his Glory's Course and blast his Great Design.
Proud *Satan* vanquish'd in Celestial Fight,
From his high Throne and the blest Seats of Light
Sunk to the dark unbottom'd Deep of Hell;
Where Sin and Death and endless Sorrow dwell.
Here plung'd in Flame, and tortur'd with Despair,
He plots Revenge, and meditates new War.

And while intent he ruminating ſate,
With Brows contracted, on his ruin'd State,
And new-made Man in Paradiſe beheld,
His glowing Breaſt with Rage and Envy ſwell'd:
Studious he ſtrove to win him by his Charms,
Againſt his Lord to bear Confederate Arms:
Nor were the Snares ſucceſsleſs which he laid.
Unhappy *Adam*, by his Wiles betray'd
And faithleſs Tongue, from his high Station fell,
Deſerted Heav'n, and own'd the Cauſe of Hell.
By guileful Arts this Fatal Conqueſt gain'd,
O'er Human Race the bold Seducer reign'd;
Till the Bleſt Prince of Peace, th' Eternal's Heir,
By Pity's Tears and Mercy's moving Pray'r
Brought from Above, reſtor'd Mankind, and broke
Th' Infernal Pow'rs, and Sin's Tyrannick Yoke.
The proud Uſurper to Superior Might
Reſign'd his Empire, and with haſty Flight
Indignant left his Altars, where as Lord
And Judge Supream he long had been ador'd.
Now impious Idols from the Eaſt were chas'd,
Which Heav'nly Light and Truth Divine embrac'd.
Religion rear'd her Bleſt, Immortal Head,
And far and wide her growing Empire ſpread.
To *Albion*'s Shore ſhe early paſs'd the Main,
And brought along her fair Ætherial Train:
Where her bright Beams diſpell'd Infernal Shade,
And o'er the Iſle Celeſtial Day diſplay'd.

Satan

Satan, who ſoon th' Auguſt Appearance ſaw,
Greatly diſturb'd, and ſtruck with ſudden Awe,
Flew to the frozen North, where long he ſtaid,
Till the fierce *Saxon Albion* did invade:
Then Victor *Octa*, *Britain*'s Pagan Lord,
Rebuilt his Altars, and his Shrines reſtor'd.
Long exil'd Gods returning fill'd the Iſle,
And Dæmons with their Prieſts her Regions ſpoil.
Arthur mean time, to foreign Shores confin'd,
Againſt th' uſurping Foe new War deſign'd.
Hence *Satan*'s Hatred of the Heroe roſe,
Hence all th' Infernal Pow'rs his Arms oppoſe;
Conſcious ſhould he his Glorious Aims acquire,
And force the haughty Pagan to retire,
Theirs, with the *Saxon* Empire, would expire.
Scarce had the *Britons* left the *Neuſtrian* Coaſt
Born with propitious Winds, ſcarce had they loſt
The Tops of Spires, and riſing Points of Land,
When *Lucifer*, who did attentive ſtand
High on the Southern Promontory's Head
Of *Vecta*'s Iſle, the Seas beneath him ſpread,
With ſharp Angelick Ken view'd far and wide,
And ſoon Prnce *Arthur*'s hateful Fleet deſcry'd.
The Heav'ns ſerenely ſmil'd, and every Sail
Fill'd its wide Boſom with th' indulgent Gale;
Mercy, Deliverance, Pity, Hope diſplay'd
Their Silver Wings, and glad Attendance paid,
Hung on the Shrowds, or with the Streamers play'd.

Rage flaſh'd, like Lightning, from th' Apoſtate's Eyes,
And Envy ſwell'd him to the vaſteſt Size:
Then from his Mouth did this proud Language flow,
While his fierce Looks yet more vindictive grow,
And ſtern Defiance frown'd indignant on his Brow.

Was not to *Satan*, in the Wars of Heav'n,
The chief Command of all the Legions giv'n,
Sent by Confederate Potentates, to wage
Unheard of War, and Power Divine engage?
When I to end with Honour that Campaign
Drew out my Cohorts on th' Ætherial Plain,
And on th' Important and Deciſive Day,
With God-like Vigor, puſh'd for Sovereign Sway,
In Luſtre chief, in Danger and Command,
Proud *Michael*'s Troops I dauntleſs did withſtand:
Michael, than whom a greater Combatant
For Strength and Skill the Foe could never vaunt.
Againſt freſh Squadrons ſtill pour'd on I ſtood,
Smear'd with Celeſtial Duſt and Seraphs Blood.
Had not our Mould been *Æther* pure and fine,
Labour'd with Care, anneel'd with Skill Divine,
The Blows of mighty Cherubs Death had cloy'd,
Unpeopl'd Heav'n, and the bright Race deſtroy'd.

With

With *Michael*, pain'd with ghaſtly Wounds, at length
I clos'd, and graſp'd him with Immortal Strength;
And down Heav'n's Precipice had headlong hurl'd
The great Arch-Angel to th' Inferior World,
Had not ſwift *Uriel*, trembling at the Sight
That fill'd all Heav'n with Horror and Affright,
Ruſh'd in to ſave him from unequal Fight.
Their Army ſtagger'd, and our Troops had won
The Throne we fought for; But th' Almighty's Son
Brought ſtrong Recruits to reinforce their Hoſt,
And gain the Ground their fainting Leader loſt.
Tho' over-matcht, I did intrepid ſtand
The conſtant Mark of his avenging Hand.
Did I from Poſts of Danger ever run?
Or once his Bright Triumphant Chariot ſhun?
Did I once ſhrink, when Showers of poiſon'd Darts,
Dipt in Eternal Wrath, ſhot thro' our Hearts?
When maſſy Rocks of Heav'nly Cryſtal flew,
Which the ſtrong Arms of mighty Seraphs threw,
Did I not haſte, and timely Help afford
Where Storms of Fire and loudeſt Thunder roar'd?
'Tis true, o'erborn with Force at laſt I fell,
But got Immortal Fame, tho' with it Hell.
Scarce was I vanquiſh'd, and o'erthrown but late
By Power Almighty, and reſiſtleſs Fate.
Since that, of Realms beneath I Lord have reign'd,
And from the Foe this Earth's new Empire gain'd.

In Heav'n's Deſpight long on my envy'd Throne
In Peace I triumph'd, till th' Eternal's Son
From my Dominion various Kingdoms won.
But Faithful *Odin* has this Iſle reſtor'd
To me, its rightful firſt acknowledg'd Lord.
For great Atchievements have I thus been fam'd,
My mighty Deeds thro' Heav'n and Hell proclaim'd,
And ſhall this *Britiſh* deſpicable Wight
Subdue, and force me to a ſecond Flight?
Riſle my Temples, and in Triumph bear
Thro' ſhouting Throngs proud Trophies high in Air?
If I chaſtiſe not this vain *Briton*'s Pride,
Who on the Ocean does inſulting ride;
If I ſecure not this new-conquer'd Seat,
And all his wild Ambitious Aims defeat,
Who will to me their Hymns of Praiſe return?
Who on my Altars odorous Incenſe burn?

This ſaid, in Rage he did his Wings diſplay,
And to the diſtant North directs his Way.
As when the Sun pours from his Orb of Light
A glorious Deluge on the Face of Night;
His Golden Rays, ſhot from the Roſy Eaſt,
Reach in few Moments the remoteſt Weſt:
And ſmiling on the Mountain Heads are ſeen,
Th' immenſe Expanſion paſt, that lies between.
With equal Speed the Prince of Darkneſs flies,
Paſſing Aereal Gulphs, and Azure Skies,

An

And the vaſt Interval of Seas and Iſles,
Wild Deſarts, ſpacious Foreſts, Snowy Hills
Croſt in an Inſtant, did on *Fiel* light,
Of *Lapland*'s towring *Alps* the Chief for Height:
Where Treaſures never drain'd, and Hoards Immenſe
Of Vapours, Miſts and Exhalations, whence
Ariſe fierce Winds, and Snow and Hail and Rain
In Subterranean Magazines remain.
Here *Thor*, who rules the ſtormy Winds, reſtrains
His howling Subjects with Coercive Chains,
And in Eternal Din and hideous Uproar reigns.
Here new-fledg'd Gales, their Breath and Wings to try,
In ſportful Eddys round th' Apartments fly:
There whiſtling *Eurus* proves his ſhriller Note,
And the hoarſe South-Wind ſtrains his hollow Throat.
While *Boreas* reſtleſs in his Dungeon raves,
The fierceſt Inmate of the Frozen Caves.
Before the Gates vaſt ſnowy Hills are thrown,
And Rocks of Ice abrupt pil'd ſevenfold on.
When *Thor* unlocks their Priſons out they fly
A Lawleſs Rout, and with their horrid Cry
Out-howl the yelling Terrors of the Main,
And Savage Rangers of the Deſart Plain.
Some ſweep the Shores, and ſome the Champaign Land,
And roll in tott'ring Heaps th' up-lifted Sand.

Theſe ſeek the Hills, and with impetuous Force
O'erturn the Foreſt in their rapid Courſe.
Thoſe to the Deep with equal Speed reſort,
And in loud Tempeſts on the Billows ſport;
Embroil the Coaſts, and from the loweſt Caves
Turn up to Heav'n the Sea's profoundeſt Waves.
But huſht at *Thor*'s Command, without Delay,
Obedient to their Dens they haſte away.

To him th' Apoſtate Thus. Prince *Thor*, on thee
Fate has beſtow'd the Empire of the Sea.
Merchants invoke thee to diſtend their Sails,
Enrich thy Prieſts, and purchaſe proſp'rous Gales.
I too, thy Suppliant, ask thy pow'rful Aid;
A haughty Prince, with purpoſe to invade
My faithful Subject *Offa*, to beguile
My Hopes, and ſeize on *Albion*'s fertile Iſle,
Sails with a numerous Fleet with Men and Arms,
And *Offa*'s Cohorts dread his proud Alarms.
Let him in Storms and Hurricanes be toſt,
Be ſunk, or wreckt, or on the Ocean loſt,
Drive him at leaſt from fair *Britannia*'s Coaſt.
Make him thy Vengeance feel, thy Pow'r regard;
And what thy Soul deſires, be thy Reward.

Great Prince, then *Thor* reply'd, whoſe Sovereign Sway
Infernal Thrones and Potentates obey,
I owe Submiſſion to thy high Command.
Who can thy Will diſpute, or Might withſtand?

Thou

Thou led'ſt in Heav'n our bright Battalions on,
And hardy didſt attempt th' Almighty's Throne.
I ſaw thy Deeds, and near thee kept my Poſt
Undaunted, till that Glorious Day was loſt.
Thy faded Splendor and Illuſtrious Scars
From ghaſtly Wounds receiv'd in thoſe juſt Wars
With Reverence I behold; 'tis true, ſubdu'd,
Headlong we ſunk from Heav'n's high Tow'rs, purſu'd
With Whirlwinds, Darts and Thunderbolts to Hell,
While Storms of Fire beat on us, as we fell:
Then did'ſt thou lead our Legions to invade
This beauteous World, which we our Conqueſt made.

That ſaid, their heavy Gates by him unbarr'd,
Which loud on maſſy Iron Hinges jarr'd,
Out rapid *Eurus* and fierce *Boreas* fly,
And with outrageous Tempeſts fill the Sky.
To *Albion*'s Iſle they bend their threatning Courſe,
And on her Seas diſcharge their ſtormy Force:
With their ſtrong Wings the ſwelling Surges beat,
And rouſe up Ocean from his peaceful Seat.
While raging Waves in rolling Mountains riſe,
And caſt their angry Foam againſt the Skies;
Then gap'd ſo deep, that Day unwelcome fell
'Midſt frighted Shades, and dawning ſmil'd in Hell.
The low-hung Clouds now intercept the Light,
And o'er the *Britons* ſpread a Noon-day Night:

Whence

Whence dreadful Lightning iſſuing wing'd its Way,
And darted through the Gloom a diſmal Day.
Terror, Confuſion, Uproar, Strife and Fear
In all their wildeſt Poſtures now appear.
While Sailors Clamour, and enormous Cries,
The Fall of Maſts mixt with the horrid Noiſe
Of Storms and Thunder rending all the Air,
Finiſh'd a Scene of Horror and Deſpair.
Mean time Old *Chaos* joyful at the Sight
Look'd, and ſmil'd horrible on older Night,
Hoping that Nature's Ruin would reſtore
The full Dominion they poſſeſt before.
The Prince, tho' ne'er 'midſt threatning Deaths diſmay'd,
Did yet the World's Supream Director dread,
And the Divine Diſpleaſure to avert,
This Pray'r he utter'd from an ardent Heart.
O Righteous Heav'n! Why haſt thou rang'd this Day
Againſt me all thy Terrors in Array,
Arm'd in thy Cauſe, thy Temples to reſtore,
And give that Aid thy Sacred Prieſts implore?
If thou ſuch fierce Deſtruction doſt diſpence,
To puniſh ſome unpardon'd old Offence,
On me let all thy fiery Darts be ſpent,
Let not my Crime involve the Innocent!
Whelm o'er my Guilty Head theſe raging Seas,
And let that Sacrifice thy Wrath appeaſe!

That

That ſaid, his Veſſel with the Tempeſt torn,
Unmaſted, and without a Rudder born,
While to his Sight the ſcatter'd Fleet was loſt,
Strikes on the Quickſands of th' *Armorick* Coaſt.
Then *Uriel*, as a Sun-beam ſwift and bright,
By high Command leaves the bleſt Seats of Light,
And to the *Britiſh* Seas directs his Flight.
Meekneſs Divine, mixt with Celeſtial Grace,
And freſh Immortal Youth, bloom'd Roſie in his Face.
Godlike his Mien, his Looks ſo charming mild,
That where he came all raviſh'd Nature ſmil'd.
He took his Place on lofty *Gobeum*'s Head,
Which wonder'd at the Heav'n around it ſhed:
Then the fair Cherub touch'd his radiant Lyre,
Fam'd for its Sweetneſs in the Heav'nly Quire.
Th' enchanted Winds their ſavage Fury laid,
And to the Tuneful Harp Attention paid:
While dusky Dæmons, that by Twilight ſtray,
Ride wild in Whirlwinds, and in Tempeſts play;
Spread their brown Wings, and fly in Clouds away.
The Day returns, the Skies no longer ſcowl,
And fierce Sea Monſters ſooth'd, forget to howl.
While active Gales retire, and leave the Deep
To reſt their Wings, and in their Caverns ſleep:
Soft Zephirs only ſtay to fan the Woods,
And ſport in gentle Breezes on the Floods.

The

The Ocean joy'd to ſee the Tempeſt fled,
New lays his Waves, and ſmooths his ruffled Bed.
Then did the Pious Prince his Men command
To quit their Veſſel ſtuck in faithleſs Sand,
And in their Boats to make the Neighb'ring Land.
They ſpy a Creek not far, a peaceful Seat,
Where flying Seas by furious *Boreas* beat,
Find from the fierce Purſuit a ſafe Retreat,
Stretcht ſmooth beneath the Trees and hollow Rocks,
Which guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks.
Here ſmaller Ships between the Shores may lie
Secure, and all tempeſtuous Pow'rs defie.
The *Britons* here arriving Heav'n ador'd,
Which gave the Aid, their earneſt Cries implor'd;
And ſav'd them from the Sands and Shelves and Storms,
Deaths of ſuch various, and ſuch dreadful Forms:
Then for their parted Friends with humble Pray'r
They ask Heav'ns Pity, and indulgent Care.
Now *Arthur* from the Rock view'd far and wide
The Seas beneath, if thence might be deſcry'd
The Friends he lately loſt, but view'd in vain;
No Friend appear'd on all the ſpacious Main.
Return'd, he thus his Men beſpoke: The Ways
Of God elude all Search, and Wonder raiſe.

Clouds,

Clouds, Black as thoſe that riſe the Sacred Fence
Of his high Throne, obſcure his Providence;
Around whoſe ſecret Walks, on either Hand,
Such ſolemn Shades and awful Darkneſs ſtand,
Such Gulphs and interpoſing Rocks appear,
There ſuch Aſcents, ſuch dreadful Downfalls here,
That Reaſon ſometimes frighted ſtops her Pace,
And ſometimes ſpent forſakes th' unequal Chace.
By *Britain*'s Pray'rs invited, and her Tears,
We arm'd to eaſe her Pains and growing Fears:
Again depos'd Religion to enthrone,
And ſpread the Chriſtian Empire, not our own.
Reſume your Courage, can it e'er be true,
That Heav'n's Revenge ſhould Heav'n's own Cauſe purſue?
Tho' oft he ſeems to thwart his own Intent,
And to ſuſpend ſome long-deſign'd Event;
Yet which Way e'er he ſteers, his End's attain'd,
By adverſe Means with greater Wonder gain'd.
Heav'n's Sacred Counſels are ſo high and ſteep,
Immenſely wide, and without Bottom deep,
Angels amaz'd, from their bright Seats of Bliſs
Trembling look down on the profound Abyſs.
Think not theſe Evils in Diſpleaſure meant,
Nor to deſtroy, but prove the Innocent:
Succeſs and Triumph will our Arms attend,
And theſe rough Ways in Peace and Plenty end.

He ſaid, and all his anxious Thoughts ſuppreſt,
And prudent kept conceal'd within his Breaſt
His Sorrow, then with Looks compos'd between
Deſpair and Pleaſure, ſolemn but ſerene,
His Cohorts he invited to repair
Their Strength, exhauſted with Fatigue and Care.
On Meats and Fruits, part of their Naval Store,
Sav'd from the Wreck, and heap'd upon the Shore,
Their weary Limbs repos'd beneath the Shade
Of ſpreading Oaks, a grateful Meal they made:
While rich *Burgundian* Wine and bright *Champaign*
Chas'd from their Minds the Terrors of the Main.
But what more chear'd them, than their Meats and Wine,
Was wiſe Inſtruction and Diſcourſe Divine
From pious *Arthur*'s Lips, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
Which all their Breaſts with Sacred Paſſions fir'd.
Great were his Thoughts, ſublime and clear his Senſe
Of paſt Decrees, Foreknowledge, Providence.
He reaſon'd ſtrong of Heav'n's myſterious Ends,
And made ſtern Juſtice and ſoft Mercy Friends.
He ſearch'd the boundleſs Magazines above
Of perfect Wiſdom, and eſſential Love;
From whoſe rich Stores he drew a Vital Flood,
A Heav'nly Vintage, and Immortal Food,
Which ſolace Life Divine, and feed the Juſt and Good.

He

He then compar'd this tranſient mortal State
To the loud Tempeſt they eſcap'd ſo late.
If Men, he ſaid, for Heav'n embark, and ſtand
Their Courſe direct to make the Bliſsful Land,
Soon Hell the bloody Signal gives to arm,
And Godleſs Men firſt take the fierce Alarm.
Then Fiends that vex the Sea their Forces joyn
To drive them back, and break their great Deſign.
All with conſummate Hate, and furious Rage,
Againſt the hardy Voyagers engage.
Now Death ſtands threatning in a Thouſand Forms,
While 'midſt the Skies aſcend outrageous Storms,
Clouds charg'd with loud Deſtruction drown the Day,
And Dæmons, who Aereal Meteors ſway,
With Thunder-claps and Lightnings livid glare,
Diſtract the Deep, and trouble all the Air.
The lab'ring Bark with Heav'nly Treaſure fraught,
Now almoſt ſunk, and now in Tempeſts caught,
Near Sands and Rocks rides on the dark Abyſs,
Long beaten off from the bright Coaſts of Bliſs.
At length calm Day ſucceeds this ſtormy Night,
And opens to th' Adventurers raviſh'd Sight
The Realms of Peace, and the bleſt Shores of Light;
Where when arriv'd, they find a ſafe Retreat,
And all their Pains and Labour paſt forget.

Near was a Cave, which Artful Nature made
In the hard Rock, and cover'd with the Shade

Of thickeſt mingling Trees, a ſolemn Place,
Where yet the Sun ne'er ſhew'd his radiant Face.
Hither *Britannia*'s pious Prince retires,
To offer Praiſe, and breath forth pure Deſires.
Here rapturous Converſe he with Heav'n maintains,
Combats Almighty Pow'r and Conqueſt gains,
Aſſiſted by Devotion's ardent Strains.
Devotion, which can melt th' Avenger's Breaſt,
His Thunder check, and outſtrecht Arm arreſt.
She paſſes quick Heav'n's *Adamantine* Wall,
Or the ſtrong Gates fly open at her Call.
Where to th' Almighty's Throne ſhe finds Acceſs,
And by her winning and Divine Addreſs
Can ſentenc'd Criminals from Death reprieve,
Judgment reverſe, and bid the Rebel live.
Charm'd by her Voice Floods ſtop their rapid Courſe,
And raging Flames ſuſpend their burning Force.
She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
And to the Dead recalls departed Life:
Can in his Race the Sun's ſwift Chariot ſtay,
And on the Verge of Heav'n hold back the falling Day.

The Prince on Arms and Conduct much rely'd,
But more in pure Devotion did confide.
He ſeldom of Succeſs and Triumph fail'd,
While thoſe on Earth, and this in Heav'n prevail'd.

Now

Now in the ſhady Cavern while retir'd,
And with Religion's Sacred Flames inſpir'd
He lay entranc'd, a ſudden Heav'nly Light
Shot ſmiling thro' the Wood with ſilent Flight.
The Trees admir'd the Glory on them ſhed,
And ſeem'd to ſtart, and humbly bow their Head.
When freſh arriv'd on Earth with high Commands
From Heav'n, great *Raphael* near Prince *Arthur* ſtands.

Tranſporting Sweetneſs, mild and Godlike Grace
Ineffable, adorn'd his blooming Face.
His Cheeks ſuch Beauty ſhew'd, ſuch Joy his Eyes,
As from full Bliſs and Youth Immortal riſe.
The pureſt Piece of light Etherial Blue
In a rich Mantle from his Shoulders flew.
Unfading Linnen finely ſpun, and wove
On Looms Divine by all the Skill above,
Bleach'd on the happy Plains, till white as Snow,
Made the long Robe, which to his Feet did flow.
Celeſtial Gold, illuſtrious as the Morn,
And dazling Gems by High Arch-Angels worn,
With pond'rous Pearl from Heav'n's bright Eaſtern Shore
Improv'd the ſhining Garments which he wore.
A Purple Girdle from the Morning Sky
New rent around his ſtarry Veſt did tye.
Thus he appear'd, and with the Light he gave,
And Fragrancy Divine fill'd all the Cave.

Then

Then thus he ſpoke. Hail, Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Hither I come drawn by your pow'rful Pray'r.
Know, pious Prince, th' Almighty does approve
Your firm Adherence and unſhaken Love.
Aims Great and Wiſe, lodg'd in his ſecret Breaſt
Suſpend your Wiſhes, and your Courſe moleſt.
Yet ſtill purſue your good and high Intent,
No Force or Arts ſhall your Deſign prevent.
You on this Shore for happy Ends are thrown,
And thoſe acquir'd, expect the *Britiſh* Crown.
Your Friends in Tempeſts on the Ocean loſt,
Are all arriv'd ſafe on th' *Armorick* Coaſt;
Midſt Pagans now you tread on *Hoel*'s Land,
Who hate your Cauſe, and your juſt Arms withſtand:
But fear not *Hoel*'s Pow'r, tho' now your Foe
By Hell incens'd, he ſoon ſhall friendly grow.
Go then directly to his Court; for there
A Glorious Work demands your pious Care.
That ſaid, with outſtretcht Wings he ſoar'd upright,
And thro' the Winds vaſt Empire took his Flight:
O'er rolling Orbs did high in *Æther* riſe,
And reach'd the Azure Summit of the Skies.
The Prince rejoyn'd his Friends, and to each Heart
His Language and his Looks new Life impart.

Mean

Mean time the States and Powers of Hell reſort
At their great Monarch's Summons to his Court,
Where they in Council us'd to meet, and weigh
High Points of State, and Schemes of Empire lay.
Their Prince with Pride elated mounts his Throne
Of coarſe Infernal Gold, which horrid ſhone,
And mingling with the Shades polluted Light,
More dreadful look'd, as Fires which flame by Night.
In diſmal Pomp he ſate, and from his Chair
Sublime look'd round, and with a haughty Air
Th' Aſſembly thus beſpoke. Illuſtrious Lords,
The *Britiſh* Youth's ambitious Aim affords
A weighty Subject for your high Debate,
Who plots the Downfal of our Potent State.
You all have heard how with a mighty Force
Embark'd for *Albion*'s Iſle he ſteer'd his Courſe;
Our zealous Subject *Octa* to aſſail,
And make our Prieſts their ruin'd Shrines bewail.
I watch'd, and aided by the Pow'r of *Thor*,
I drove th' Invader to the adverſe Shore.
His Fleet beat back, and impious Purpoſe croſt,
He wanders ſhipwreckt on th' *Armorick* Coaſt.
Where faithful *Hoel* does the Scepter hold,
Mighty in Arms, and in our Service bold.
And now, high States and Peers of Hell, ſuggeſt
By what ſure Plagues he may be more diſtreſt,
His Ruin finiſh'd, and his Sect oppreſt.

That

That ſaid, a Fury iſſu'd from her Cave,
Ne'er did in Hell a Plague more dreadful rave.
Her hideous Form, red Eyes, and pois'nous Breath
Encreas'd the Terror of the Realms of Death.
Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
And the dark Regions with their Hiſſes rung.
A bloody Dart ſhe brandiſh'd in her Hand,
And with loud Cries did Sword and Fire demand.
Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
Like Subterranean Damps, gave preſent Death.
Her Eyes ſhot livid Flames, like thoſe that dwell
Deep in the inmoſt hotteſt Vaults of Hell
Reſerv'd for heinous Guilt; and with a Flood
Of ſlaughter'd Saints and conſtant Martyrs Blood
Her Belly ſwell'd, part promient appear'd,
Part loathſome wallow'd, and the Ground beſmear'd.
Horror, till now the uglieſt Form eſteem'd,
So much ſurpaſs'd, a harmleſs Figure ſeem'd:
While Envy, Hate, and Malice, griev'd to ſee
Their Shapes eclips'd by ſuch Deformity.
Then thus the Fury *Perſecution* ſpake,
See one, Great Prince, who proud will undertake
This Glorious Province, I will ſoon inſpire
Th' *Armorick* King with my reſiſtleſs Fire.
Without Remorſe my Will he ſhall obey,
And cruſh this *Briton* now his eaſy Prey.

Nero

Nero by me rais'd his Illuſtrious Name,
And *Dioclesian* got Immortal Fame.
Their Cruelty for mighty Deeds deſign'd
I firſt improv'd, exalted and refin'd,
Then ſtampt my perfect Image on their Mind.
I diſciplin'd their rude and untaught Hate,
And rais'd their Fierceneſs to ſo high a State,
That *Pavian* Rocks might with more Eaſe relent,
And Storms and Fire learn ſooner to repent.
Next Chriſtian Kings my Fury entertain'd,
And form'd by me in Blood and Slaughter reign'd.
I purg'd their Souls from Love and Pity's Pow'r,
Taught them a pious Art unknown before.
To plant Religion with the reeking Sword,
And with the Chriſtian's Blood attone the Chriſtian's Lord.
Whilſt to my Flames their Boſoms were inur'd,
To the vile Sect their own wild Zeal procur'd
Wider Deſtruction, and more fatal Harms,
Than all our *Scythian* and our *Gothick* Arms.
And *Rome*, proud *Rome* her ſelf, relies on me
For preſent Pow'r, and future Dignity:
The vaſteſt Genius this of Humane Race,
And moſt inclin'd my Dictates to embrace.
I'll animate her Flame, and deathleſs Hate
To Heav'n's Adherents in her Heart create.
Theſe Breaſts ſhe empties with her Infant Jaws,
I file her Teeth, and ſhape her growing Claws:

I nurſe her on the horrid *Alpine* Tops,
And ſooth her Hunger with envenom'd Sops
Dip'd in the Gall of Wolves and Dragon's Blood,
Then drench her Bowels with a pois'nous Flood
Of rankeſt Nightſhade mixt with Hemlock Juice,
Which gen'rous Ferments in her Veins produce.
Young Tygers, Lyons, Bears, to her reſort,
Where the fierce Monſters make their awkard Court,
Expand their cruel Mouths, and growl and bite in Sport.
To her ſharp Teeth I tender Infants caſt,
She ſucks their Vitals with luxurious Taſte,
And tears their Limbs, while ravish'd with the Sight
I praiſe this Prelude to maturer Might.
I'll lead her from the Rocks, her Strength full grown,
Raiſe a more generous Nation of the Gown,
And give her Scarlet, and a Threefold Crown.
No Blood will then her mighty Thirſt aſſwage,
No Ravage cloy her Antichriſtian Rage,
While her proud Sons, on Spoil and Plagues intent,
From the great *Cain* aſſert their high Deſcent.
To form Lay Bigots Care and Time demands,
Their ſtubborn Nature long my Power withſtands,
But theſe Church-Zealots of a nobler Breed,
Come forward ſwift, and ſcarce my Labour need.

How

How oft shall thy Illustrious Sons, O *Rome*,
With Martyrs Flames enlighten Christendom?
How oft affront their God, and when they pray,
Hands bath'd in guiltless Blood to Heav'n display?
The wasted World shall feel their fierce Alarms,
Their sacred Torments and their hallow'd Arms,
As if their high Design were to efface
The Curst Remains of *Abel*'s impious Race.
Such is my Zeal to serve th' Infernal State;
And shall this *British* Prince escape my Hate?
Forbid it Hell: And here she made a Pause;
The Lords in Council gave a loud Applause,
And their pleas'd Monarch quitting swift his Place,
Fond in his Arms his Darling did embrace.
She then grew fiercer, and all Hell appear'd
Disturb'd, the Fiends themselves the Terror fear'd.
Now she contracts her vast dilated Size,
And thro' the dusky Regions upward flies.
As when rich Towns great Cost and Art employ
In Fire-works to express their publick Joy
For some great Conquest won by Land or Sea,
Or on some Monarch's Coronation-Day,
The flaming Rockets hizzing fly by Night,
And fill the Skies around with Foreign Light.
The Spheres amaz'd, stand, or move slowly on,
And wonder why the Day returns so soon.

So does the Fiend with hiſſing Vipers riſe
Swift thro' the gloomy Air, and as ſhe flies
Leaves Tracks of ſullied Light ſhot from her fiery Eyes;
And now, arriv'd on the grey Coaſts of Day,
To *Hoel*'s Palace wings her airy Way.
She reach'd his Court, when to the adverſe Sphere
The Solar Orb did in his Noon appear.
'Twas then when all things look'd, as gloomy Night
Had Nature cruſh'd, and ſeiz'd her ancient Right.
Winds and wild Beaſts lie in their Dens at reſt,
Nor theſe the Woods, nor thoſe the Seas moleſt.
Now drowſy Vultures drop their Prey, the Dove
Ceaſes her cooing, and forgets to love;
While jocund Fairies dance their ſilent Round,
And with diſtinguiſh'd Verdure mark the Ground.
The Fury *Alman*'s Figure did aſſume,
Late *Odin*'s Prieſt, and enter'd *Hoel*'s Room,
And thus began: *Hoel*, with conſtant Joy
Studious my Hours I did on Earth employ,
In forming Schemes the Chriſtian to deſtroy:
And to purſue with Zeal this bleſt Deſign,
Thy generous Soul I did with Care incline,
And fir'd thy Youthful Veins with Heat Divine.
And now I quit high Pleaſures, to impart
Tydings, which as they fill with Joy my Heart,

Will

Will glad thy Soul. Prince *Arthur* (blaſt his Name!)
Aiming at Empire and Heroick Fame,
Embark'd with Arms fair *Albion* to invade;
But Heav'n the *Briton* has thy Captive made.
Who chas'd by Thunder, and in Tempeſts toſt,
Now ſhipwreckt wanders on th' *Armorick* Coaſt,
Naked, deſerted, and his Navy loſt.
Yet Fate ſtill greater Vengeance does decree,
But that Illuſtrious Deed reſerves for thee.
Be then to take his Life thy pious Care,
And with the Gods divided Honour ſhare.
Thus their great Foe, and thus thy own remove,
Secure thy Peace, and pleaſe the Pow'rs above.
Since the vile Sect this Prince their Patron call,
Ruin this Pillar of their Church, and all
The feeble Fabrick muſt diſſolve, and fall.
Can this to Chriſtians be Injurious? They
Ruſh to Deſtruction, and for Sufferings pray.
The Martyr's Crown impatient they regard,
And mourn their hapleſs Fate, from Death debar'd.
That ſaid, ſhe breath'd her Soul into his Veins,
Whence o'er his Vitals Rage Infernal reigns.
His ſhuddring Limbs, his agitated Breaſt
And Aſpect wild the Fiend within confeſt.
The Fury then her Shape of Air diſſolv'd,
And vaniſh'd: *Hoel* in his Mind revolv'd
The welcome News, and eager of his Prey
He gave Command, that when the dawning Day

Should thro' the Skies its early Rays extend,
The ready Guards their Monarch ſhould attend.
Now the fair Morn, in Sky-dy'd Purple dreſt,
Diſplay'd her ſmiling Radiance in the Eaſt:
When *Hoel* roſe, and full of cruel Joy
Decreed the Chriſtian Hero to deſtroy.
As when ſharp Hunger at th' Approach of Night,
To hunt his Prey the Lyon does excite;
He horrid yawns, exerts his hideous Paws,
And for ſure Death prepares his ravening Jaws;
Threatning he ſtands, and rolling fierce his Eyes
Laſhes his Sides, and makes his Fury riſe.
Then ſcow'rs the Hills, ranges the Foreſt o'er,
And ſhakes the Deſart with his dreadful Roar.
Wolves dare not howl, but grinning ſoftly creep,
And outſtretcht Leopards feign themſelves aſleep.
Th' *Armorick* King thus by the Fiend poſſeſt,
With fierce Deſire ſpeeds to his grateful Feaſt:
But while he wrathful march'd intent on Blood,
By Heav'n arreſted on the Way he ſtood.
In Air ſerene a gloomy Cloud appear'd,
And while it hover'd o'er their Heads, were heard
Celeſtial Flutes, and Harps divinely ſtrung,
With Hymns and Hallelujahs ſet and ſung
By the Chief Maſters of the Choire above,
With Bliſs tranſported, and inſpir'd with Love.

While

While *Hoel*'s Train delighted and amaz'd
Liſten'd, and on the Scene deſcending gaz'd,
The breaking Cloud pour'd out pure Floods of Light,
Show'rs of Etherial Rays tranſcendent bright,
And Storms of Splendor dazling to the Sight.
Th' Illuſtrious Tempeſt did on *Hoel* beat,
Who felt aſtoniſh'd headlong from his Seat:
Confounded with Unſufferable Day,
Groveling in Glory on the ſhining Way,
And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd he lay.
Then a Celeſtial Voice Majeſtick broke
From the thick Cloud, and *Hoel* thus beſpoke.
What Cauſe againſt me does thy Arms engage?
What moves thee with inexorable Rage
To perſecute, proud Man, my Saints and me?
Canſt thou elude, poor Mortal, Heav'n's Decree?
Vain is thy Wrath, and impotent thy Hate,
Too weak thy Pow'r Heav'n's Purpoſe to defeat,
Divine Decrees unchang'd all Force repel,
And mock th'united Rage of Earth and Hell.
King *Hoel* thus reply'd, Say who thou art,
Celeſtial Spirit, and thy Will impart.
Tell me, if Errour has my Feet miſled,
What ſafer Paths I may hereafter tread.
The Voice return'd, I am th' Eternal Word,
To thee unknown, by Chriſtian Realms ador'd.

Go, meet my Servant *Arthur*, he shall shew,
What henceforth *Hoel* must Believe and Do:
The Cloud here disappear'd; his Lords came round,
And rais'd reviving *Hoel* from the Ground.
Thoughtful a while, the Vision he revolv'd,
And to obey the high Command resolv'd.
Then eager march'd the *British* Prince to find,
And act, not what himself, but Heav'n design'd.
While, to his Friends, he did at large relate
The wondrous Scene, he came to *Conda*'s Gate;
Where he decreed to pass th' approaching Night,
And take his March at the first Dawn of Light.
Arthur mean time, to whom great *Raphael*'s Word
Unshaken Hopes and Courage did afford,
Proceeded on his Way, but sent before
An Embassy, that might with Care explore
What Temper *Hoel* to the *Briton* bore.
He chose out to discharge this weighty Trust,
Valiant *Potlander*, *Roderick* the Just,
And faithful *Galbat*, Friends that in Distress
(Virtue unknown to Courts) their Love express.
Soon as the Monarch had his Entrance made
At *Conda*, they arriv'd and Audience pray'd.
Which granted, *Hoel* gracious thus addrest
The Lords, Let no sad Thought your Prince molest.
A Message sent from Heav'n preventing yours,
Safety to him, to me great Joy procures.

Friendship

Friendſhip unfeign'd fills my enlighten'd Mind,
From Hatred purg'd, and from all Fraud refin'd.
Go, tell your Prince, that *Hoel* feels his Breaſt
With mighty Joy, and ardent Love poſſeſt,
Proud to embrace ſo great, ſo good a Gueſt.
He ſaid, and generous did on each beſtow
A Scarf, or Shield, a Sword or Martial Bow:
And ſent the Prince a Chariot dazling bright,
Which to the Sun reflected double Light,
With noble Courſers of th' *Iberian* Race,
Which high Deſcent from rapid *Eurus* trace;
Bold, Sprightly, Swift, next to th' Illuſtrious Breed,
Which Poets feign in heav'nly Paſtures feed,
Proud in their Golden Harneſs wanton run,
And vigorous draw on high the rolling Sun.
The *Britons* took their leave, and fill'd with Joy,
To joyn their Chief their utmoſt Speed employ.
To him return'd the Envoys told at large
The gracious Meſſage, which they had in Charge.
As when his Sons to *Jacob* did relate
That *Joſeph* liv'd, and liv'd in Regal State,
With his tranſporting Pleaſure long he ſtrove,
And felt the Struggling of reviving Love.
Then Doubts and Fears his yielding Soul aſſail
With equal Force; and in their Turn prevail:
But when he ſaw the Chariots and the Train,
Enough, he cry'd, my Son was never ſlain;

He ſtill ſurvives, I'll haſte to ſee his Face,
Fall on his Neck, and die in his Embrace.
So when juſt *Arthur* heard the Meſſage firſt,
His wavering Mind with Fears and wiſe Diſtruſt
And riſing Tides of ſudden Joy was toſt,
Uncertain which ſtrong Paſſion preſs'd him moſt.
But when the coſtly Preſents he beheld
Which *Hoel* ſent, his Doubts were ſoon diſpell'd,
And his calm Boſom eas'd of anxious Cares,
To meet the generous Monarch he prepares.
And now advancing Night the Sky invades,
While cloſe purſu'd by black prevailing Shades,
The Evening Rays, which languid did recoil,
Let fall upon the Meads their Dewy Spoil.
To ſecret Pleaſure now the Prince retires,
Now his exhaling Soul to Heav'n aſpires
In Flames of Zeal, and Strains of pure Deſires.
Fixt Contemplation feeds his Hope and Love,
With joyful Foretaſts of the Bliſs Above.
So *David* frequent paſt the wearing Night,
And in his Tranſports felt ſublime Delight,
Surpaſſing what ambitious Monarchs crave,
Which his own Crown and all his Triumphs gave.
While baſer Birds the humble Valley love,
And ſing, contented with their little Grove;
Prompted by generous Pride the Eagle flies
To Heights ſublime, and ſoars amidſt the Skies,

Scornful

Scornful of vulgar Rooſts, he thinks he ſees
Blue Hills on high, and hanging Groves of Trees.
Thither he haſtes, and leaves th' ignoble Brood,
That aim no higher, to their Shrubs and Wood.
If to his Prey he ſtoops, aſham'd to ſtay,
Back to his airy Seat he wings his Way;
Where in the Clouds he hides his Royal Head,
Safe from the Snares which watchful Fowlers ſpread.
So *Arthur*'s ardent Soul did upward move,
And held bleſt Commerce with the Saints Above;
Where he deſpis'd our Mole-hill Planet's Charms,
Mole-hill for Bulk, and Stings, with which it ſwarms.
As Heav'n's vaſt Globes diminiſh'd by their Height,
Seem Balls, ſo ſmall to diſtant Mortals Sight,
That, gazing on the moſt Extenſive, we
No room for States and ſpacious Empires ſee;
So *Albion*'s Chief by pure Devotion's Aid
To the bleſt Realms of Light and Peace convey'd,
Believ'd the ſame of Earth, while from the Skies
He view'd the low-hung Orb's contracted Size.
Now in the *Eaſt* the Gates of Light on High,
By the fair Morn unbarr'd, did open fly;
Whence as a Gyant with unrivall'd Force
The Sun advanc'd prepar'd to run his Courſe.
The *Britons* chearful as the ſmiling Day
To meet th' *Armorick* Monarch took their Way.

Scarce had the Sun his radiant Chariot driv'n
Up the wide Arch, and steep Ascent of Heav'n,
When the illustrious Pair in Friendship meet,
And *Thrill* first did thus the Stranger greet.

As Sailors long for Land, Heav'n's Aid implore,
And with their earnest Wishes grasp the Shore;
When beaten from the Hospitable Coast,
And in loud Tempests on the Ocean tost,
Where Ruin in so many Shapes appears,
They scarcely can attend to all their Fears:
I've wish'd you present here with like Desire,
The Oracle of whom I must inquire
The Way to Peace, and everlasting Bliss,
Which lost in Night and Paths perplext I miss,
When eager I advanc'd with hostile Mind,
And Evils, which I dread to name, design'd,
The Powers that guard your sacred Life alarm'd,
Soon interpos'd, and my wild Hand disarm'd;
And while my Heart they did to Peace incline
Turn'd from your Head the Blow, the Guilt from mine.

For on the way a Glory dreadful Bright
Around me flone, and with excessive Light
The Sun, as he does reckning Planets, drown'd;
As one transfixt, I headlong struck the Ground.
'Twas then a Heav'nly awful Voice I heard,
The Words were these, but no bleft Face appear'd.

What Cause against me does thy Arms engage?
What moves thee with inexorable Rage
To persecute, proud Man, my Saints and me?
Canst thou elude, poor Mortal, Heav'n's Decree?
Vain is thy Wrath, and impotent thy Hate,
Too weak thy Pow'r Heav'n's Purpose to defeat;
Divine Decrees unchang'd all Force repell,
And mock th' united Rage of Earth and Hell.
Then trembling I reply'd, Say who thou art,
Celestial Spirit, and thy Will impart.
Tell me, if Error has my Feet misled,
What safer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The Voice return'd, I am th' Eternal Word,
To thee unknown, by Christian Psalms ador'd:
Go find my Servant *Austen*, he shall show
Henceforth what *Heav'n* must believe and do.

The *Briton* pais'd a while, then Silence broke,
And Friendly thus the Stranger King bespoke:
Heav'n's gracious Care does pious Wonder move,
That to th' *Armorick* Shore our Navy drove;
That I may here promote a glorious End,
And to the Christian Cause gain such a Friend.
Cast on your Coasts wish Pleasure I will stay,
To aid and guide you in your Heav'nly way.

To whom th' *Armorick* Monarch thus reply'd;
While to *Nanneta's* distant Tow'rs we ride,

Where

Where a mild Race of Princes did of Old
Applauded and belov'd the Scepter hold,
Inſtruct, religious Gueſt, my willing Mind;
Kind Heav'n this Province has for you deſign'd.
Tell, how did Pow'r Divine the World create;
Say what Obedience and Belief relate
To the great Founder of the Chriſtian State.
To ſcatter Error's Shade diffuſe the Day,
And all the wond'rous Scheme at large diſplay.
To whom the pious Hero thus; I ask,
E'er yet I undertake the Sacred Task,
That you diſpatch your Servants to the Coaſt
To ſeek my *Britons* in the Tempeſt loſt:
That if they wander on th' *Armorick* Soil
Shipwreckt, diſtreſt, and fainting with their Toil,
Your hoſtile ubjects may not mine annoy,
Nor with devouring Flames their Ships deſtroy.
This Friendſhip ſhewn, I'll with a chearful Mind
Attempt the Task by Heav'n and you enjoyn'd.
While the paſt Night amidſt her dusky Train
Advanc'd, o'erſhadowing all th' Aerial Plain,
A ſudden Tranſport did my Soul engage,
And all my Limbs ſhook with the Sacred Rage!
Then caught up from the Body thro' the Skies
To the Third Heav'ns my raviſh'd Soul did riſe,
Where Things ineffable I ſaw, and heard
Divine Inſtruction, which my Mind prepar'd

Nature

Nature Created to diſplay, and ſhew
To Chriſt th' Eternal Word the Faith and Worſhip due.

Then *Hoel* to the Shores his Servants ſent
Who might the Ills, which *Arthur* fear'd, prevent.
The hapleſs *Britons* might indulgent meet,
And ſafe Conduct them to his Royal Seat.



Prince

Prince *Arthur*.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Prince Arthur *inſtructs* Hoel *in the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion. The World created by Almighty Power. Its firſt Rudiments a Chaos. Light created, the Sun, and the Heavenly Orbs. The Earth and Sea. Trees, Plants, and Animals. And laſtly Man. A Jubilee in Heaven in Honour of the New Creation.* Adam *plac'd in* Eden *in a perfect State of Happineſs. His Fall. God declares it in Heaven to the Angels, and prepares to execute on him the Puniſhment due to his Diſobedience. Mercy interpoſes, and the Son of God offering himſelf as a Ranſom for Man is accepted. The Incarnation, Hiſtory, and Sufferings of the Son of God briefly related. His Reſurrection, Aſcenſion into Heaven, and ſitting down at the Right Hand of the Father, after having accompliſh'd the Redemption of Man.* Hoel *full of Joy requeſts yet further Inſtruction from Prince* Arthur. *The two Princes arrive at* Conda.

While with an easy Pace they friendly rode
To *Nantesuan*, the King's August Abode.
Hoel attentive sate, and thus the Prince
Began, th' *Armorick* Monarch to convince
Of Pagan Superstition, and display
Christian Belief and pure Celestial Day.
Before th' unshaken Pillars of the Earth
Were rear'd, before prolific Nature's Birth,
E'er Light emerg'd, and sought the Central Sun,
Or Spheres essay'd to roll, or Time to run;
A vast extended Gulph day-dark and void,
Where yet creating Pow'r was ne'er employ'd
To fashion Elements, or strike out Light,
The Seat of ancient Shade, and lonesome Night;
Where no rude Sketch of Symmetry appear'd,
No Harmony or Discord yet was heard.
A Sacred Old Decree enroll'd was found
In Heav'n's Immortal Archives, where the Ground
Was set distinctly out from Ages past,
For a new Globe in this unbounded Waste;
And now th' Eternal Mind's exhaustless Pow'r
Form'd the fair Orb so long ordain'd before.
Soon as the Work began, in Heav'n 'twas said,
Of a new World the hundred Seeds were made;
And in the ample Abyss the deep Foundations
laid.

Swift to behold this Miracle of Might,
The Seraphs climb each Empyræan Height:
Or to the Cryſtal Terras curious fly,
And rang'd along the Margin of the Sky
In ſhining Order, on Creation gaz'd,
And at the Sight were raviſh'd and amaz'd.
Almighty Vigour ſtrove thro' all the Void,
And ſuch reſiſtleſs Energy employ'd,
That ancient barren Night did fruitful grow,
And quickned with the World in Embryo.
Nor Method, Form, or Parts diſtinct and clear
In the confus'd Conception yet appear,
Where Darkneſs now did unripe Light embrace,
Which languid glanc'd on Chaos' dusky Face.
Dim Flame its radiant Wings cou'd not diſplay,
But mixt and fetter'd, yet unactive lay:
Its Heat and ruddy Youth not yet attain'd
The glitt'ring Seed, Mother of Fire, remain'd
Like Golden Sands diſpers'd along the Shore
Of the wild Deep, and ſhone in glimmering Ore;
In glowing Heaps the Stars lay dusky bright,
Rude and unfiniſh'd Balls of kindling Light.
Treaſures immenſe of *Æther* unrefin'd
With baſer Matter blended and combin'd,
Rich Rudiments of Heav'n's *Cerulean* Plains,
Streak'd all th' unlabour'd Maſs with azure Veins.
Crude Stores of Water in th' unfaſhion'd Birth
Claſp'd in the rough Embraces of the Earth
Unſever'd

Unſever'd ſlept, but at the high Command
Prepar'd to be divorc'd, and leave the Land.
Beſides unnumber'd vagrant Atoms ſtray,
And in the reſtleſs Deep of Chaos play;
In fierce Encounters for Dominion ſtrive,
And gain what Chance and blind Confuſion give.
None long ſubmiſſive own ſuperior Force,
Victors and vanquiſh'd by alternate Courſe.
Th' Almighty's Voice compos'd theſe various Jars,
Inteſtine Shocks, and Elemental Wars.
He ſet impriſon'd Heat and Vigour free,
And rang'd and ſorted Natures, that agree.
A mighty Ferment thro' the Maſs he ſpread,
And where it came miſhap'd Confuſion fled:
Dark Chaos now throws off Primæval Gloom,
And Nature wears freſh Charms and beauteous Bloom.
Th' Eternal ſpoke, and ſoon the ſprightly Light
With lovely Looks ſprung from th' Abyſs of Night:
Mounted on Golden Wings, and in its way
Its Smiles diffus'd new Morn and unripe Day.
Cerulean Sheets of *Æther* ſwift aſcend,
And Heav'n's high Roof and ſpacious Spheres extend.
The Skies whoſe ſpreading Volumes ſcarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove on Nature's fineſt Loom.

The

The New-born World in their ſoft Lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry Mantle caſt.
The Sun's vaſt Globe, which till the Birth of Day
Half form'd and dark in gloomy Chaos lay,
Now wrought and poliſh'd did th' Expanſion climb,
And in his Azure Orbit roll'd ſublime.
Th' Etherial Plain a ſhining Harveſt bears
Of Conſtellations and new kindled Stars.
Whilſt the ſoft Air thin'd and expanded lies
A Chryſtal Deep between the Earth and Skies:
Through which th' exhauſtleſs Sun's indulgent Beams
Flow gently on the Soil in Golden Streams,
That kindly ſteal away the watry Store,
And rob the Land, but to enrich it more.
The Earth with its own Burden pois'd and preſt
Down with its Weight lies in the midſt at Reſt.
A Deep broke up, God call'd the Waters, they
Felt the Command, and ſwift of Flight obey.
Some with a ſmooth and unobſtructed Tide,
Along the Plain and level Surface glide.
Others, that meet a rough abrupt Deſcent,
Ruſh down in Torrents loud and turbulent;
Till the vaſt Deluge with its liquid Store
Fill'd the wide Deep, and waſh'd the ambient Shore.

Now

Now their tall Heads the Hills aſpiring ſhow,
And wide ſtretcht Vallies ſink themſelves as Low.
As yet the Earth all bare and naked lay,
While for the high Command the Spirits ſtay
In Priſons barr'd, unable yet to break
Their Cold unwieldy Chains; th' Almighty ſpake,
And ſudden Spring in fragrant Bloom appears,
Where each extended Field abundant bears
Delicious Fruits, and charming Verdure wears.
Now od'rous Herbs enrich the Mountain's Head,
And gaudy Flowers adorn th' enamell'd Mead.
The ſpotleſs Lilly, lovely Amarant,
Which Nature's Pencil does with Colours paint
Of rich unrivall'd Dy, and bluſhing Roſe
Their mingled Beauties on the Fields diſcloſe.
Up ſprung the Trees, ſome at the Word Divine
Stretch out their Ranks, and Form a lofty Line,
Some crown the Hill, and ſome the ſilver Flood.
Theſe make a ſhady Grove, and thoſe a Wood.
The Pine and Cedar graceful rear their Head
Sublime in Sky, and midſt the Meteors ſpread
Their verdant Honours, while the amorous Vine
Its tender Arms does round the Poplar twine.
Some, where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,
Tranſparent Gums and precious Juices ſweat.
The fatty Balſom Tree diſtils around
Its healing Riches on the ſcented Ground;

While blooming Jeſmine breaths Perfumes abroad,
And ſportive *Zephirs* waft the fragrant Load.
Now Gryſtal Rivers run their winding Race,
Whoſe flowry Banks ſmile on them as they paſs;
And while thro' mazy channel'd Meads they glide,
Hid in their Waters ſcaly Nations glide.
Birds pleas'd to try their Wings forſake the Earth,
And with their Muſick celebrate their Birth.
Beaſts of diſtinguiſh'd Nature, Wild and Tame,
Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.
Now bleating Flocks adorn the graſſy Hill,
And lowing Herds the ecchoing Vally fill,
The Lyon playful paws the wanton Bear,
Wolves ſeek the Woods, the Lawns the skudding Deer.
The creſted Snake draws thro' the flowry Plain
The gloſſy Volumes of his ſpiral Train;
While the vaſt Whale takes in the Deep his Place,
Prince of the Waters and the finny Race:
Rolling in Sport the Billows he removes,
And, like a floating Iſle, the Ocean ſhoves.
Now in his weedy Court he lies at eaſe,
Now ſpouts againſt the Skies exhauſted Seas;
So wide, ſo fair, ſo rich a Theater
Creating Power did in the Vacant rear.

To

To grace the Birth Day of the World, the Spring
Does all her gay Delights and Treaſures bring.
Now Nature triumphs in her brighteſt Rays,
And all her Pride and flowry Pomp diſplays;
While Sphears in tuneful Meaſures roll above,
And floating Orbs in beauteous Order move;
The peaceful Earth of numerous Joys poſſeſt
Rivals the happy Regions of the Bleſt.
Fruit-Trees adorn'd with Bloom of various Hue,
Sweet to the Smell, and charming to the View,
And Odours ſpred around, which from beneath
Tranſpiring riſe, young Nature's fragrant Breath;
Delicious balmy Air, and Skies Serene
Conſpire to form ſo raviſhing a Scene,
That the New Seat would faintly be expreſt
By all the Pleaſures of the Spicy *Eaſt*.
Thus, five Days Labour finiſh'd, Nature ſtood,
God view'd his Creatures, and pronounc'd them Good.

But ſtill there wanted one, who might Adore
The Lord of Nature, and revere his Power:
Might trace the Fountain, whence all Beings flow,
Obey his God, and rule as God Below.
Then the firſt Man was by th' Almighty fram'd
From animated Duſt, and *Adam* nam'd.
To ſhew his Art th' attentive Author wrought
The noble Mould with more Concern and Thought.

His

His Soul, pure Subſtance of Angelic Kind,
Divinely temper'd, and with Care refin'd,
Now lodg'd in Clay, did at its Entrance give
So quick a Touch, as made that Clay to Live:
Whence both united with ſurprizing Art
In part he's Angel, Animal in part:
In whom the Bounds of both the Worlds are ſeen,
Where Earth does Terminate and Heav'n begin.
One part, like ſprightly Flame, does Upward move,
Kin to the pure unbody'd Minds above.
One, only labour'd and enliven'd Earth,
From moulded Duſt receives its humble Birth:
Yet Life Divine and high Perfection gains,
Ennobled by the Gueſt it Entertains.
Majeſtic was his Form, erect his Face,
Where Softneſs temper'd ſtern and awful Grace.
Then did th' Almighty to his Boſom give,
To bleſs him with Delight, his Conſort *Eve*.
Beauty that raviſh'd, milder than the Morn,
And heav'nly Graces did her Looks adorn.
The blooming Bride, with all the winning Charms
Of Innocence, came bluſhing to his Arms.
What Joys Divine did on the Favourite wait,
While he unchang'd preſerv'd his Native State!
The New Creation thus in Splendor dreſt,
The bliſsful Author on his Seat did Reſt.
Then Shouts of Joy rais'd by th' Angelic Throng
Through all the ecchoing Fields of *Ether* rung.

A

A Sacred Mount of Alabaſter ſtone
In Air ſublime, which from th' Imperial Throne
Stood at a diſtance, and between them lay
Strow'd with fair Stars a broad frequented Way.
Hither the Natives of the Realms of Light
Summon'd to great Aſſemblies wing their flight.
In Peace and mutual Love they here debate
Th' Important Buſineſs of th' Immortal State.
Hither the Princes of the Heav'nly Court,
By endleſs Trains attended, now reſort:
Then a Proceſſion publick was enjoyn'd,
And thus perform'd to praiſe th' Eternal Mind.
First Trumpets march'd, the Foremoſt that whoſe Sound
Shall ſtrike Convulſions through the trembling Ground,
Break the dark Priſons down, and call away
Th' awaken'd Dead on the Great Judgement Day.
Next heav'nly Viols, ſoft harmonious Flutes,
Sonorous Dulcimers, and tuneful Lutes,
And Harps, like that which hangs the glitt'ring Pride,
As Poets feign, of Young *Apollo*'s Side.
Then the bleſt Voices came, and chanting raiſe
Creating Power in high celeſtial Lays,
Such as Superior Spirits ravith'd ſing
Round the high Throne of Heav'n's Eternal King.

Now

Now the firſt Rank of Peers and Potentates,
Mighty Arch-Angels and diſtinguiſh'd States,
Advanc'd, and Crowns of maſſy Glory made
Adorn'd with Gems and Flowers that never fade,
Which interwoven heav'nly Greens embrace,
Th' Illuſtrious Heads of this high Order grace.
Each in his Hand did hallow'd Incenſe bear,
Which roſe in balmy Columns high in Air,
While Scents diffus'd by heav'nly *Zephirs* fly,
And Fragrancy Divine perfumes the Sky.
Each bore his Harp, which from his Shoulders hung,
With Golden Wyre, like radiant Sunbeams, ſtrung.
Their Robes of Honour ſwept th' Etherial Road,
While with Majeſtick Air the *Seraphs* trod,
All Chiefs of Heav'n and eldeſt Sons of God.

Hither, th' uncommon dazling Pomp to view,
Thick crowds of Vulgar Angels eager flew,
And to admire this glorious Order ſtaid,
Then humble bow'd, and due Obeiſance paid.
Next lower Ranks in long Proceſſion paſs'd,
With Crowns and Badges of Diſtinction grac'd:
Unfading Roſes of Etherial Red
On the Blue Pavement's Face profuſe were ſpred:
While blooming Jeſmine, and bleſt Amarant, ſtrow'd
In odorous Heaps adorn'd the milky Road;
Elaſtick Fountains rais'd by Skill Divine
Abundant flow'd with rich celeſtial Wine.

And

And now advanc'd before th' Imperial Throne
Which lofty with exceſſive Brightneſs ſhone,
From the keen Radiance of Eſſential Light
They guarded with their Wings their dazled Sight:
Then proſtrate fall'n they all adoring lay
Striving with Rapture, and oppreſt with Day.
In Songs ſublime they prais'd th' Eternal Mind,
His Works from boundleſs Ages paſt Deſign'd,
His Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Empire unconfin'd:
His Juſtice, which no Force or Pray'r can move;
His ſpotleſs Truth, and everlaſting Love.
They ſing th' Eternal Son's exalted Praiſe,
And to an equal height the Spirit raiſe.
Then all ariſing from the ſacred Quire,
Their Breaſts extended with Delight, retire
To the ſweet Shades of Green Etherial Bow'rs,
Where oft they chuſe to paſs their happy Hours.
Their Hunger here delicious Banquets met,
With rich Profuſion, on bleſt Tables ſet;
High Diſhes in long Pomp and Order ſtood
Fill'd with Celeſtial Meats, Angelick Food:
Juices Divine from Fruits Immortal preſt
Raviſh'd their Taſte and crown'd the ſolemn Feaſt.
The Sons of God were thus diſſolv'd in Joy,
Whilſt loud Applauſes all their Tongues employ.
Now when the Evening came, or what inſtead
Of Evening there does in its Turn ſucceed,

Glorious Illuminations made on high
By all the Stars and Planets of the Sky,
In juſt Degrees, and ſhining Order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt Dwellings grac'd.
Thro' all th' inlighten'd Air ſwift Fireworks flew,
Which with repeated Shouts glad Cherubs threw,
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping Train,
Then fell in ſtarry Show'rs, and glit'ring Rain.
In Air ten thouſand Meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' Eternal Battlements were flung.
Such Univerſal Joy in Heav'n they ſhew'd,
Such Mirth and Triumph did the Day conclude.

All the Delights, which happy Minds poſſeſs,
Adam the Earth's deputed Ruler bleſs,
In *Eden*'s Walks appointed to reſide,
Which every Senſe with every Joy ſupply'd.
While blooming Spring by ſoft *Favonius* fann'd,
Diffuſes Riches with a lavish Hand,
From New-blown Flowers luxurious Odours fly,
And charming Lanſchapes meet his raviſh'd Eye.
The twining Branches weave delightful Bow'rs,
And hony Dews fall down in fragrant Show'rs.
Birds with their Songs their Soveraign Lord ſalute
From Boughs, that bend beneath their golden Fruit.
To him pure Streams their Cryſtal Treaſures bring,
And the glad Fiſh leap up to ſee their King.
The harmleſs Beaſts their humble Homage pay,
And the Vicegerent of the World obey;

Who

Who views his great Creator's glorious Face
Reflected clear from Nature's faithful Glass;
On whose bright Form he sees th' Impressions shine,
Of Wisdom Infinite, and Power Divine;
Whence Beings, ready Emanations, flow,
As Streams their Current to their Fountain owe.
While in his Thoughts the pleasing Objects move,
He feels his Bosom fir'd with heav'nly Love.
His Eyes thus fixt, the great Seducer's Skill
Could not engage his Mind, or sway his Will.
No Guilt, no Frown from Heav'n disturb'd his Soul,
Calm, as deep Rivers in still Evenings roll:
No Storms of Passion, such as now molest,
Annoy'd the peaceful Region of his Breast,
Which unpolluted knew no other Fires,
Than that pure Flame, which heav'nly Minds inspires.
O happy Man above Description Blest
Had he maintain'd the Station he possest!
On a Delightful River's flowry side
Which did in slow *Meanders* winding glide
As loath to leave the blissful Place, there stood
A Tree, that rose above the shady Wood,
Whose Fruit seem'd fair, but was forbidden Food.
Th'Eternal, who immeasur'd Bounty pour'd
On guiltless Man, and constant Pleasures show'r'd,

Bade him not Eat this fatal Fruit, to prove
His due Obedience, and his grateful Love.
E'er yet the Aeiry Regions were display'd,
Or the Foundations of the Earth were laid;
Proud *Satan*'s Hoſt, all Angels once of Light,
Poſſeſs'd th' Infernal Seats of Death and Night.
Theſe Minds in Heav'n long pure and ſpotleſs dwelt,
Tranſported with th' Almighty's Sight, and felt
The beaming Emanations of his Face,
And ſhar'd the Pleaſures of the bliſsful Place;
Till with the Task of bleſt Obedience tir'd
To their great Author's Throne they bold aſpir'd.
Incens'd with this ambitious Crime their Lord
Aſſail'd the Rebels with his flaming Sword,
Subdued and drove them from the Seats above,
No longer now the Creatures of his Love,
With vengeful Thunder chac'd the Traytors fell,
And gaſping reach'd the fiery Jaws of Hell.
As when aſcending Flames Reſiſtance find
Beat downward by a fierce impetuous Wind,
The fluid Pyramids with Labour bend
Their Tops, and ſink ſtill ſtruggling to aſcend;
So did theſe Beings of celeſtial Race
Fall from the Regions of their native Place.
But who can ſtop th' Almighty's lifted Hand?
What Force can his Vindictive Stroke withſtand;

Who with a Word, with one deſtructive Frown
Vanquiſh'd this Hoſt, and caſt them headlong down?
Their Troops diſmay'd and ruin'd ſunk, and all
Heav'n's Plagues and Wrath purſu'd them in their Fall.
Thus baniſh'd far from the bright Coaſts of Bliſs
They lay tormented in the dark Abyſs.
Satan their Prince from his high Throne diſplac'd,
And thro' the Skies by darted Lightning chac'd
Till down th' unfathom'd Precipice he fell
Confounded to th' unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
While he contemplates that Celeſtial State,
Whence he for ever loſt had fall'n ſo late;
And Man's conſummate Happineſs beheld,
With Envy, Wrath, and Hate th' Apoſtate ſwell'd.
Himſelf undone, to ſooth infernal Rage
In dire Revenge he does his Thoughts engage.
That he from Heav'n may Earth's new Province gain,
And Sin and Death may wider Sway obtain,
Hid in a Serpent's Figure, as a Friend,
The fatal Tree he does to *Eve* commend;
Pleaſing to Taſte, and uſeful to the Mind,
Which thoſe that Eat, ſhould boundleſs Knowledge find.

Then bids her take the fair forbidden Fruit,
And by the bleſt Effect her Fears confute.
Flatt'ring he tempts her with celeſtial Bliſs
Great as her God's, and laſting too, as his.
The bright Illuſion turn'd her giddy Head,
And with vain Hopes her vaſt Ambition fed.
Thus gazing at the Glory of a God,
The Precipice was hid, on which ſhe trod.
The ſplendid Phantom now advances near,
And Pow'r Divine does in her Reach appear.
Tho' ſooner might ſhe graſp unbody'd Minds,
And in her cloſe Embrace reſtrain the Winds.
The gaudy Shadow from her Arms retreats,
Mocks all her Courtſhip, and her Pride defeats.
She taſted; then her Conſort ſhe invites,
Fondly he yields; but with no other Lights,
No Acquiſitions were the Rebels bleſt,
Than the ſad Terrours of a guilty Breaſt.
Their cheated Hopes can no new Knowledge boaſt
But of the Ill they feel, and Good they loſt.
Thus *Adam* fell. Afflicted Nature own'd
The Pow'r of Guilt, and in Convulſions groan'd.
Plants chang'd their Hue, and ſickning in their Beds
The Flow'rs grew pale, and clos'd their drooping Heads.
Ev'n Paradiſe look'd ſad, the Herds repin'd,
And lofty Cedars ſhook without a Wind.

To

To neighbouring Trees fall'n *Adam* fled in vain
To hide beneath their Shade his blacker Stain.
A Grove its mingling Branches ſo may ſpread,
That Sun-beams cannot pierce its ſhady Head;
But God's bright Eye needs not ſo groſs a Ray,
His Glory ſheds a more Illuſtrious Day.
But from his Eye had *Adam* been conceal'd,
Guilt had the Rebel to his Ear reveal'd,
Guilt, whoſe aſcending Voice rings round the Skies
Loud, as the Wrathful Peals, for which it cries.
What anxious Fears, of Woes how deep a Reer,
Creatures of one bold Crime, to Man appear?
The Serpent's Venom ſpreads thro' all his Veins,
And Sin's Contagion unreſiſted reigns:
Dire Thoughts of Vengeance ſeize his Guilty Heart,
And Conſcience wounds him with her poiſon'd Dart.
A dreadful Proſpect terrifies his Eye,
He fears to ſtay, and knows not where to fly.
He ſtarts amidſt the Trees at every Noiſe,
Grows pale, and thinks he hears th' Almighty's Voice.

His Soul by Guilt thus from her Center driv'n,
Stands ſo Oblique, & ſo remote from Heav'n,
She ſcarce is cherish'd by a ſlanting Ray,
And has at beſt a cold unlightſom Day.
Fal'n from the Bleſt Etherial Seats on High,
Down to the loweſt Regions of the Sky,

Then bids her take the fair forbidden Fruit,
And by the bleſt Effect her Fears confute.
Flatt'ring he tempts her with celeſtial Bliſs
Great as her God's, and laſting too, as his.
The bright Illuſion turn'd her giddy Head,
And with vain Hopes her vaſt Ambition fed.
Thus gazing at the Glory of a God,
The Precipice was hid, on which ſhe trod.
The ſplendid Phantom now advances near,
And Pow'r Divine does in her Reach appear.
Tho' ſooner might ſhe graſp unbody'd Minds,
And in her cloſe Embrace reſtrain the Winds.
The gaudy Shadow from her Arms retreats,
Mocks all her Courtſhip, and her Pride defeats.
She taſted; then her Conſort ſhe invites,
Fondly he yields; but with no other Lights,
No Acquiſitions were the Rebels bleſt,
Than the ſad Terrours of a guilty Breaſt.
Their cheated Hopes can no new Knowledge boaſt
But of the Ill they feel, and Good they loſt.
Thus *Adam* fell. Afflicted Nature own'd
The Pow'r of Guilt, and in Convulſions groan'd.
Plants chang'd their Hue, and ſickning in their Beds
The Flow'rs grew pale, and clos'd their drooping Heads.
Ev'n Paradiſe look'd ſad, the Herds repin'd,
And lofty Cedars ſhook without a Wind.

To

To neighbouring Trees fall'n *Adam* fled in vain,
To hide beneath their Shade his blacker Stain.
A Grove its mingling Branches ſo may ſpread,
That Sun-beams cannot pierce its ſhady Head;
But God's bright Eye needs not ſo groſs a Ray,
His Glory ſheds a more Illuſtrious Day.
But from his Eye had *Adam* been conceal'd,
Guilt had the Rebel to his Ear reveal'd,
Guilt, whoſe aſcending Voice rings round the Skies
Loud, as the Wrathful Peals, for which it cries.
What anxious Fears, of Woes how deep a Reer,
Creatures of one bold Crime, to Man appear?
The Serpent's Venom ſpreads thro' all his Veins,
And Sin's Contagion unreſiſted reigns:
Dire Thoughts of Vengeance ſeize his Guilty Heart,
And Conſcience wounds him with her poiſon'd Dart.
A dreadful Proſpect terrifies his Eye,
He fears to ſtay, and knows not where to fly.
He ſtarts amidſt the Trees at every Noiſe,
Grows pale, and thinks he hears th' Almighty's Voice.

His Soul by Guilt thus from her Center driv'n,
Stands ſo Oblique, & ſo remote from Heav'n,
She ſcarce is cheriſh'd by a ſlanting Ray,
And has at beſt a cold unlightſom Day.
Fal'n from the Bleſt Etherial Seats on High,
Down to the loweſt Regions of the Sky,

She feels th' attractive Earth's Magnetic Force,
And round the low hung Ball directs her Courſe.
As when a Planet once all fair and bright
Sickens, and waning ſhines with faded Light
By ſome fierce Tempeſt in its Bowels rent,
As Clouds are torn by Thunder in them pent;
The mighty Orb disjoynted cracks, & all
The broken Parts in huddled Ruin fall.
The burning Hulk in *Ether* floating lies,
And with its hideous Wreck affrights the Skies.
Sometimes it blazes out, a diſmal Sight!
And now grown dim ſeems loſt and drown'd in Night.
Then ſinking down, the Starry Sky forſakes,
And ſome Inferior Seat diſhonour'd takes;
Where Heav'n new moulds the Heap, and from th' Abyſs
Calls forth, perhaps, a Moon or Earth, like This.
So Man ſeduc'd by guileful *Satan* fell [Hell;
From Heav'n's bright Coaſts to the black Verge of
Where his pure Luſtre loſt, and God-like Grace,
He ſhews the Ruins of a Heav'nly Face.
Fierce driving Storms, and bleak Tempeſtuous Wind
Beat on the waſteful Deſart of his Mind.
While Envy, Fear, Revenge, and pale Deſpair
Uſurp in Turn ſupream Dominion there:
Mean time th' Almighty did his Summons ſend
Thro' Heav'n, that all his Angels might attend
High

High in the middle of th' expanded Skies
An Adamantine Mount does glitt'ring riſe
Inſuperably ſteep, and too ſublime
For Seraphims of ſtrongeſt Wing to climb.
O'erlooking Heav'n's wide Vales and ſpacious Plains
It ſhines, and unmoleſted Peace maintains.
Here the Auguſt Tribunal awful ſtands
Where Heav'n's Decrees are paſt, whence high Commands
Are ſent to all the diſtant Worlds below,
And whence Eternal Right and Juſtice flow.
Hence Puniſhments proceed and due Rewards,
Hence Orders come to all th' Angelic Guards
To keep the Peace of Heav'n, and to ſecure
On Earth th' Afflicted from oppreſſive Pow'r.
Now the bright Powers and States the Valley fill,
And ſtand adoring round the Sacred Hill.
Of *Adam*'s late Rebellion they had heard,
And God's fierce Wrath in dreadful Signs appear'd,
Tremendous Murmurs, and a mighty Sound
Of General Ruin from the Hills rebound.
T' expreſs provok'd Omnipotence conſpire
Loud Peals of Thunder, and conſuming Fire,
Darkneſs and Whirlwind, which with Fury broke
From the bleſt Mount, when thus th' Almighty ſpoke.

Man, whom I made, and with my Image grac'd,
And next to your Angelick Order plac'd,
Won by the min'd Potentate of Hell
Againſt my Throne has yielded to rebell.
The Death I threaten'd, now I muſt inflict,
So Juſtice bids, nor is its Rule too ſtrict.
Come then from all the Regions of the Sky
To hear th' Apoſtate doom'd, and ſee him die.
He ſpoke; and thro' the Heav'ns a Terror ſtrook,
The Sphears and all the Frame of Nature ſhook.
The Moon grew pale, and ſcarce the Sun appear'd,
While the whole Hoſt of God ſtood mute, and fear'd,
Th' Almighty his Vindictive Arm made bare
Lifted his Sword, and did the Doom prepare.
Mercy ſhriek'd out, and trembling on her Face
Fell down, and did with Tears his Feet embrace.
Her Looks ſo ſoft, ſo moving are her Charms,
That rigorous Juſtice often ſhe diſarms,
And melts th' incens'd Omnipotent, arreſts
His out-ſtretch'd Hand, and thence his Thunder wreſts.

Then thus ſhe ſpoke; Shall Hell's Impoſtor boaſt
That by his Pow'r the new Creation's loſt?
Shall he defeat our Hopes from *Adam*'s Seed,
Triumph o'er Heav'n, and vaunting tell the Deed?
Adam has Sin'd, and Grace Divine abus'd,
But Sin'd betray'd, and by deep Fraud ſeduc'd.

Let Wiſdom Infinite Expedients find
To puniſh Guilt, and yet preſerve Mankind.
Then roſe the Word Eternal from his Place,
The bright Effulgence of his Father's Face,
His fair expreſſive Image, full of Grace.
In whom Divine, Eſſential Glory dwelt,
And who Almighty vital Vigour felt:
And thus he Silence broke; Mine be the Task
To do what Juſtice and Compaſſion ask.
To Reſcue Man my ſelf will Man become,
Aſſuming Subſtance from a Virgin's Womb:
A willing Victim I will Death embrace,
Juſtice to pleaſe, and ranſom *Adam*'s Race.
The Father gave Aſſent; fair Mercy ſmil'd,
To ſee the Serpent of his Prey beguil'd.
Juſtice Divine accepts the proffer'd Price,
And Heav'n's aton'd by Heav'n's own Sacrifice.
The Skies with joyful Acclamations ring,
And the Bleſt Angels in new Anthems ſing:
The Interceſſour, and Myſterious King.
Now well-breath'd Time attends the rapid Sun,
And rolling Years their deſtin'd Circles run
Till they brought on the Hour, when all ſhould ſee
The Son perform to Man his bleſt Decree.
His Native Beams would dart deſtructive Light,
And ſtrike with fatal Luſtre Mortal Sight;
He therefore draws a Human Veil between,
That temper'd Luſtre might be harmleſs ſeen:

Where

Where two Extreams of Diſtance Infinite
In one bleſt Knot ineffable unite.
God lives conceal'd within a Mould of Clay,
And does in Duſt his Heav'nly Glory lay;
While Swadling-Bands inwrap Immenſity,
And vaſt Eternity begins to Be.
Leaving his Court auguſt, and awful Throne,
His Pomp and glorious Equipage, alone
He viſits theſe ſad Seats of Woe and Sin,
And like an unknown Stranger ſeeks an Inn.
Lord of the World, to whom each Monarch owes
His proud Imperial Crown, and who beſtows
Dominion, Wealth, and Honour on the Great,
Can't for his own Repoſe find out a Seat,
But muſt from Men to gentler Beaſts retreat.
No other Court receives the new-born King,
Who to debaſe himſelf was pleas'd to bring
No other Pomp, but naked Innocence,
No Robe for State, or Weapon for Defence.
Bright Seraphs, who the Royal Stranger knew,
Signs of exalted Joy and Triumph ſhew.
The Outguards of their Camp, while marching round.
Saw heav'nly Splendor riſing from the Ground,
And gave th' Alarm, the ſhining Squadrons fly
To the Blue Tow'rs and Frontier of the Sky,
To ſee the wondrous Mediatour Child,
Whom they ador'd, tho' impious Men revil'd.

With

With ſpeedy Wings ſome ſhooting thro' the Air
To watchful Shepherds firſt the Tydings bear,
That a great Shepherd was at *Bethlem* born,
Whoſe Deeds and Triumphs ſhould that Name a-
dorn.
Tho' Angels ſing, obdurate Men are mute,
Nor will their Saviour own, or King ſalute.
Yet ſome few Sages, who arriv'd from far,
Conducted by a new auſpicious Star,
Left all the Wealth and Wonders of the *Eaſt*,
To ſee a brighter Sun revive the *Weſt*.
To find the Prince to *Herod* they reſort,
For where are Princes found but in a Court?
But the directing Star, that led the Way,
Stood ſtill, and pointed with a ſtreaming Ray
To the mean Stable, where the Stranger lay.
The *Eaſtern* Kings with Adoration own
The Infant-Interceſſour yet unknown;
Him they preſent with odoriferous Gums,
Spices, and all *Arabia*'s rich Perfumes.
Now does the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
And ſtreak with radiant Lines the purple Skies.
While thro' the Heav'ns his healing Wings diſplay
The dawning Prelude to encreaſing Day.
The Courts of Death acknowledge deep Diſtreſs,
And Hell's proud Princes double Grief expreſs.
Th' Infernal Spirits wandring in the Air,
As Thunder-ſtruck, in Anguiſh and Deſpair,

With

With Shrieks and hideous Yellings fly the Sight,
And dread the Horrours of the Heav'nly Light.
Like Birds obscene, they shun the radiant Guest,
And hid in Caves the Rising Day detest.
The anxious Prince of Hell begins to fear,
And think the Downfall of his Empire near.
The Oracles submissive to their Doom
Silent proclaim the Blest Messiah come.

A Council call'd, th' assembled Demons sate,
Attentive to avert their threaten'd Fate.
Various Designs and Schemes of State were dreft,
By which their dreaded Foe might be oppreſt.
First, as agreed, they Jealousie dispatch
To *Herod*'s Court, who might Occasion watch
To raise his Fear, that when matures grown,
The Child would triumph, and ascend his Throne.
The Fiend so well perform'd her faithless Part,
That *Herod* yielded to her subtile Art:
For while the Sages leave their *Eastern* Home,
And to adore the Young Messiah come,
The King the Infant's hated Life pursues,
Lest his Dominions he should vanquish'd lose.
Dreadful to Tyrants what will not appear
When Innocence and Love can move their Fear?
'Tis true, Messiah of Divine Descent
An Empire claims of measureless Extent.
Submissive Monarchs shall their Scepters lay
Beneath his Feet, and his just Laws obey.

While

While Realms oppreſt his ready Aid invoke,
And bow their Necks to take his gentle Yoke,
The *Roman* Eagles ſhall the Victor own,
And *Ceſar* court him to aſcend his Throne.
Ador'd by all he ſhall in Triumph go,
Where fruitful *Nile*, or fam'd *Hydaſpes* flow,
Unchecke by *Africk* Heats, or *Scythian* Snow.
Nations invited by his Fame ſhall come,
More than ſubmitted to Imperial *Rome*.
In ſplendid Embaſſies to ſue for Peace;
And Worlds unknown his Empire ſhall encreaſe.
Juſtice return'd the Earth again ſhall bleſs,
And happy Realms ſhall Love and Truth poſſeſs.
Plenty and Peace ſhall joyful Nations crown,
While ſavage Natures lay their Fierceneſs down.
The Lyon with the Lamb no more his Prey,
And little Infants ſhall promiſcuous play.
Harneſs'd in Gold the Years ſhall ſmiling paſs,
And keeping beauteous Order run their Race.
Nor ſhall His Kingdom ceaſe; for when the Tide
Of ebbing Time exhauſted ſhall ſubſide,
And all its diſappearing Streams ſhall ſleep,
Loſt and ingulph'd in vaſt Duration's Deep,
This King ſhall his entire Dominion gain,
And crown'd with bliſsful Peace in endleſs Triumph reign.

But Earthly Crowns, which haughty Monarchs wear,
And Worldly Empire will not be his Care.
He'll only o'er the Mind his Pow'r assert,
His Grace his Scepter, and his Throne the Heart.
Kings undisturb'd may bear Imperial Sway,
And peaceful Nations may their Lords obey,
While the blest Saviour keeps his Court unseen,
And Rules in Light and Heav'nly Love within.
Now to escape proud *Herod*'s threat'ning Hand,
The Parents with the Child, at Heav'n's Command,
Fly from their own to *Egypt*'s safer Land:
Egypt, tho' for its Monsters famous grown,
Is now by treach'rous *Palestine* outdone.
The wandring Saviour now, the Tyrant dead,
Returns to fair *Judea*, whence he fled.
Where he begins due Rev'rence to procure,
By Truth Divine, and Miracles of Pow'r.
Th' inlighten'd Blind and Deaf restor'd proclaim
His Vertue, and to celebrate his Fame
The Speachless speak, and Tempests silent grow,
And fierce wild Beasts a gentle Temper show.
His stronger Breath does raging Winds restrain,
And smooths the Billows of the troubled Main,
The Dead preluding to the General Doom,
Obedient to his Order from their Tomb

Arise,

Ariſe, the Sick and Feeble round him throng,
The Sick grow healthful, and the Feeble ſtrong.
Demons at his Rebuke vext Men forſake,
And ſtruck with Terrour to th' Infernal Lake,
And burning Caves their Flight indignant take.
These Miracles, of which his matchleſs Love
Was Chief, his Miſſion and High Office prove.
He, whom Rebellious Men might juſtly fear,
With a bright Hoſt of Seraphs ſhould appear
Arm'd with keen Light'nings, and the ſharpeſt Sword,
That all his wrathful Magazines afford,
To waſte th' Ungrateful Nations, and efface
All marks of *Adam*'s unrepenting Race;
He, unexampled Deed! attempts to win
The Rebels from the Pow'r of Death and Sin,
With Pity, more than that of Mothers Hearts,
Mercy's ſoft Charms, and Love's perſwaſive Arts.
His gracious Purpoſe is with Heav'nly Light
To diſſipate th' impenetrable Night
That cover'd theſe loſt Regions, to inſpire
Man's frozen Breaſt with new Celeſtial Fire,
And raiſe laps'd Souls to that high State of Love,
And endleſs Joy the Bleſt poſſeſs above:
To break Sin's heavy Chains, its Slaves releaſe,
And ſettle Earth and Heaven in laſting Peace.

The

The Tribes amus'd with worldly Empire's Charms,
Hoping ſome Monarch with reſiſtleſs Arms,
With *Roman* Pomp and Pow'r would awful riſe,
The Great Redeemer's humble State deſpiſe;
And his Bleſt Meſſage ſent from Heav'n refuſe,
Deride his Perſon, and his Deeds accuſe.
He, who his Bleſſings free on all beſtow'd,
Feaſting with Miracles the hungry Crowd,
Finds from th' Obdurate *Hebrew* no Relief;
With only Twelve Companions of his Grief
He wanders, doing Good, and now reveals
Light to their Minds, and now their Bodies heals.
Yet did unwelcome thro' their Regions ſtray,
From thoſe ungrateful Cities thruſt away,
Whence he had Demons and Diſeaſes driv'n,
So much they ſcorn'd his Light, and proffer'd Heav'n.
At laſt, his ſpotleſs Innocence traduc'd,
He ſtands before the *Roman* Throne accus'd.
Pilate on *Ceſar*'s King in Judgment ſits,
Condemns his Perſon, but his Deeds acquits:
At length, to pleaſe the cruel *Jews*, he ſheds
Demanded Blood, and Curſes on their Heads.
That done, he waſh'd his Guilty Hands in vain,
The Blood he ſpilt alone could purge the Stain.
His Foes no Torment, no Affront omit,
They Scourge his Limbs, and on his Face they ſpit:

To

To ſooth united Malice, Rage and Scorn.
They fix upon his Head a Crown of Thorn,
And mock him with a Purple Robe; that done,
His Blood with richer Purple dyes his own.
His Hand, which for a Sceptre bore a Reed,
Shall with an Iron Rod avenge the Deed.
Scoffing they bow before him, whilſt he ſate
A Pageant Prince, in mimick Forms of State.
What various Shapes of Cruelty are ſhown?
Beneath, and on his Croſs they make him groan:
And yet he bears a heavier Load within,
The Preſſure of the World's collected Sin.
Stretcht on the fatal Tree his Body hangs
Gaſping, and ſpending Life in Dying Pangs.
Of Earth and Heav'n forſook, he waſtes his Breath
In the ſlow Torments of protracted Death,
Whilſt on his Soul the blackeſt Horrours dwell,
Which feels the Pain, without the Guilt of Hell.
The hard relenteleſs Tribes, for whom He Dy'd,
Stand by, and ſee their Sovereign Crucify'd,
And view his Agonies without a Tear,
Scarce in the Crowd does one ſad Face appear.
Their Inſolence inſults the Saviour's Moans,
Sports with His Torments, and derides His Groans;
And while the Rocks were with Convulſions rent,
Spectators more Obdurate, ne'er relent.
He Dies, that Heav'n for Man may be aton'd;
The Saviour Dies; the whole Creation groan'd.

The

The Sick'ning Sun Eclips'd did disappear,
And shudd'ring Mountains rock'd with sudden Fear.
While Horror thro' the Earth's low Vaults did spread,
Whose strong Emotions rous'd the Slumbring Dead.
Light Ghosts skim'd easie o'er the Mountain's Face,
And Wolves howled hideous, as they saw 'em pass.
Hoarse Thunder roll'd in Subterranean Caves,
Chaos to hearken still'd his raging Waves.
Ev'n Hell gap'd horrible, confess'd its Fright,
And thro' the Chasm releas'd portentous Night:
Night, that extinguish'd Heav'n's Meridian Ray,
And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.
A strong Convulsion thro' the Temple went,
The Pillars trembled, and the Veil was rent.
Angels, a while, their Anthems left unsung,
And by their Sides their Harps neglected hung.
Thus Heav'n and Earth the Tragic Scene abhor'd,
And Suff'ring Nature mourn'd her dying Lord.

Thrice had the rapid Sun his Chariot driv'n,
O'er the Blue Hills and outstretcht Plains of Heav'n,
As oft the Moon had shot her paler Light
In Silver Threads thro' the black Robes of Night;
When the Blest Saviour Rose, and from the Ground
With Rest reviv'd more vigorous did rebound.
Marching in Triumph from the Conquer'd Grave
He a full Proof of Resurrection gave.
Oft to His mournful Friends their Lord appear'd,
Solac'd their Sorrow and their Spirits cheer'd:

And

And then the Plan of His wiſe Kingdom laid,
Who ſhould ſubmit, and who ſhould be obey'd.
To theſe He gave a Pow'r to looſe and bind,
And with juſt Rules that Sacred Pow'r confin'd.
He fixt the Rights His Subjects ſhould enjoy,
Whom Princes muſt protect, and not deſtroy.
And wiſely ſettled all Things that relate
To the Well-being of the Chriſtian State.

This done the Victor did in Triumph riſe
From the low Regions to the diſtant Skies;
His Friends purſu'd him with admiring Eyes.
The Clouds dividing in Obſequious Haſte
Smil'd with the Saviour's Glory, as he paſt.
Great *Michael*, *Raphael*, *Gabriel* and the Bleſt,
Who wear rich Crowns ſuperior to the reſt,
Dominions, Thrones, high Officers of State
With Pomp Divine, pour'd from th' Immortal Gate,
Auguſt in ſwift Celeſtial Chariots rode
Far out of Heav'n, to meet th' aſcending God;
And with their long unmeaſurable Train
Illuſtrious ſhone thro' all th' Etherial Plain.

On a fair Hill, whoſe blue impending Brow
Surveys the wide Tranſparent Gulphs below,
Of Heav'n's Immortal Youth a mighty Band
Clad in bright Armour drawn in Order ſtand;
And ſounding all the Trumpets of the Sky
Salute the Bleſt Redeemer paſſing by.

While

While Sin and Death His Captives bound in Chains
Were at his Wheels drag'd thro' the Azure Plains.
Loud Acclamations of th' Angelic Hoft
Rung thro' the Hills, and all the Skies engroft.
And now arriv'd at Heav'n's Eternal Gate
Attended with His long Triumphal State,
Th' Inhabitants their diftant Dwellings leave,
And thronging round, the Prince of Peace receive.
On His high Chariot cluftring Cherubs hung,
Whofe Shouts of Joy thro' Heav'n's high Arches
In this Celeftial Pomp the Saviour rode, [rung.
And reach'd at length th'Eternal's Bleft Abode.
Entring the Court He took His Place, and fhone
On the Right Hand of God's Imperial Throne.
Where He our pow'rful Advocate will ftay,
Till fome great Angel's Trumpet calls away
The Quick and Dead, to the Great Judgment Day.

He ceas'd; the Monarch clafp'd him in his Arms,
And Grateful faid, I'm ravifh'd with the Charms
Of this Divine Difcourfe; what Thanks to you,
Illuftrious Prince, what Thanks to Heav'n are due?
To Heav'n, which gracious call'd forth Joy and Light
From that wild Storm, and black outrageous Night
Which forc'd Your Veffel on th' *Armorick* Shore;
Your Lofs I mourn, but Heav'n's Deſign adore.
Your Wreck has *Hoel* fav'd, and rolling Seas
In their fierce Rage have brought Immortal Peace.

Long

Long have I ſtray'd in endleſs Error loſt,
Deep Gulphs and Hills and trackleſs Deſarts croſt
In Night and endleſs Mazes, not ſupply'd
With one dim Ray my wandring Feet to guide.
The Gates of Heav'n unbarr'd, you firſt diſplay
The tender Dawn of Everlaſting Day.
How much I wiſh to ſee this Light Divine
Riſe to its Noon, and in full Splendor ſhine!
Grateful for this I ask yet further Aid:
He ceas'd. And thus the pious *Briton* ſaid,
Yours and the Will of Heav'n muſt be obey'd.
My Toil and Suff'rings, when review'd, will pleaſe,
Caus'd by the Tempeſt and the boiſtrous Seas,
If I can ſteer you in your Courſe deſign'd,
Safe from the Rocks, the Waves, the ſtormy Wind,
And all the Snares by artful Malice dreſt,
To the fair Coaſts of Light, and Haven of the Bleſt.
Now had the Sun down prone and ſinking Way
Roll'd to the Foot of Heav'n declining Day,
Shooting along the Plains a level Ray.
The loving Turtle to his Aiery Neſt
Flies with his conſtant Mate to Coe and Reſt.
The timerous Hare ſteals from the Brake to feed,
And from the Yoke the dab'ring Ox is freed.
With ſtutting Tears the Herds come lowing Home,
And Beaſts of Prey o'er Hills and Foreſts roam:
The Princes now arriv'd at *Conda*'s Gate,
Determin'd there th' Approach of Day to wait.

Prince

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Princes proceed on their Journey. Prince Arthur *resuming his Discourse at* Hoel's *Request describes the Solemnity of* Christ's *Second Coming to Judge the World. Signs and Changes in the Heavens and Earth preceding the General-Doom. The Judge appears. The Angels attending Him erect His Tribunal, and mark out a Place in which to assemble all Mankind. The Resurrection of the Dead describ'd, and the Proceedings at the Universal Judgment. Various Kinds of Criminals condemn'd. The Righteous Acquitted and Rewarded. The Place of Punishment provided for the Wicked and their Torments represented. A Description of the* New Jerusalem, *with the Joys of the Saints.*

NOW

NOW the prevailing Sun the Night invades,
Chaſing from Hill to Hill the flying Shades.
Up roſe the Princes, and were ſoon prepar'd
To take their Way, attended with their Guard.
They mount the Chariot with Majeſtick Grace,
And ask and anſwer Queſtions as they paſs.
The *Britiſh* Captains, and th' *Armorick* Train,
On either Side their generous Courſers rein.
They went not far, when *Hoel* thus addreſt
For new Celeſtial Light his Royal Gueſt.
Your pious Theme, Illuſtrious Prince, reſume.
How ſhall your Lord to Judge the Nations come?
What follows, what precedes the General Doom?
Then *Albion*'s Chriſtian Hero thus begun;
Before the Saviour Lord, th' Eternal Son,
To Judge th' aſſembled World appears on high,
Stupendous Signs diſturb th' affrighted Sky.
New-kindled Comets ſhake their ruddy Hair,
Or ſlow deſcending trail along the Air
Their lucid Trains, ſtrange Lights the World amaze,
And intermixt portentous Meteors blaze.
The gaping Clouds pour Lakes of Sulphur down,
Whoſe livid Flaſhes ſick'ning Sun-beams drown.
The Skies ſhine diſmal with exploded Flame,
And Thunder ſhakes the Univerſal Frame.
Now while the numerous melting Orbs conſpire
To make one vaſt tempeſtuous Sea of Fire,

The glowing Sphears diſſolve with Heat, and all
In mighty Floods of liquid Cryſtal fall.
The lofty Digues gape wide, which ſtand around,
And from the dark Abyſs Creation bound:
Thro' the vaſt Clefts prevailing Chaos breaks,
While ſcatter'd Piles of *Ether*, and the Wrecks
Of broken Globes float huddled on his Waves;
Scarce its high LineHeav'n's ConvexFrontier ſaves:
Whoſe ſpacious Balls are in Confuſion hurl'd,
Ruin with Ruin cruſh'd, and World o'erturn'd
with World.
Miſrule and Noiſe and Horrour fill the Air,
The Earth mixt Cries, Diſtraction and Deſpair.
Fierce Storms of Vapours pent in Vaults beneath,
Which hot Bitumen and crude Metals breath,
This Orb's deep Bowels with Convulſions ſhake,
And of the vaulted Frame immenſe Deſtruction
make;
While Subterranean Thunder ſtrives for Room,
Proclaiming loud the World's approaching Doom.
The ſuff'ring Globe by raging Priſoners rent,
Gives to the ſtruggling Exhalations Vent.
Thro' yawning Chaſms th'impetuous Tempeſt flies,
And Hurricanes of Fire embroil the Skies.
Now Foreſts, Mountains, Rocks and ſhatter'd Hills,
Vaſt Tracts of Land abrupt, and ſinking Iſles
Sap'd by the Heat, which underneath deſtroys,
Promiſcuous Ruin, fall with horrid Noiſe.

Ætna

Ætna and all the burning Mountains find
Their kindled Stores with inbred Storms of Wind
Blown up to Rage, and roaring out complain
As torn with inward Gulphs and torturing Pain.
Lab'ring they caſt their dreadful Vomit round,
And with their melted Bowels ſpread the Grounds
Down their ſcorcht Sides deſtructive Torrents flow,
And form a Red Metallick Sea below.
And while the Deluge in its lawleſs Courſe
Frightful advances with reſiſtleſs Force,
Fragments of Rocks, Trees once the Mountain's Pride,
And Heaps of Oar roll down th' incumber'd Tyde:
Till in the Main it diſembogues its Waves,
Outroars the Deep, and fills its hollow Caves.
Theſe Signs preluding, 'midſt the Starry Sphears
With all the Pomp of Heav'n the Judge appears:
Before His Chariot Wheels, that roll on high,
Whirlwinds and Clouds diſcharging Thunder fly,
And ruddy Lightnings dart along the Sky.
Celeſtial Chiefs pour'd from th' Eternal Gates,
Dominions, Powers, Seraphic Potentates,
Crown'd Saints and Martyrs, rang'd in ſhining Rows,
Attend the Saviour, and His State compoſe.
Th' advancing Pomp extends acroſs the Sky
From utmoſt Eaſt to Weſt, and paſſes by
The rolling Planets, then deſcending ſlow
Glorious o'erſpreads the aiery Realms below,

Drawn in Array th' Angelic Army ſhines,
And halting here in deep embattled Lines,
Clad in Immortal Arms the Warriors ſtand,
Their Swords of temper'd Lightning in their Hand.
They mark a ſpacious Circuit to contain
Th' aſſembled World, and Chriſt's Seraphick Train.
Then on a riſing Eminence they reer
Their Lord's Auguſt Pavilion in the Air;
And in the midſt his high Tribunal Place,
On which he ſits ſublime with Godlike Grace:
Whence livid Flames inwrapt with gloomy Smoak,
Black Clouds and murmuring Thunder awful broke;
While from His Seat the Chriſtian Founder, bright
With Majeſty Divine, and cloath'd with Light,
Darts Beams too radiant for an Angel's Sight.
Now Heav'nly Choirs their Hallelujahs ſing,
And diſtant Sphears with Bleſt Hoſannahs ring.
Repeated Shouts and Acclamations ſhake
The Heav'ns, far greater than fierce Armies make
Ruſhing to Battle, or were heard in *Rome*,
When Lawrell'd *Caſar* came in Triumph home.
Some mighty Angel now Springs forth on high,
And with the loudeſt Trumpet of the Sky
Summons the numerous Race of Man to come,
And hear the Judge pronounce their righteous Doom.

The

The powerful Noiſe ſtrikes Heav'n's aſpiring Mounds,
And in loud Ecchoes from the Sphears rebounds:
The guilty Fiends ſhreek out at theſe Alarms,
That in the Air fly thick in murmuring Swarms.
Their Prince himſelf determin'd not to ſtay,
Spreads forth his ſable Wings, and ſhoots away.
Amidſt the Clefts and hollow Rocks they creep,
Or ſink deſpairing to the gloomy Deep,
Finding the fatal Hour arriv'd at laſt,
That ſhall revenge their bold Rebellion paſt,
When they in dark Infernal Caves reſtrain'd,
Shall tortur'd lye on flaming Billows chain'd,
When Hell no more its Priſoners ſhall releaſe,
And Sin's black Empire muſt for ever ceaſe.
No leſs the dreadful Sound and awful Sight
Confound proud Kings, and Godleſs Men affright.
What Terrors now o'erwhelm each guilty Soul?
In their ſad Breaſts what Storms of Vengeance roll?
How will they bear this diſmal Scene of Woe?
Where will they ſtay ſecure, or whither go?
Ten thouſand poiſon'd Darts ſtrike thro' their Reins,
And wound the Rebels with Immortal Pains.
The Vulture bred within, their Bowels gnaws,
And Conſcience tears them with her harpy Claws.
What finiſh'd Horror in their Looks? What Cries
And howling Lamentations fill the Skies?

While the loud Trumpet ſhakes the trembling Ground,
The ſtartled Dead awaken by the Sound.
The opening Grave its ancient Spoils reſigns,
And Death his ſlumbring Slaves no more confines.
Souls, who did once their forc'd Departure mourn,
To the ſame Bodies with quick Flight return;
Whoſe ſcatter'd Parts God calls together, they
To their appointed Meeting haſte away.
The crowding Atoms reunite apace,
Each without Tumult finds, and takes its Place.
Th' aſſembled Bones leap ſwift into their Seats,
While quicken'd Duſt feels freſh and youthful Heats,
And its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
The Eyes enliven'd with rekindled Light
Open, and find a more extenſive Sight.
The Veins, which twine their branching Arms around
The vigorous Limbs, with leaping Life abound.
Hard twiſted Nerves new brace, and faſter bind
Connected Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
And freſh ſpun Threads Immortal Muſcles make,
Which juſtly fixt their ancient Figure take:
While Spirits claim their upper Seats, and dart
Thro' their known vital Roads to every Part.

Victorious Life to every Grave reſorts,
Rifling the dark inhoſpitable Courts:
Thro' the low Vaults does active Vigour ſpread,
And from their gloomy Manſions frees the Dead.
Now ripe Conceptions thro' the Earth abound,
And new-ſprung Men o'erſpread the fertile Ground.
The Sepulchres are quick, and every Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.
But how the Dead are Chang'd, their Bodies more
Unlike each other than their Souls before!
How black and frightful Godleſs Men ariſe?
Each ſtruck with Horror from his Neighbour flies.
Ugly and Fiendlike from their Graves they crawl,
And on the Ground, like odious Vermin, ſprawl.
As Serpents that entangled lay aſleep
From their dark Beds diſturb'd and waken'd creep;
Then hiſſing caſt their fiery Eyes around,
And with their loathſome Bellies mark the Ground.
Studious of Flight their poiſonous Spires diſplay,
And urg'd with Fear and Anguiſh haſte away.
So this foul Brood their Graves reluctant leave,
While to the Duſt their groveling Bodies cleave.
Earthy and Black confin'd ſo long to Night
They dread the Horrors of the noxious Light.
Amazing Change! ſee ſome of theſe were they
Whoſe Heads were Crown'd, whoſe Hands did Scepters ſway.

That monſtrous Thing, who for a Covert ſeeks,
With hollow Eyes, and ſhrivell'd, ghaſtly Cheeks,
That monſtrous Thing, was once Tranſcendent Fair,
Proud of her Beauty, and her graceful Air.
But how the Guilty Crowd in deep Diſtreſs
With howling Cries the ambient Air oppreſs,
When the loud Trumpet's awful Voice they hear,
And ſee the World's Impartial Judge appear?
They call again for Death, and in Deſpair
Would fain be loſt in Night, or roam diſperſt in Air.
Mean time Bleſt Souls ſhoot through th' inlighten'd Sky,
And to the Graves with Joy tranſported fly.
Their long forſaken Bodies there they greet,
Which like Old Friends with double Pleaſure meet.
Bodies that ſeem, while ſo improv'd and bright,
All thicken'd Glory and Compacted Light.
Smilling they Riſe, ſuch Charms, ſo ſweet a Grace
They ſhew, as dwell not on an Earthly Face,
Fair harbingers of Everlaſting Day
Raviſh'd Celeſtial Radiance they diſplay.
Such blooming Youth, ſuch Beauties ſhall we ſee
In the glad Spring of Immortality.
Yet theſe Bleſt Sons of Light, that Angel like
Would Mortal Eyes with deadly Luſtre ſtrike,

Were

Were thoſe, who once, their Excellence diſguis'd,
Liv'd here oppreſs'd, and like their Lord deſpis'd.
Welcome to them this long-expected Hour,
Safe by their Judge's Favour from his Pow'r.
High Tydes of Pleaſure through their Boſoms run,
And joy'd they feel Eternal Life begun.
Swift Cherubims deſcending through the Air
To theſe Bleſt Men with cheerful Looks repair
Then on their Wings convey them through the Sky
To the Redeemer's awful Throne on High.
Diſcourſing, as they paſs, how every Gueſt
In Heav'n's bright Court ſhall be hereafter Bleſt
With Raptures more intenſe than ſeparate Souls poſſeſt.
Brought to their Lord's Tribunal on the Right
In order rang'd they ſhine, as *Seraphs*, bright.
Whilſt other Angels from the deep of Hell
Drive Demons up, who there impriſon'd dwell.
With Swords of keeneſt Flame compelling ſome,
And dragging others to the General Doom.
In Anguiſh and Deſpair the yelling Fiends
Curſe, Gnaſh and Bite th' Eternal Chain, that binds
So cloſe and ſtrait, then turn their Heads away,
Confounded with Unſufferable Day.

And impious Men with equal Horror fly
To all the Shades and Coverts they descry.
Their fruitless Accents Hills and Rocks entreat
To fall, and guard them from the Judgment Seat;
For rise they must, and lose their vain Desire,
Caught up in Whirlwinds and in Storms of Fire.
Before the Judge the Prisoners stand in sight,
And take the Left Hand, as the Saints the Right.
Th' Eternal Books before the Throne are brought,
Where all Mens long-forgotten Deeds are wrote:
With those of impious Angels, which relate
To Man's Unblemish'd or Degenerate State.
And first are read the Virtues of the Just,
Their Zeal for Heav'n, their Courage, Hope and Trust.
The Pray'rs and Tears and Alms themselves conceal'd
Before applauding Angels are reveal'd.
To these the Judge, their Innocence declar'd,
Decrees th' Immortal Crown of Bliss prepar'd
For pure and pious Minds a bright Reward.
And now th' Apostate Angels are accus'd,
That open Force or secret Arts they us'd
To set their Leader on th' Eternal's Throne,
Subvert Christ's Empire, and advance their Own.
That Man by them seduc'd did first Rebell,
Relinquish Heav'n, and to their Party fell.

The

The curſt Defection ſtill they did ſupport,
And new-born Men to new Rebellion court.
That with malicious and unweary'd Care
They Feuds fomented, and renew'd the War:
Whence frequent Plagues at Righteous Heav'ns Command
Swept Guilty Nations from the waſted Land.
Whence *Noah*'s Flood and General Ruin came,
And whence the World lies now o'erwhelm'd in Flame.
For theſe black Crimes they're Sentenc'd to the Pains
Of fiercer Fire, and doom'd to heavier Chains.
Next *Cain*'s deteſted Offspring are Arraign'd
As Heav'n's inveterate Foes, who long diſdain'd
Goodneſs Divine, whom Everlaſting Love
And Life Eternal had no Charms to move.
Stedfaſt th' Apoſtate's Cauſe they did embrace,
Alike by Threats unchang'd and proffer'd Grace:
But did with Wine and Noiſe the Method find
To calm a conſcious Self-Revenging Mind,
To lay aſleep the threatning Judge within,
And thus with Care and Art grew bold in Sin;
For when the Sacred Spirit did convey
Secret into their Minds a Heav'nly Ray,
Which ſoon, if cheriſh'd, ripen'd into Day;
Studious they quickly choak'd the new-ſprung Light
With the thick Darkneſs of Infernal Night;

Still

Still did their Hearts unmelted, Truth repell,
Temper'd and harden'd in the Flames of Hell.
No Terms of Peace with Heav'n, no Offers made
Tho' of an endleſs Kingdom, could perſwade
The fierce and unrelenting Race to quit
Their impious Arms, and to their Lord ſubmit.
Still they aſſerted with their lateſt Breath
Their black Alliance made with Sin and Death.
Theſe are accus'd, that others unawares
Were plung'd in Ruin by their fatal Snares:
They led them to the flowry Banks, and ſhow'd
The flatt'ring Tide, where ſmiling Pleaſures flow'd;
Where Voyagers enchanted careleſs ride,
While charming *Syrens* ſung on either ſide,
'Till the falſe Flood betrays them thither, where
It falls into the Gulph of Black Deſpair.
Here ſecret Crimes are publiſh'd, and his Name,
Who lov'd the Sin, but fear'd th' Attendant Shame.
The ſly Adulterer here, who till the late
Approach of Night and ſilent Shade did wait
For the Careſſes of the Harlot's Bed,
And at the early Dawn of Twilight fled,
Is now upbraided for his careful flight
Of Men, while He contemn'd th'Almighty's Sight.
The Wretch, who Heav'n's juſt Precepts did deride,
And all its wrathful Menaces defy'd;

Did

Did to freſh Guilt cloy'd Nature ſtill excite
Beyond her own perverted Appetite;
Who could abſtracted from Enjoyment ſport
With Guilt, and Vice ev'n in Idea court;
And did himſelf, ſo much he lov'd the Fame,
The ſecret Triumphs of his Luſt proclaim,
Strives in the Crowd to hide his guilty Head,
While his Indictment and black Charge are read.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Rebel trembles, dies to ſee
Omnipotence enrag'd and frowning Majeſty.
Such dreadful Torments on his Bowels feed,
Such Agonies he feels, as far exceed
All Shapes of Horror Mortals ever ſaw,
Poets invent, or troubled Fancies draw.
That God Exiſts he gives a full Aſſent,
On the moſt ſure, but ſaddeſt Argument.
He can his Being and his Power atteſt
From the Almighty Vengeance in his Breaſt:
And thus inſtructed by the Wrath he bears,
Like ruin'd Angels, he Believes, and Fears.
His Language, which expos'd Religion's Cauſe,
He hears repeated, but without Applauſe.
Will he his feeble Arguments produce,
And make them here renew their former Uſe?
Will he aſſert his Innocence, and plead
He only harmleſs Appetites obey'd?
That he to Vice his Mind did not enſlave,
But only pleas'd the Inſtincts Nature gave:

Will

Will He inform the Judge it cannot Be
A Being Good and Merciful, as He,
Can ſo much Rigour to his Errors ſhow,
And make a Creature for Eternal Woe?
The Rebel's bold Objections will appear
His wanton Fancy's wild Illuſions here:
Which now no more can ſtifle with their Night
The Native Dictates of his inbred Light:
No more the Conſcience of his Guilt controul,
Or eaſe the Horrors of his trembling Soul.
Next leſs obdurate Priſ'ners are arraign'd,
With Guilt, but not of ſuch deep Die, diſtain'd:
Of ſuch a pendulous, diſtracted Mind,
As now to Heav'n, and now to Hell inclin'd.
To live in Peace they would with neither Part,
But ſhar'd between them a divided Heart.
Theſe travel'd on ſo long the Happy Way,
Which leads to Life and the bleſt Realms of Day,
'Till they the Confines reach'd, and could deſcry
The Peaceful World of Immortality;
But then diſcourag'd at the ſteep Aſcent,
And the ſtrait Gate, thro' which the Travellers went,
Left the Purſuit, and their paſt Toil repent:
But now abhor th' Inglorious Cowardice,
Which made them almoſt Victors miſs the Prize:
Made them deſert a proſperous Cauſe as loſt,
Which could ſo many Spoils and Trophies boaſt.

Each

Each Priſoner hears his Guilt diſplay'd at large,
Demons accuſe, and Conſcience backs the Charge.
None can aſſert their Innocence, nor fly,
Nor, what Deſpairing Wretches pray for, Die.
Now let their paſt Enjoyments Succour give;
Let Wit and Wine their raging Fears relieve.
Let their dear Riches now Aſſiſtance lend,
Honour and Pomp th' Ambitious Man defend:
Let them ſolicite with their loudeſt Cries
Thoſe Gods they ſerv'd, to ſave their Votaries.
The Judge will all his Terrors now aſſume,
And thus pronounce the Miſcreants dreadful Doom.
Go Burn in unextinguiſh'd Fire prepar'd
For Satan, take that ſad but juſt Reward.
Sink to the deep and black Abyſs of Hell,
Where Anguiſh, Pain, and endleſs Sorrow dwell.
Juſtice to all in Righteous Meaſures ſhown,
The great Redeemer leaves his awful Throne,
And with his Pomp Divine thro' Azure Plains
Aſcends Auguſt, and the Bleſt Seats regains;
While pour'd around glad Saints and Seraphs ſing
Loud Halelujahs to the Saviour King,
Who enters Heav'n attended with his Train,
That in his Bliſsful Court ſhall with him Reign.
The Rebels now, th' expected Sentence paſt,
With Thunder and Tempeſtuous Fire are chac'd
To the black Gulph thro' all th' Etherial Waſte.

Near

Near the wild Deep, where reſtleſs Atomes fight,
And unfrequented Plains of ancient Night,
Where Nature ne'er on pregnant Matter ſate
To hatch warm Life, and its ſtrait Bounds dilate,
Deſcends the vaſt unbottom'd Deep of Hell,
Where Sin and Death in all their Terrors dwell.
Beyond the Verge of Day theſe Regions lye
As low and black, as Heav'n is bright and high.
Horror and Night hang diſmal o'er the Place,
And hideous Forms fill all the gloomy ſpace.
Dead Seas of pondrous Darkneſs ſleep around,
And the ſad Realms from Light's grey Frontier bound:
Darkneſs, which blunts the ſharpeſt pointed Ray,
And undiſturb'd repells invading Day.
The ſluggiſh Air is choak'd with ſultry Gleams,
Contagious Damps, and ſuffocating Steams,
Which from wide Lakes of boiling Sulphur riſe,
Loaden with Groans and Everlaſting Cries.
No ſuch malignant Breaths, ſuch deadly Reeks,
The delving Miner, who hid Treaſure ſeeks,
E'er let from out a Subterranean Cell,
As thoſe, that break from the black Mouth of Hell.
A fiery Sea burns fiercely all beneath
Blown up, and kindled by th'Almighty's Breath.

In

In flaming Heaps the raging Ocean rolls,
Whoſe livid Waves involve deſpairing Souls.
The liquid Burnings dreadful Colours ſhew,
Some deeply Red, and others faintly Blue,
That with the Shades contend, but cannot chaſe
The Darkneſs, which o'erſpreads th' Infernal Place;
Or if they do, they dart malignant Light
Worſe than the Horrors of the blackeſt Night.
Raging Volcanos work their Bowels out,
And ſcatter kindled Sulphur round about.
Columns of Smoke with ſullied Flames of Fire
Inwreath'd from wide-mouth'd Furnaces aſpire.
Whence the black Region is annoy'd with Fumes,
With Stench and Flame that kills, but not conſumes.
So when a Mount fill'd with Metallick Seeds,
In wealthy Caves a ſecret Burning feeds;
Soultring within it vomits pitchy Smoke,
While the dead Air aſcending Vapours choak:
In mighty Floods the roaring Hollow throws
Its melted Treaſures out, and overflows
With pondrous Torrents all the neighb'ring Ground
Which lies beneath a glowing Deluge drown'd,
While thro' the Air mixt Oar exploded flies,
And Floods of Fire uplifted fill the Skies.
All Hope for ever baniſh'd leaves the Place,
And fixt Deſpair ſits pale on every Face.

Grief,

Grief, Anguiſh, Terror, Shame, Confuſion here
In Forms, than Death more Terrible, appear.
Here hateful Sin throws off its flatt'ring Charms,
And ſhows a Monſter in the Sinner's Arms;
Which now no more can pleaſe awaken'd Eyes:
Stip'd of ſtol'n Beauty, and the fair Diſguiſe
Of promis'd Good, it does at length diſcloſe
Its hideous Shape, and ghaſtly Viſage ſhows.
The Criminal affrighted fain would fly
Th' Embraces of ſuch foul Deformity,
Would fain their paſt Endearments now forget,
And from the Terror ſtruggles to retreat,
But 'twill not be, thoſe Friends on Earth muſt dwell
For ever ſad Companions too in Hell.

This fiery Gulph was, as their Juſt Reward,
For *Lucifer* and his black Hoſt prepar'd,
Where now the Fiends, once faireſt Sons of Light,
Lye plung'd in Flame, and doom'd to endleſs Night.
Where now they feel what Guilt's Demerits are;
Oppreſt with Wrath, and tortur'd with Deſpair.
Rolling in Seas of Fire they lift their Eyes,
Redning with Heat and Anguiſh, to the Skies,
Then rave aloud, and cry, What Joys are loſt?
What Bliſs? How dear has our Rebellion coſt?
As Heav'n they quitted for this diſmal Seat,
So in themſelves they feel a Change as great.

How

How faint and dim their faded Faces ſhine,
Eat in with Flame, and black with Wrath Divine?
Celeſtial Beams no more their Looks adorn,
Blaſted with Guilt, and with their Tortures worn.
Man by his fatal Fall did open lay
Th' Infernal Gates, and rais'd an eaſy Way,
Leading acroſs the Gulph from Earth to Hell,
Where Impious Souls with ruin'd Angels dwell.
A Way where ſoft Voluptuous Mortals find
All the Delights, which ſooth a ſenſual Mind:
A Way ſo pleaſant, free and prone and broad,
They rather fall, than travel down the Road.
But how ſurprizing is their Journey's End?
To what Diſtreſs does this ſmooth Paſſage tend?
Sad turn of Fate! they change Luxurious Eaſe
To freeze on Hills of Ice, or burn in flaming Seas.
Now Godleſs Wretches, who, their Sentence paſt,
From the Redeemer's Judgment-Seat are chac'd,
Purſu'd with Everlaſting Terrors take
Their woful Refuge in this Penal Lake,
Where the chief Part impriſon'd felt before
The Wrath of Heav'n, but now are doom'd to more.
Tranſfixt on unextinguiſh'd Flames they lye,
Burn without Waſte, without Expiring die.

Grip'd

Grip'd with the ſad Remembrance of their Sin,
They feel th' Infernal Viper rage within;
And while th' Almighty wounds their guilty Hearts,
And in their Breaſts ſticks deep his feſt'ring Darts,
Along their Veins tempeſtuous Vengeance rolls,
And pours Deſpair and Horror on their Souls.
With theſe Eternal Torments who can dwell,
And bear the Guilt and Puniſhment of Hell?
What Strength or Courage can ſupport the Load
Of Wrath inflicted by an angry God?
Hear how the Wretches rackt with Pain begin
To Curſe aloud their Judge, Themſelves, their Sin.
Now urg'd with inward Anguiſh, Grief, and Shame,
They gnaſh their Teeth, and bite the raging Flame:
Now ſunk in deep Deſpair with woful Moans
They howl, and languiſh with redoubled Groans.
Their Breaſts a ſecret Plague, like *Ætna*, feed,
Blow up their Flames, and their own Thunder breed.
Their Appetites to Vice not yet deſtroy'd,
Still crave the Pleaſures they on Earth enjoy'd:
Tho' thoſe are gone, the unſubdu'd Deſire
Creates more Torment, than their Lake of Fire.
But what exceeds the ſharpeſt Curſe of Hell,
With all theſe Woes they muſt for Ever dwell.
For Ever! fatal State! for Ever! who
Can bear the Doom of Everlaſting Woe?

How

How the deſpairing Wretches cry, Is This
The Place we choſe inſtead of heav'nly Bliſs?
Is this black Priſon, theſe unwieldy Chains,
This fiery Sea, and theſe Eternal Pains,
The diſmal Recompence our Crimes afford?
Muſt we accurs'd, and by the Bleſt abhor'd,
In theſe conſuming Flames, theſe Torments lye
Thro' the whole Space of vaſt Eternity?
Curſt be the ſenſual Inſtincts we obey'd,
Which rul'd our Reaſon, and our Lives betray'd.
Curſt be the Tranſient falſe Delights, that ſhew'd
The Charms which we ſo greedily purſu'd;
Till down the ſlipp'ry Precipice we fell
To theſe ſad Seats of Death, this Gulph of Hell.
But then how different from this black Abyſs
Are the celeſtial Realms of Joy and Bliſs,
The New and Bleſt *Jeruſalem* above,
Where happy Saints ſhall reign in Peace and Love?
The City ſtands on pure expanded Fields
Of riſing *Ether*, that wide Proſpect yields
O'er the Blue Gulphs, which far extended lye,
And the fair Orbs, that roll in ambient Sky.
The glorious Buildings of celeſtial Gold,
With glitt'ring Turrets, dazling to behold,
Aſcend ſublime, the Marble Walls around
Show in their Veins the richeſt Colours found
In Heav'n's high Hills, with Stores exhauſtleſs Crown'd.

Bright

Bright Rubies, Saphires of Etherial Kind,
Bleſt Amethiſts in artful Order joyn'd,
Pearl far outvying all by Mortals worn,
And Diamonds like the Star that leads the Morn,
Each Palace Gate and lofty Front adorn.
The Streets are all of fine Tranſparent Glaſs,
Pure, as the ſpotleſs Minds that thro' them paſs;
Where bliſsful Streams of living Water flow;
Trees on their flowry Banks unfading grow,
Whoſe Golden Fruits Immortal Health beſtow.
Twelve Adamantine Gates aſpiring ſtand,
Whoſe radiant Tow'rs the cryſtal Plains Command,
Now ſhut, now open'd by th' Almighty's Hand.
A Gulph profound deſcending from the Walls
To the low Caves, and Death's ſad Empire falls;
Leaſt hoſtile Fiends ſhould leave their Burning Lake
And bold Excurſions to theſe Regions make.
The Air's Serene, and fit for happy Minds,
Secure from Thunder and tempeſtuous Winds.
No Clouds, but thoſe of fragrant Incenſe riſe,
By ſportive *Zephirs* fann'd about the Skies,
Which with their gentle Breath ſweet Odours blow,
That from celeſtial Groves and Gardens flow;

No

No noxious Damps, the Realms are ſo ſublime,
From Hell's ſulphureous Vaults can thither climb.
Nor foul Terreſtrial Steams pollute the Air,
No Breaths aſcend, but thoſe of Praiſe and Pray'r.
Eſſential Glory from th' Almighty's Face,
Efflux Divine, inlightens all the Place.
Beſides, ſhould all the Orbs, that roll on high
Beat out to thin Expanſions ſpread the Sky,
Or ſhine drawn forth in Ductile Threads of Light,
They would not form a Day ſo pure and Bright,
As that the Saints diſtinguiſh'd Order ſheds
From the rich Glory darting round their Heads.
The Sun would there be darkned, and his Ray
Would Night create, which here produces Day.
Such is the Bleſt *Jeruſalem* above,
The Court of endleſs Triumph, Peace and Love;
Of Seraphims and Saints th' Auguſt Abode,
Th' Imperial Seat and Reſidence of God.
On lofty Thrones th' Illuſtrious Princes ſit
In Robes, as White as new fall'n Snow, and writ
In Golden Characters their Foreheads bear
Their Saviour's Name, their Breaſts his Image wear.
Immortal Youth blooms freſh on every Face
Adorn'd with gentle, but majeſtick Grace.
In perfect Peace they paſs their happy Hours,
And with Extatick Joy in heav'nly Bow'rs

Diſcourſe,

Dicourſe, how firſt they left the pleaſant way,
Where wanton Streams of falſe Delight convey
Deluded Souls, that with the Tide muſt go
To the dead Lake of Pain and endleſs Wo.
How firſt they lik'd the dark and loneſome way,
Which leads to Bliſs and everlaſting Day.
How Vertue's Guidance they implor'd and gain'd,
And what Bleſt Converſe with her they maintain'd:
While ſhe reduc'd the Wanderers to their Road,
Inſpir'd new Vigour and new Zeal beſtow'd.
How by her Aids they bore Tempeſtuous Shocks,
Climb'd o'er oppoſing Hills and hanging Rocks,
Till they had reach'd the happy Realms of Peace,
Where Joys Immortal reign, and Sin and Sorrow ceaſe.

How ſweet and fair crown'd Innocence appears,
Free from alternate Tides of Hopes and Fears?
Such Beauties never ſhone on Mortal Face
Like thoſe, which Virtue thus rewarded grace.
In theſe celeſtial Seats each happy Mind,
With Powers enlarg'd and Faculties refin'd,
And who in Bodies dwell tranſcendent bright,
As *Ether* pure, and active as the Light,
Survey the wide Creation, turn their Eye
From Orb to Orb, and numerous Worlds deſcry,
Spread thro' the Plains of vaſt Immenſity.
Where they Eternal Ages may employ
In bliſsful Tranſports and exhauſtleſs Joy;

While

While they ſucceſſive Scenes of Wonder trace,
And raviſh'd ſtill behold th' Almighty's Face
Reflected ſtrong from Nature's faithful Glaſs.
Where perfect Wiſdom, Majeſty Divine
And Love Immenſe in bright Impreſſions ſhine.
When in purſuit of Science and Delight
Intent they have obſerv'd with raviſh'd Sight
Ten thouſand glorious Orbs, and wondring view'd
Their different Nature, Motion, Magnitude,
And various Animals, to entertain
The Mind yet Millions unſurvey'd remain.
Progreſſive Knowledge thus their Minds improves,
New Triumphs gives, and ſtill new Rapture moves.
The more they ſee, the more they muſt admire;
While endleſs Wonders endleſs Joys inſpire.
Beſides, new Admiration to create,
And raiſe the Pleaſures of the happy State,
Theſe bliſsful Souls, poſſeſt of clearer Light,
Of Pow'rs refin'd and ſharp extenſive Sight,
The Intellectual World of Spirits know,
And with their Kindred Minds familiar grow.
They by Reflection their own Being view,
Which in their Mortal State they little knew.
What Underſtanding is, Will, active Pow'r,
And ſecret Life they know, unknown before.
They know th' Apartments where the Soul reſides,
How it informs, and how the Body guides.

What hidden Bonds this Guest from Flight re-
strain,
And how it Pleasure feels, and suffers Pain.
They see how Passions in the Bosom breed,
Whence Instincts, whence Brute Appetites proceed;
How her Ideas in the Mind are made,
And how in Mem'ry's crowded Storehouse laid.
The Spring of Motion now they can explain,
And how the heav'nly Orbs their Course main-
tain
In beauteous Order, and transported see
Nature's consummate Art, and wise Oeconomy.
To the Redeemer's Presence they resort,
Behold his Glory, and admire his Court;
Where with his Smiles receiv'd as welcome Guests
They drink Immortal Wine at heav'nly Feasts:
At once compose their Saviour's Glorious Train,
And in Eternal Triumph with him Reign.
While with each other pleas'd, they all possess
By ardent Love each other's Happiness:
By mutual Joy augmented Bliss attain,
As Flames united Heat intenser gain.
Each Saint the Wonders now with Raptures
views,
Which the blest Scheme of Man's Redemption
shews.
What they admir'd, but could not once explore,
Unfolded fully now, they all adore.

The

The wise Contrivance, and stupendous Art,
The Symmetry of each adapted Part;
The Order and Connexion, which conspire
To form the Beauty of the Frame entire,
And show strict Justice and untivall'd Love,
Delight and endless Admiration move.
Safe on the Shore with Pleasure they behold
How the thick Waves are on each other roll'd.
What various Dangers of amazing Shape,
What fatal Rocks they scarcely did escape:
Astonish'd at the Glory they possess,
They strive beneath th' unwieldy Happiness.
Th' Almighty they enjoy, at whose Right Hand
Consummate Bliss and Life Eternal stand.
These spotless Inmates of the purest Skies,
Dissolv'd in Rapture, view with eager Eyes
Their Maker's Face, imbibe his Rays Divine,
And so with intercepted Glory shine,
That each blest Saint becomes transcendent bright,
And grows all Vital, Intellectual Light.
If here a Glympse of Heav'n, whose Splendor streams
Thro' gloomy Clouds in weak refracted Beams,
Transports the Saint, what Joys are those above,
Where perfect Knowledge kindles perfect Love?
There no black Clouds of sullen Grief appear,
Which frowning hang o'er these low Vallies here.

Sorrow, Diſtreſs and Want are baniſh'd thence,
The ſad Companions once of Innocence.
No Groans are heard, no Tears in Torrents flow
Down troubled Cheeks, no waſting Sons of Woe
With folded Arms, pale Looks, and hollow Eyes
Seek out the ſecret Corners of the Skies.
Raw Fogs and noxious Meteors chas'd away,
The ſmiling Heav'ns a peaceful Face diſplay.
The Saints have chang'd the Deſart's barren Sand,
For all the Riches of a fruitful Land,
Where with Immortal Food they ſtill are fed,
And drink pure Pleaſures at the Fountain Head.

Delights on Earth are mixt with baſe Allay,
At beſt we find a darkſome ſtormy Day:
Where all our Sweets conceal a painful Sting,
And great Enjoyments greater Sorrow bring.
Pleaſures, illuſive Phantomes, wanton play
Around us, but when graſp'd glide ſwift away,
And to our cheated Arms their Hopes deny,
Gay, ſhort-liv'd Flowers, they only Blow and Die.
And as below no conſtant Pleaſures dwell,
But like hot Gleams approaching Storms foretell;
So they can never boaſt unmingled Streams,
But thro' a Cloud glance like reflected Beams:
While Heav'nly Joys no Intermiſſion know,
And freed from Mixture undecaying flow.
No ſwift Viciſſitude of Day or Night
Can break, no Years exhauſt th' Immenſe Delight:

Time,

Time, whoſe unactive Streams for Ever lye,
Loſt in the Depths of Immortality,
And which has finiſh'd its determin'd Round,
Confin'd their Grief, but can't their Pleaſure Bound.
They now reflect with Joy on former Woe,
Compleatly Happy, and for Ever ſo.
For Ever! who can graſp the mighty Space?
Know, Mortal, who would'ſt this Abyſs embrace,
Thy Arms may claſp the Earth with greater Eaſe,
Or ſpread themſelves a Shore around the Seas.
Th' amazing Turns of Providence Divine,
Which human Thought to anxious Doubts incline,
Before th' applauding World are now diſplay'd,
And all the Myſtick Conduct open laid.
Tho' Juſtice did till now her Graces ſhrowd,
And walk'd on Earth incirc'l'd with a Cloud,
Did trackleſs Wilds, and craggy Rocks frequent,
Perplex'd with Windings, frightfull for Aſcent,
See, this bright Empreſs to her Throne reſtor'd,
Unveils her Beauties now to be ador'd.
Her Cloud thrown off ſhe ſhines divinely Fair,
Lovely her Form, and God-like is her Air.
Such are the Glories of her Heav'nly Face,
Soft Mercy does not look with ſweeter Grace.
Rivals no longer, they are here combin'd,
And in ſo ſtrict a League of Friendſhip joyn'd,

They ſeem diſtinguiſh'd only by their Name,
Their Charms alike, their Votaries the ſame,
And both are worſhipp'd with an equal Flame.

He ceas'd. Th' attentive Monarch pleas'd expreſt
The grateful Senſe, which fill'd his joyful Breaſt,
Methinks, he cry'd, I view th' Infernal Caves,
I ſee the Impious floating on the Waves
Of the wide Lake, where flaming Sulphur rolls,
And hear the diſmal Groans of tortur'd Souls.
Then looking up I view the Bleſt Above,
Diſſolv'd in Raptures of Eternal Love.
Methinks I now behold their ſhining Throngs,
And hear their Harps, and ſweet Melodious Songs.

Then did the Monarch various Queſtions ask,
Which pious *Arthur* to compleat his Task
Reſolv'd, and taught him Myſt'ries yet behind,
Till all the Chriſtian Scheme ſhone finiſh'd on his Mind.

Prince

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The Princes arrive at Nannetum, Hoel's *Imperial Seat. Prince* Arthur's *Entertainment there. The Song of* Mopas *at the Royal Supper.* Arthur *being retired to Reſt,* Lucius, *at* Hoel's *Requeſt, relates the Hiſtory of Prince* Uter *and Prince* Arthur, *and their Wars with the* Saxons. *King* Uter *in Council conſiders of Means to expell the* Saxons, *who being call'd in Aid againſt the* Picts, *had poſſeſs'd themſelves of* Britain. Uter's *Speech. The* Britons *prepare for War. King* Octa *advances againſt them, and invading their Camp is repulſed. Prince* Arthur's *firſt Action in Arms.* Carvil, *brib'd by the* Saxons, *gives them Entrance into the* Britiſh *Camp by Night. King* Uter *ſlain. The* Britons, *with Prince* Arthur, *retire to* Alda. *The Angel* Gabriel *appears to Prince* Ar-

thur, *adviſing him to withdraw to* Neuſtria, *or* Normandy, *to the Court of* Oder, *and aſſuring him that after ten Years he ſhall recover his Kingdom.* Arthur's *Speech to encourage his Friends under their Misfortunes. He arrives at the* Neuſtrian *Court, is kindly received by King* Oder, *and aſſiſts him in his Wars againſt the* Goths. *An Embaſſy to Prince* Arthur *from the* Britiſh *Lords, to invite him to make his Deſcent and expell the* Saxons. *The Prince embarks with a Fleet, and is driven, as before related, on the* Armorick *Coaſt; with which Incident* Lucius *concludes his Narration.*

THUS

THUS, while on lofty Subjects in their Way
Friendly the Royal Pair diſcours'd, the Day
Declines apace; the Sun-beams fainter bound,
And taller Shadows ſtretch along the Ground.
And now the riſing Eminence they gain,
Which gives wide Proſpect o'er the verdant Plain,
Where the Imperial Seat of *Hoel* ſtands,
And all the Soil and Towns around commands.
Liger, th' *Armorick* Nation's boaſted Pride,
Does thro' the Vale in ſlow Meanders glide,
And waſhes with its Flood the City's Side;
Where the *Nannetian* Heroes did of Old,
For Arms and Scepters fam'd, the Scepter hold.
Arthur its Beauty and Extent admires,
Its lofty Walls, ſtrong Tow'rs, and glitt'ring Spires.
Then views the fair and fruitful Region round,
Where Nature ſate with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
Scatt'ring with laviſh Bounty on the Soil
Riches and Joys without the Owner's Toil.

To Martial Sports by Thirſt of Honour led
The active Youth o'er all the Fields are ſpred.
Some of robuſter Limbs advance their Name
In Wreſtling-Rings, the fam'd *Olympic* Game.
Some rein their manag'd Steeds with manly Grace,
While ſwift of Foot ſome ſtrain to win the Race.

Part hurling ponderous Balls their Fellows brave,
These to sing the Bow, and Those the Colours wave.
But all desert their Games and warlike Sport,
And round their King run shouting to the Court:
Which was an ancient Pile, that stately stood
On the sweet Banks of *Liger*'s peaceful Flood.
Where now arriv'd, th' *Armorick* Prince expresst
A generous Welcome to his Royal Guest.
Then leads him to a fair and spacious Room,
Hung with rich Pieces from the finest Loom;
Rare Workmanship, in which *Sydonian* Art
Did all its Beauties and its Force exert,
Where every Part new Admiration feeds,
Fill'd with th' *Armorick* Kings Heroick Deeds:
Their great Exploits in single Combate shown,
The Towns they conquer'd, and the Fields they won.
Pleas'd with the Skill and Story *Arthur* stands,
And much of This, and much of That demands.
Now the Domesticks of the Court prepare
A splendid Supper with assiduous Care,
Which brawny Servants pant and sweat to bear.
Broad Ivory Tables groan beneath the Weight
Of high pil'd Dishes, and of massy Plate,
In decent Order set, and Princely State.

All

All Meats appear which toilsome Search can find,
Or in the Finny or the Feather'd Kind;
Which ranſack'd Hills and Foreſts can impart,
Heap'd with Profuſion, and improv'd with Art.
Of curious Work capacious Goblets ſhine
With glitt'ring Stones enrich'd, and ſparkling Wine.
With Laurel mingled Fruits, delicious Food,
In Pyramids ariſe, a Golden Wood:
While Lights in Silver Sconces plac'd on high
Diſpel the Night, and more than Day ſupply.
The Princes ſit; the *Britons* take their Place,
The adverſe Side th' *Armorick* Captains grace.
Choice Inſtruments, ſome ſtrung, and ſome of Wind,
Were heard, in ſweet melodious Conſort join'd.
The lively Hoboy and mild-breathing Flute,
The ſprightly Violin and warbling Lute,
With the ſonorous Viol mingling Sound
Soft Airs and Heav'nly Harmony compound.
But that, which *Arthur* chief with Pleaſure heard,
Were Strains ſublime by *Maro* ſung the Bard:
Who to his Harp in tuneful Verſe began,
And thro' the winding Maze of Nature ran.
He the great Spirit ſing, who fills all Space;
How Chaos he refin'd, and Nature's Face
Adorn'd, ere Time begun, with blooming Grace.

Diſ-

Diſpos'd the jarring ſeeds to ſudden Peace,
And made the Wars of Hoſtile Atoms ceaſe.
How all the Beings we around us find
Proceeded from the Great Eternal Mind;
Streams of his unexhauſted Source of Pow'r,
And cheriſh'd with his Influence endure.
How he diffus'd the Azure Fields on high,
And arch'd the Concave of the vaulted Sky.
Which, to adapt their Glory to their Height,
He grac'd with Globes illuſtrious to the Sight:
And how his Hand directed tuneful Sphears,
The Planets turn'd, and poliſh'd all the Stars.
Fill'd his vaſt Lamp the Sun with Golden Light,
And form'd the Silver Moon to rule the Night:
Then ſpread the Airy Ocean without Shores;
Where Birds are wafted with their feather'd Oars.

Next ſung the Bard how the light Vapours riſe
From the warm Earth, and cloud the ſmiling Skies.
How in their Evening Flight ſome languid grown
By Night in pearly Dew fall ſcatter'd down:
While ſome rais'd higher ſit in ſecret Steams
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams;
'Till chill'd with Cold they ſhade th' Etherial Plain,
Then on the thirſty Earth deſcend in Rain.
How ſome, whoſe Parts a ſlight Contexture ſhow,
Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow;

While

While part is ſpun in Silken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Graſs with glewy Stringe.
How ſome, condens'd to Stones, with rattling Sound
Ruſh ſwift in Cryſtal Tempeſts to the Ground;
And ſome are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmleſs Fires by Night along the Sky.
How Theſe in Storms ruſh with impetuous Force;
And carry Ruin, where they bend their Courſe:
While Thoſe conſpire to form a gentle Breeze
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How ſome enrag'd grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud;
That cracks as if the Axis of the World
Were broke, and azure Tow'rs were downward hurl'd.
He ſung how Earth's wide Ball at Heav'n's Command
Did in the midſt on Airy Columns ſtand:
And how the Soul of Plants in Priſon held,
And bound with ſluggiſh Fetters lies conceal'd,
Till with the Spring's warm Beams almoſt releas'd
From the dull Weight, with which it lay oppreſs'd,
Its Vigour ſpreads, and makes the teaming Earth
Heave up and labour with the ſprouting Birth.
The active Spirit Freedom ſeeks in vain,
And only works and twiſts a ſtronger Chain;
Urging its Priſon Sides to break away,
It makes it wider, where 'tis forc'd to ſtay,

Till

Till having fram'd its Living House, it sees
Its Head, and in a tender Plant appears.
Hence springs the Oak, the Beauty of the Grove,
Whose Trunk the Tempest strives in vain to move.
Hence grows the Cedar, hence the branching Vine
Around the Elm does purple Clusters twine.
Hence painted Flowers the smiling Garden blesh
With their sweet Odours, and their gaudy Dyes.
Hence, charming to behold, the Lilly blows,
The beauteous Amarant, and blushing Rose.

He sung how Sun-beams that from Earth recoil,
Hatch numerous Births thro' all the pregnant Soil.
How the prolifick Warmth in Summer Storms
Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of Worms.
How Rain, transform'd by this engend'ring Pow'r,
Falls from the Clouds an animated Show'r.

He sung the Embryo's Growth within the Womb,
And how the Parts their various Shapes assume.
With how much Art the wondrous Frame is wrought,
From one crude Mass to such Perfection brought,
That no Part useless, none misplac'd we see,
None are forgot, and more would monstrous be.

Such was the Splendour of King *Hoel*'s Feast,
Which ended, *Arthur* soon retir'd to Rest.
Hoel not so: He with the *Britons* late,
Asking of *Albion*'s past and present State.

Much

Much he inquir'd of their intestine Jarrs,
Much of the *Picts*, and of the *Saxon* Wars:
At last acquainted *Lucius* to solace
Prince *Arthur*'s Story, and King *Uter*'s Fate;
Lucius began, the rest attentive wait.

Whilst I pursue, as your Commands impose,
The mournful Series of *Britannia*'s Woes,
It must our Grief with fresh Affliction feed,
And make your generous Heart with Pity bleed.
Saxons and *Picts* in telling would relent,
And with their Tears, the Wounds they made, lament.

Long sad *Britannia* groan'd beneath the Weight
Of Foreign Lords, and mourn'd her servile State.
At length, no greater Evils left to fear,
She gather'd Hope and Courage from Despair.
Fury from Ruin sprung possest her Veins,
And Death seem'd lighter than the *Saxon* Chains.
Uter, our Monarch, whose distracted Soul
Felt Strains of Passion scornful of Controul,
Asham'd his Country's Freedom to out-live,
Took the bold Counsels Rage and Anguish give.
His Knights assembled at their Lord's Command,
Around their Leader did attentive stand,
Whose troubled Looks reveal'd his inward Wound,
While Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

He thus began: What raging Tides of Woe,
Unhappy *Britons*, o'er your Country flow?

The

The *Saxons*, who with *Albion*'s Pray'r comply'd,
For *Albion* was too rich to be deny'd,
To bring her Succors, did with Zeal ſuppreſs
The *Pict*, that they unrival'd might poſſeſs
The raviſh'd Iſle; curſt be their fatal Aid,
They came as Friends, but have, as Maſters, ſtaid.
All that *Britannia* by their Arms has won,
Is by a ſtronger Foe to be undone.
Our Lands and Lives and dearer Freedom pay
Our proud Allies, who with licentious Sway
Exhauſt our Veins, and on our Bowels prey.
Thro all our Towns our Foes Triumphant ride,
And wear their awful Title by their Side.
'Tis true, oppreſt, we did our Wrongs reſent,
But 'twas too late our Counſels to repent,
While all our Forts, and Fleets, and chief Commands
Were on Pretence of Caution in their Hands.
Betray'd and ruin'd by a treacherous Friend,
We ſaw the Error, which we could not mend.
In vain we plant and ſow the fertile Soil;
They reap the Fields, and diſappoint our Toil.
What we prepare our Guardian Vultures eat,
And from our frighted Children tear their Meat.
We ſtarve and Die, while they devour our Food,
Grow ſleek with Eaſe, and fat with Spoil and Blood.
Villains diſhonour Virgins in our Sight,
And cruel Ruffians break our Doors by Night.

To

To ſeek Redreſs, and of our Wrongs complain,
Is but to add Derriſion to our Pain.
With fruitleſs Tears we mourn our hapleſs Fate,
And curſe our Folly, but we curſe too late:
In bloody Fields our Fortune we have try'd,
But Heav'n has Conqueſt to our Arms deny'd.
Humbly invok'd th' Almighty may relent,
And of his long continu'd Wrath repent.
Perhaps the *Saxon* Crimes with louder Cries
For greater Vengeance importune the Skies.
Britons, howe'er make one bold Effort more,
Your Country's Peace and Freedom to reſtore.
Spring to the Field, 'twill gain us greater Fame
To periſh there, than here with Grief and Shame:
How much my Soul diſdains th' inglorious Chain?
I'll fall with Honour, or with Honour reign.
While various Paſſions, Shame, Revenge and Rage
Invade our Souls, and Strife inteſtine wage,
With one loud Voice we all for Arms declare,
And every Breaſt already feels the War,
Reſolv'd to make the vanquiſh'd *Saxon* fly,
Or in the juſt and brave Attempt to Dy.
With Fury urg'd we ſpring from *Uter*'s Sight,
And bent on Freedom, and our Native Right,
Thro' every Town we ſpread the ſwift Alarm,
Exciting all the *Britiſh* Troops to Arm,

To vindicate their ravish'd Country's Cause,
To banish Barbarous Gods and Foreign Laws.
Our Words the *Britons* with new Life inspire,
Reviv'd their Hope, and fer their Breasts on Fire.
Fair Liberty, as Empress long obey'd
In *Albion*'s Isle her sacred Scepter sway'd;
As Universal Soul did Heat infuse,
And vital Vigour thro' her Veins diffuse:
But now they see her gasping on the Ground,
The *Saxon* Whips and Torments lying round;
And view her squallid Face, exhausted Veins,
And beauteous Limbs deform'd with rusty Chains.
They hear her dreadful Groans, and piercing Cries,
Her broken Sobs, and deep redoubled Sighs,
While from her ghastly Wounds the gushing Blood
Spreads o'er the reeking Sands a purple Flood.
Compassion, Mercy, Hope their Sorrow show,
And weeping stand to see such moving Woe.
The *Britons* rave, resolving her Defence,
And vow her Rescue at their Lives Expence.

Our Men enrag'd in numerous Bodies meet,
Arm, Arm, was heard the Cry in every Street.
The Ploughman hastens to a nobler Toil,
Unyokes the Ox, and leaves half-till'd the Soil:
Bids Farewel to his Fruits, and Rural Care,
Lays down his Goad, and shakes the warlike Spear.
Arm'd Tenants crowd around their valiant Lords,
And brandish in the Air their threat'ning Swords:

While

While Merchants leave the ſhore, and take the Field,
And make their Thirſt of Gain to Honour yield.
Near *Sorbiodunum*'s ſtately Walls, a Town
For Strength and Beauty of the laſt Renown,
Whoſe ſpacious Plains, rich Seas of waving Corn,
Fair lowing Herds, and woolly Flocks adorn,
Our Univerſal Rendezvous was ſet,
Where all our Squadrons and Battalions met.
Mean time the cautious *Saxons* was alarm'd,
And to diſpell the gathering Tempeſt arm'd.
Offa, the famous *Hengiſt*'s Son, a bold
And warlike Prince, did then the Scepter hold.
Hengiſt did firſt our hapleſs Land invade,
And brought to *Albion* his deſtructive Aid,
The fifth from mighty *Odin*, whoſe great Name
Tir'd all the flaggy Wings of ſpreading Fame,
Who founded Empires, and while living led
Their Armies, and became their God when Dead.
They ſoon by ſpeedy Marches gain the Hills,
And all the Plain th' extended Army fills.
While we, inform'd of this Approach, prepare
To guard our Camp, and wait th' advancing War.
Our Parties now in rude Encounters try'd
Their Courage, ſtill th' Advantage on our ſide.
The numerous Hoſt at laſt appear'd in Sight,
But Toil and falling Day defer'd the Fight.

Now

Now Night attended with her sable Train
Advanc'd and shaded all th' Etherial Plain,
While *Uter* with his Lords in Council sate,
Subjects of high Importance to debate:
Where Measures were concerted to oppose
With warlike Arts and Force th' impending Foes.
Each great Commander did his Province shate,
And from th' Assembly to his Charge repairs.
We lay encamp'd on advantagepus Ground
With strong Entrenchments and high Lines around:
Our Cohorts in their Looks show'd brave Delight
Defy'd the *Saxon*, and provok'd the Fight.
Things order'd thus with Military Care,
We wait in Arms th' Approach of Day and War.
Now did the Morn disclose her smiling Ray,
And from the *East* let forth th' Important Day;
To bloody Toil the beating Drums invite,
And the shrill Trumpets Martial Heat excite.
The Soldiers mingled Clamours loud rebaund
From Ecchoing Hills, while with their Thunder's Sound
The Coursers shake the Sky, and with their Feet the Ground.
The *Saxons* and the *Britons* stand prepar'd,
Those to attack, and these their Posts to Guard.
Octa his valiant Troops to Combate led,
And shone in dazling Armour at their Head.

Drawn

Drawn on the Right our rang'd Battalions ſtood,
The Left a River guards, the Rear a Wood.
Here *Otta* bade th' embattled Columns halt,
Detaching *Horſa* to begin th' Aſſault:
Whoſe choſen Troops a furious Onſet make,
With equal Courage we ſuſtain th' Attack.
Oft they attempt our Works, our Ramparts ſcale,
And with projected Fires our Men aſſail;
As oft their Ground our Troops unbroken held,
And with ſuperior Force the Foe repell'd.
As when a Mole reſiſts the boiſterous Seas,
Protects the Ships, and gives the Harbour Peace,
In vain the Tempeſt on the Billow rides,
Wrathful in vain aſſails its lofty Sides:
Th' unſhaken Structure all their Fury braves,
And ſtops the Torrent of the batt'ring Waves;
Which in their Rage break on th' oppoſing Shoar,
Or beaten back with Indignation roar.
No leſs unmov'd our valiant *Britons* ſtood,
Againſt the Inſults of the *Saxon* Flood.
Freſh Cohorts ſtill pour'd on their Loſs ſupply,
But ſtill repuls'd they from our Trenches fly.
Enrag'd about our Lines King *Otta* flew,
To find where beſt he might the Fight renew;
To ſee what Place lay moſt expos'd, and where
Our Troops did thinneſt on their Works appear.
As when a Wolf pinch'd by Nocturnal Cold,
And Hunger-ſtarv'd, runs round ſome lofty Fold,

He

He licks his rabid Jaws, and seems possest
Already of his Prey and bloody Feast:
He oft essays to enter, while the Lambs
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams,
So the fierce King his bloody Aim pursu'd,
Observ'd our Posture, and our Bulwarks view'd.
His raging Troops our Fences now ascend,
Which we with Darts and Show'rs of Stones defend.
What Martial Clamours now the Air embroil!
What Cries are heard! what Rain spreads the Soil!
The slipp'ry Plain lay bath'd in reeking Blood,
Which fill'd the Trenches with a Crimson Flood.
O'erpower'd and wearied by the Men they lost,
And faint with Toil, the *Britons* quit their Post.
Thrice the invading *Saxon* forc'd our Lines,
And to their Side thrice Victory inclines;
When *Uther*, who to Danger fearless flew,
And with unerring Arms their Cohorts slew,
Still, where he came, fresh Vigour did impart,
And martial Flame reviv'd in ev'ry Heart,
Saw his Brigades dispirited retire,
He griev'd and rag'd and felt his Soul on Fire.
Then spurr'd his furious Steed, and thund'ring thro'
The thickest Squadrons of the Victor Foe,
Stay, foolish *Britons*, stay, he cry'd from far,
Save yet your Country, and renew the War;
Fearless advance, your King will lead you on,
And drive the *Saxons* from the Posts they've won.

The

The *Britons* Hearts were touch'd with gen'rous Shame;
Love to their Country and Heroick Fame
With noble Ardor did their Souls inflame.
Their Leaders rally all the Troops that fled,
And charge the Foe, King *Uter* at their Head.
Determin'd now to perish or prevail,
With double Rage the *Saxon* they assail.

Now what wide Ruin and Confusion reign?
What Heaps of slaughter'd *Saxons* load the Plain?
Here bearded Arrows thro' the darken'd Sky
Bear hissing Death, there glitt'ring Javelins fly.
Intrepid Valour by each Chief was shown,
But *Uter*'s Sword mow'd whole Battalions down;
While sever'd Limbs and broken Spears and Shields,
Promiscuous Spoils, lay scatter'd on the Fields.

Here first brave *Arthur* did his Courage prove,
His Age then fitter for the Field of Love:
Charming his Looks, and Godlike was his Mind,
To virtuous Deeds and warlike Games inclin'd.
New downy Honours did adorn his Face,
And rosie Bloom his youthful Features grace.
Yet was he Brave and Wise above his Age,
And early Worth the Hero did presage.
Till now the Woods and Forests he enjoy'd,
Where he the Fox and ravening Wolf destroy'd.
The *Britons* blest him, as a Saviour sent,
And thought kind Heav'n some great Deliverer meant.

He

He ne'er till now had braced the Helmet on,
Nor in the Field in poliſh'd Armour ſhone.
Ne'er had his Sword been ſtain'd with human Gore,
Nor had he graſp'd the Spear, or Gauntlet wore.
His Country's Cauſe and military Fame
Now urg'd the Youth to chace a nobler Game.
No more his Thoughts his rural Sports purſue,
Tyrants and Savage Men he'll now ſubdue.
For warlike Toile he leaves the Hound and Wood,
And fleſh'd his Courage firſt in *Saxon* Blood.
Like ſome fair Seraph from his bleſt Abode
Arriv'd in Arms, he thro' their Squadrons rode,
Waving his Sword, which did ſuch Deeds atchieve
As diſtant Times reluctant will believe.
At length amidſt the Foe advanc'd too far,
Long he alone ſuſtain'd th' unequal War,
Till thick ſurrounding Throngs the Prince oppreſt,
And Show'rs of Death flew pointed at his Breaſt;
While iſſuing Streams of Blood his Arms diſtain,
His weary Arm upheld his Shield with Pain.
Now the young Hero had been cruſh'd, and all
Our Hopes and Joy had periſh'd in his Fall,
Had not brave *Malgo*, a *Dimetian* Chief,
Forc'd the Brigades, and flown to his Relief.
For when the valiant Youth was moſt diſtreſt,
And *Elfrick*'s Sword was falling on his Breaſt
With dreadful Sway, its Fury *Malgo* broke,
And on his Shield receiv'd the mighty Stroke.

The

The Prince thus guarded from th' intended Blow,
Bold *Malgo*'s Spear transfixt the vanquiſh'd Foe;
Who agonizing grovel'd on the Ground,
While purple Streams ſprung reeking from his Wound.
Dunwallo now, for hardy Deeds renown'd,
Aſſail'd their Ranks, and forc'd them from their Ground.
Then *Octa*'s Men diſmay'd began to yield,
And quit to *Uter*'s Troops the bloody Field.
As when a Lion, that with Fury ran
To ſeize by Night ſome *Perſian* Caravan
Encamp'd on deſart Sands, with blazing Fires
Affrighted ſtands, then to his Haunt retires;
He roars impatient of his late Defeat,
Oft ſtops, looks back, and makes a ſour Retreat.
So *Octa* rav'd: But ſoon black Clouds ariſe,
Efface this glorious Day, and change the Skies.
Won by the potent Charms of *Saxon* Gold,
Carvil his Prince and native Country ſold.
In gracious *Uter*'s Boſom while he lay,
He did the Secrets of his Breaſt betray,
Who on his Conduct and his Faith rely'd,
In Peace and War alike his treacherous Guide.
He held the moſt important Truſts of State,
Nor could his Treaſons *Uter*'s Love abate.
Unhappy Prince, who faithleſs Tongues believ'd,
Only by Ruin to be undeceiv'd.

Cold to his Friends his Foes he entertain'd,
Thus loſt the one, but not the other gain'd.
His faithful Subjects ſtill he knew too late,
By his falſe Prudence manag'd to his Fate.
Our Pray'rs and Warnings were addreſs'd in vain,
Perfidious Counſels only could obtain.
Rough Truth and Loyal Bluntneſs gall'd his Ear,
Which only ſoft enchanting Sounds could hear.
His conſtant Friends, tho' ill by *Uter* us'd,
Look'd on enrag'd to ſee their Prince abus'd;
Tho' ſome grown cold ceas'd to lament his Fate,
For Will and Choice Compaſſion's Force abate.
Pity, a Prince, whoſe Virtues ſhone ſo bright,
Should let ſo dark a Cloud obſcure their Light.
To him and us this Weakneſs fatal prov'd,
While Men ſuſpected were employ'd and lov'd.
So *Carvil* was: who ſince the Foe's Retreat
Strove to out-ballance theirs, with our Defeat.
The Traitor, during all the bloody Day,
Found not the Means our Army to betray;
But when the Sun drew off his radiant Train,
And left the Empreſs of the Night to reign,
Carvil diſplay'd his horrid Scene of Guilt,
In which a Sea of *Britiſh* Blood was ſpilt.
By faithful Hands he now to *Octa* ſent,
To let the *Saxon* know his black Intent,
To give him Entrance to our Camp by Night,
And did his Arms to eaſie Spoil invite,

Octa

Offa the grateful Summons ſoon obey'd,
And eager march'd our Army to invade.
Carvil mean time his treach'rous Slaves prepar'd
To yield thoſe Poſts, their Duty was to guard.
And now, diffuſing Silver Light, the Moon
Had ſcarcely paſt of wearing Night the Noon,
When *Offa*'s choſen Troops approach'd the Gate,
Where to admit their Arms the Traitors wait.
Fird with Revenge our Tents the Foe invades
Beneath the Covert of the ſilent Shades:
By unexpected Swords the *Britons* die,
While bound in Sleep and ſpent with Toil they lye.
What Havock now the raging *Saxons* make!
How ſoon our Camp became a Crimſon Lake!
Valiant *Dunwallo* ſlumbring firſt they found,
His Cuiraſs, Helm and Javelin lay round,
And with their Spears transfix'd him on the Ground;
Who breath'd his Soul to Heav'n in juſt Diſdain
Thus to be murther'd, not in Battle ſlain.
Moriſſo next by clatt'ring Swords alarm'd
Wak'd with the Noiſe, but naked and unarm'd,
His Bowels ript by *Horſa*'s Fauchion, fell
Enrag'd he ſhould his Life no dearer ſell.
Then *Offa*'s Spear pierc'd *Capor*'s Boſom thro',
His generous Soul indignant upward flew,
Leaving his Body welt'ring in its Gore;
None ſerv'd his Prince, or lov'd his Country more.

Edwal, a Leader of unblemiſh'd Fame,
Who from the Banks of fair *Sabrina* came,
Fell by *Morino*'s Spear; and by his Side
Brave *Adomar* by *Balda*'s Javelin dy'd.
Then *Meirick* in his Breaſt a fatal Wound
Receiv'd, and lay extended on the Ground.
Next *Catel*, who excell'd in youthful Charms,
Aſſail'd by ſtrong *Romondo*'s pondrous Arms,
Felt the ſharp Weapon thro' his Body paſs;
The Youth expir'd, and with him *Admel*'s Race.
Now horrid Slaughter unreſiſted reign'd,
And Heaps of Dead the bloody Camp diſtain'd.
Thro' the brown Shades at length they found the Way
To the Pavilion, where King *Uter* lay;
Who ſoon awaken'd with the Clamour roſe,
And led his Friends th' Invader to oppoſe.
Long their unequal Force he did repell,
Till pierc'd by *Cerdick*'s fatal Spear he fell.
Urg'd to retire, young *Arthur* yet withſtood
Our Pray'r, tho' faint with Toil and Loſs of Blood,
Earneſt we preſt him to preſerve with Care
His Life, and not indulge extream Deſpair;
Till by degrees he did reluctant yield,
And with his faithful Knights forſook the Field.
We thro' a Wood retreated, where the Shade
With Moon-beams mixt uncertain Twilight made.

When

When the ſucceeding Day declin'd, we came
To *Alda*'s Gates, a Port of ancient Fame;
Where we the Night in various Sorrow ſpent,
Did *Uter* much, and *Albion* much lament.
Moriſſo's now, now brave *Dunwallo*'s Fate,
And faithful *Capor*'s Fall, freſh Grief create.
Thus while our Minds with Trouble were oppreſt,
Soon as our pious Chief retir'd to reſt,
Immortal *Gabriel*, Godlike was his Air,
(This to his Friends brave *Arthur* did declare)
Entring his Room Celeſtial Day diffus'd,
And gracious to the Prince this Language us'd:
Now *Albion* ſinks beneath the *Saxon* Weight,
Th' Eternal has decreed this ſuff'ring State.
But, *Briton*, know, that when the rolling Sun
Ten times his Courſe has thro' the Zodiack run,
The Clouds diſpell'd, propitious Heav'n ſhall ſmile
On *Uter*'s Houſe, and this reviving Iſle.
Octa at length ſhall feel th' avenging Stroke,
And *Albion*'s Youth ſhall break the *Saxon* Yoke.
Mean time, brave Prince, whom univerſal Love
Attends below, and Grace Divine above,
To *Neuſtrian Oder*'s Court with ſpeed repair,
Go, *Albion*'s Hopes, and my great Truſt and Care:
Go, *Albion*'s Joy, with Triumph to return,
And reſcue thoſe who ſhall your Abſence mourn.
That ſaid, his heav'nly Glory he withdrew,
And to the Seats of happy Spirits flew.

Now the fair Morning shot her purple Ray,
And clear'd before the Sun the Eastern Way,
Whose radiant Train flow'd thro' the Gates of Light,
And the new Day did to new Toil invite.
We, the Celestial Message to obey,
On a tall Ship, which in the Haven lay
Prepar'd to Sail, embark'd and stood to Sea.
The Sky serene, a fresh and prosp'rous Gale
Sprung from the Shore, and swell'd each lab'ring Sail.
Albion's white Cliffs and Tow'rs we quickly lost,
Standing our Course direct to *Neustria*'s Coast.
And, as we past, to sooth our anxious Care,
Inspire new Life, and solace our Despair,
From *Arthur*'s pious Tongue this Language flow'd,
Which of his Soul th' Extent and Greatness show'd.
Heav'n's Offspring with Divine Contentment blest,
Now robb'd by Fraud, and now by Pow'r oppress,
Still boast the Empire of a peacefull Breast.
Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,
Content, that other Name for Happiness.
'Tis equal, if their Fortunes should augment,
And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent
With their Desires, or those Desires abate,
Shrink and contract themselves to fit their State.
These like tall Mountains are advanc'd so high,
That Winds and low-hung Clouds beneath them fly:
Hence

Hence let the Storm inferior Seats moleſt,
They undiſturb'd poſſeſs ſoft Peace and Reſt.
They can the Triumph of a Court deſpiſe,
Mock the bright Toys that charm deluded Eyes,
And rather chuſe their Feaver to ſuppreſs,
Than all Supplies, their Drought can crave, poſſeſs.
They face the Tempeſt, and withſtand its Shocks,
Bold as the Hills, and ſtedfaſt as the Rocks.
Deſires for Freedom firſt make humble Suit,
And modeſtly demand forbidden Fruit;
But, when let looſe, they know not where to ſtay,
But thro' the World's Dominions lawleſs ſtray.
So ſubterranean Vapours, which contain'd
In ſome cloſe Cavern are with Eaſe reſtrain'd,
When once releas'd, ungovernable grow,
And prove fierce Winds, which no Reſiſtance know.
Th' unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Deſire,
By feeding it foments the ſecret Fire.
His Gains augment his unextinguiſh'd Thirſt,
Midſt Riches poor, and with Abundance curſt.
Sow'r Diſcontent, that quarrels with our Fate,
May give freſh Smart, but not the old abate.
Envenom'd with its Sting, each harmleſs Loſs
Important grows, and proves a painful Croſs.
Th' uneaſie Paſſion's diſingenuous Wit,
Which ſhews the Ill, and hides the Benefit,
Can make a Toy preſs with prodigious Weight,
And ſwell a Molehill to a Mountain's Height.

So melancholy Men lye down and groan,
Preſt with the Burden of themſelves alone:
Now cruſh'd with Rocks fantaſtick they deſpair,
Now think their Heads vaſt Globes, too big to bear.

A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
And each weak Blaſt a Storm too fierce to tame.
Their Breaſts are ne'er from inbred Tempeſts free,
Reſtleſs as Winds, and troubled as the Sea.
The Object, now they ſeek, would bring Content;
But when enjoy'd, 'twas ſomething elſe they meant.
Some abſent Happineſs they ſtill purſue,
Diſlike the preſent Good, and ask for new.
The Man now thinks he ſees his Bliſs, and flies
With greedy Arms to graſp the gaudy Prize;
But then inquiring what his Hopes have won,
Cheated he finds the charming Shadow gone.
Oft does the fair Illuſion by him ſtand,
But when purſu'd, gives back, and mocks his Hand.
Sometimes he ſees the beck'ning Phantom here,
Which in a Moment does elſewhere appear.
The Wretch, tho' tantaliz'd, and always croſt,
Yet follows ſtill, tho' ſtill that Labour's loſt.

Soon as the Sun twice ſtarting from the Eaſt
Had run his Race, and reach'd the adverſe Weſt,
We ſafe arriv'd at fair *Cartinia*'s Port,
And thence purſu'd our Way to *Odor*'s Court.

Oder a Prince indulgent, valiant, good,
Ally'd to *Uter* by the Mother's Blood,
The barb'rous *Goths* Incurſions then withſtood.
His beauteous Queen with Joy the Prince receiv'd,
Her Words our Grief, her Gifts our Wants reliev'd.
Here we to eaſe our troubled Minds remain'd,
Till *Albion*'s Prince had Health and Vigour gain'd:
Then grateful taking Leave, began our Way
Strait to the Camp, where *Oder*'s Forces lay;
Where to the King's Pavilion we addreſt,
Who to the Prince the tender'ſt Love expreſt.
He claſp'd him in his Arms, then Silence broke,
And thus the Royal Fugitive beſpoke.
Here you a Stranger are, not ſo your Name,
Your early Worth is told aloud by Fame.
King *Uter*'s Fall, your Loſs, and *Albion*'s Fate
Wound me with Grief too mighty to relate:
To Suff'ring long inur'd, I feel my Breaſt
With Pity melt to all with Ills oppreſt.
Arthur's preſerv'd to be the *Saxons* Dread,
And rear to Heav'n *Britannia*'s drooping Head.
Great Deeds are promis'd by a generous Mind,
And Heav'n makes Hero's to relieve Mankind.
Mean-time, while here your Choice is to reſide,
Abundant all your Wants ſhall be ſupply'd.
And if your *Britons*, baniſh'd from their home,
Drawn by their Prince's Fame ſhall hither come,

Briton and *Neuſtrian* ſhall like Treatment find,
I'll be to both without Diſtinction kind:
And when kind Fate ſhall your Return invite,
My Arms ſhall aid you to aſſert your Right.
He ceas'd. The Prince reply'd, Your Royal Breaſt
Divine Compaſſion feels to all diſtreſt.
You to th' Afflicted ready Succour grant,
Solace their Sorrows, and ſupply their Want;
And while you curb Oppreſſors, and redreſs
The Suff'rer's Wrongs, a Godlike Mind expreſs.
The *Saxon* Pow'r reſiſtleſs now prevails
O'er *Uter*'s Houſe, while *Albion*'s Iſle bewails
Her mighty Woes, ſo Will ſupreme ordains,
Whence in my Soul no murm'ring Paſſion reigns.
Pleas'd or contented ſtill I meet my Fate,
Nor ſhall my Suff'rings impious Thoughts create.
Your generous Offer of Protection here,
With Marks of Love and Friendſhip ſo ſincere,
Perſwade me here my Refuge is deſign'd,
Till Heav'n relents, and grows to *Albion* kind.
Here your Example ſhall my Mind prepare
For all the high Concerns of Peace and War:
'Till *Albion* call us back, I'll here remain,
And learn from you to Conquer and to Reign.
In *Oder*'s Camp the pious *Briton* ſtaid,
To whom the *Neuſtrian* Chiefs great Honour paid.

His

His Merit ſhone too bright to be conceal'd;
A Train of Deeds illuſtrious ſoon reveal'd
The growing Hero, while aſſiduous Fame
Made either Camp reſound with *Arthur*'s Name.
Still Poſts of Danger he intrepid ſought,
And Death and Vict'ry follow'd where he fought.
And while his Sword reap'd Laurels in the Field,
And vanquiſh'd Vice did to his Virtue yield,
United Wonder Camp and Court expreſs,
One did the Hero, one the Saint confeſs.
He the Defence of trembling *Europe* ſtood,
And ſtill repell'd the *Goth*'s impetuous Flood.
His high Renown thro' diſtant Worlds was ſpread,
The Chriſtian's Joy, and barb'rous Nations Dread.
Where bound with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
And with their ſtiffen'd Arms embrace the Shoar,
Where frozen Hills in Cryſtal Armour ſtand,
Where raging *Sirius* burns the thirſty Land,
And rich *Pactolus* rolls his Golden Sand;
There did th' admiring Tribes his Triumphs own,
And his great Actions with Applauſes crown.
Oder embrac'd him, as an Angel ſent
To guard his Throne, and threaten'd Fall prevent;
And own'd his bright Example did ſupport
Th' Eſteem of Virtue in the *Neuſtrian* Court:
That Peace at home was owing to his Care,
And to his Courage their Succeſs in War.

For

For when, our Hopes of ſinking *Albion* loſt,
We reach'd by Heav'n's Command the *Neuſtrian* Coaſt,
The *Gothick* Arms that Realm had over-run,
Surpriz'd their Forts, and faireſt Cities won.
The Banks born down, ſo high the Deluge roſe,
Before King *Oder* could its Courſe oppoſe.
But when the young Deliv'rer *Arthur* came
By hardy Deeds to win Immortal Fame,
He ſoon their Towns recover'd, and reſtor'd
A peaceful Country to a peaceful Lord.
And now, the *Britiſh* Knights diſtreſt at home,
Drawn by his Fame to find their Hero come;
And land ſo thick, our Troops were numerous grown,
And *Arthur* led an Army of his own.
Ten times the Sun had paſs'd his crooked way,
By turns contracting and extending Day,
Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray:
And now the *Britiſh* Lords, who tho' oppreſt
Still the Weſt Region of their Iſle poſſeſt,
In which Retreat their Nation liv'd ſecure,
And from their Hills defy'd the *Saxon* Pow'r,
Encourag'd by his bright Renown, invite
The valiant *Arthur* to aſſert his Right:
To make a bold Deſcent upon their Coaſt,
And win the Regions back which *Uter* loſt.

Ten

Ten Orators were choſen, and diſpatcht:
The Chief whoſe charming Tongue was never matcht
Was the fam'd *Tylon*, whoſe Immortal Worth
Has rais'd and bleſs'd the Iſle, that gave him Birth.
A heav'nly Man, a venerable Prieſt,
Whoſe moving Words no Audience could reſiſt.
Of Good and Kind he the juſt Standard ſeem'd,
Dear to the Beſt, and by the worſt eſteem'd.
A generous Love diffus'd to human kind,
Divine Compaſſion, Mercy not confin'd,
Still dwelt unrivall'd in his Godlike Mind;
Where Modeſty and Greatneſs, beauteous Sight,
Their Strife compos'd, as Friends ſincere unite.
He ſeem'd Expreſs on Heav'n's high Meſſage ſent,
As *Moſes* meek, as *Aaron* eloquent.
While heav'nly Dews flow'd plenteous from his Tongue,
And on his Lips divine Perſwaſion hung,
Arm'd with Celeſtial Fire, his ſacred Darts
Pierc'd thro' our Breaſts, and melted all our Hearts.
So the South Breeze and Spring's indulgent Ray
Unbind the Glebe, and thaw the frozen Clay.
Maſter of Nature he with matchleſs Skill
Triumphs o'er vanquiſh'd Souls, commands the Will,
And bids this Paſſion riſe, and that be ſtill.

When

When *Orpheus* touch'd his Lyre, as Poets ſing,
Wild Beaſts attentive form'd a gentle Ring:
Transform'd by *Tylon*'s Voice a Kind more wild,
More fierce and cruel, grow divinely mild.
When ſacred Myſt'ries are by him reveal'd,
Our raviſh'd Minds in bleſt Enchantments held
Seem loſt in Tranſports of Celeſtial Bliſs,
No Mortal uninſpir'd e'er ſpoke like This.
His pious Soul in ſecret Pangs did mourn
Britannia's Chains and Pagan Gods Return;
But hop'd kind Heav'n would free, by *Arthur*'s Hand,
From barb'rous Laws and Rites th' afflicted Land.
With the fam'd *Tylon* young *Pollander* went,
Martial of Spirit, and of high Deſcent:
With whom wiſe *Galbut* and *Mordennan* join,
Of Virtue worthy their Illuſtrious Line.
Valiant *Giralden* worn with War and Age,
Does in th' important Embaſſy engage.
Giſan was added, a *Dobunian* Knight,
Bold in the Senate, and as brave in Fight.
Hobar, *Manſellan*, *Cadel*, *Milo* skill'd
In Arms and Eloquence, the Number fill'd.
Theſe Orators were choſen, to excite
The pious *Arthur*, and his Arms invite.
Then *Tylon* thus the *Britiſh* Prince addreſt,
And found the Paſſage open to his Breaſt.
The *Britiſh* Youth, cruſh'd by the *Saxon* Yoke,
With mournful Cries your generous Arms invoke;

Enſlav'd

Enslav'd by Foreign Pow'rs, distrest, undone,
Sad *Albion* sues to you, her valiant Son,
And hopes Deliverance from your Sword alone.
The cruel *Saxon* grasps despotick Sway,
While *British* Slaves without reserve obey.
The sacred Lines broke down, which Right and Law
Around all just and happy Kingdoms draw,
Which from the waste of Tyranny they gain,
Where Uproar, Rage and wild Confusion reign.
Offa th' unguarded Isle does open lay
To Furies, which in lawless Empires stray.
Britannia by the Victor ravish'd first,
Then giv'n to Priests and Soldiers raging Lust,
Hapless *Britannia* sunk in deep Despair,
Beats her fair Breasts, and tears her Golden Hair:
Dying with Anguish, Shame and Grief she lyes,
And Floods of Tears flow from her melting Eyes;
Which mixt with *Thames* augment his mournful Train,
And roll Confederate Trouble to the Main.
Hear, pious Prince, how on the *Neustrian* Shore
Our Floods of Sorrow break, and Aid implore.
How murmuring Winds convey *Britannia*'s Sighs;
Can *Arthur* disregard his Country's Cries?
With Words like these, and such a moving Art,
As can't be told, he touch'd the Prince's Heart;
And with such Passion spoke sad *Albion*'s Moans,
We thought we felt her Pains, and heard her Groans.

Nor

Nor did our Gracious Chief his Pray'r oppoſe,
But ſoon reſolv'd to eaſe *Britannia*'s Woes.
To *Oder* he reveal'd his high Intent,
Who Ships and Arms and Warriors chearful lent.
The Fleet made ready, and with all things ſtor'd
Our Wants requir'd, with Joy we went on Board.
Our Anchors weigh'd and Top-ſails loos'd, a Gale
Sprung up, and ſwell'd the Womb of every Sail.
The Ocean pleas'd our bounding Navy laves,
While ruſhing Keels divide the foamy Waves.
The watchful *Saxon* ſaw, and fear'd from far
The long Succeſſion of the floating War:
Then ſpread thro' all the Iſle the loud Alarm,
While *Offa* gave Command for all to arm.
We ſail'd not long before the Sea ran high,
And gloomy Clouds deform'd the lowring Sky:
Then the fierce Tempeſt roſe, in which we loſt
Th' extinguiſh'd Day, and on the Billows toſt
We drove, till forc'd upon th' *Armorick* Coaſt.
He ceas'd. And now the Shades of wearing Night
The grateful Audience to their Reſt invite.

Prince

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Prince Arthur, *aſſiſted by* Hoel, *refits his Fleet. As the* Britons *are ready to Sail,* Thor, *at* Lucifer's *Requeſt, raiſes a ſecond Storm to keep them in Port, while* Octa *might prepare his Navy.* Lucifer, *in the Shape of* Odin, *appears to King* Octa, *animating him to engage the* Britiſh *Fleet. The two Navies meet. A Sea Fight. The* Saxons *defeated.* Octa *retires.* Lucifer *covers the* Saxon *Navy in a Miſt from the Purſuit of the* Britons. *The Darkneſs being diſpell'd, Prince* Arthur *continues his Courſe for* Britain. *A Deſcription of the Weſtern Coaſt of the Iſland. Prince* Arthur *lands. King* Uter *appears to him in a Dream, propheſying his Eſtabliſhment on the Throne of his Anceſtors, and repreſenting to him the Figures of the moſt Illuſtrious Perſons who ſhould ſucceed him, with their Characters, and the Revolutions in their future Story.*

THE

THE ſpringing Morn now made a mild Eſſay
With Purple Beams to introduce the Day.
The Princes roſe, and *Hoel* thus expreſt
His friendly Paſſion to his Royal Gueſt;
Your Virtues ſhew you are by Heav'n deſign'd
A great Deliverer of Oppreſt Mankind;
To give to Realms with War moleſted, Peace,
And from his Chain the Captive to releaſe.
Fair Liberty's, and bleſt Religion's Cauſe,
Reviving Hopes from your Protection draws;
Whoſe generous Arms encroaching Pow'rs repel,
And Barbarous Gods, and cruel Tyrants quell.
My Realms and *Oder*'s you have ſav'd, in his
Peace you have fix'd, and Truth Divine in This.
And now Compaſſion arms your valiant Hand
To free from *Saxon* Lords your Native Land:
To vanquiſh Pagan Darkneſs, and diſplay
Celeſtial Knowledge and Immortal Day.
Conan, my Son, ſhall on your Triumphs wait,
And when return'd your Glorious Deeds relate.
My Self will here abide, and Succours lend
Chriſt's Empire o'er theſe Regions to extend.
Mean time my Subjects with inceſſant Care
Shall yours aſſiſt, your Loſſes to repair.
There ſtood not far remote on riſing Ground
A lofty Grove with various Verdure crown'd,

Where

Where the fair Alder, and aſpiring Pine,
The Aſh, and ſpreading Oak their Branches join;
Whoſe thick Contiguous Heads in long Array,
Like conſinent Clouds, ſublime in Air diſplay
Dark Silvan Scenes, and intercept the Day.
Yet here and there ſweet Glades and Openings lie,
Which let in Twilight, and reveal the Sky:
While rolling by its Side flow *Liger*'s Flood
Improves the Native Beauties of the Wood.
Here ſolemn Walks, and awful Shade, invite
To lofty Thoughts, and give Divine Delight,
Exclude the Sun's, to let in purer Light.

The Orders giv'n the Navy's Wants requir'd,
The Royal Pair to this fam'd Grove retir'd,
Where *Arthur*'s Words to *Noel*'s Mind impart
New Beams, and warm with Sacred Fire his Heart.

Th' *Armoricens* mean time and *Britons* meet
Impatient to Equip the ſhatter'd Fleet.
Part to the Groves and Woody Hills repair,
And with loud Labour fill the Eechoing Air.
Axes high rais'd by brawny Arms deſcend
With mighty Sway, and make the Foreſt bend.
The Mountain murmurs, and the nodding Oaks
Groan with their Wounds, till with redoubled Streaks

Their

Their ample Roots disjoin'd, they leave the Sky,
Where now the Clouds uninterrupted fly.
A shady Harvest lies dispers't around,
And various Ruin loads th' encumber'd Ground.
Part the hewn Trees draw down with vigorous Toil,
To spread the Ocean with the Mountain's Spoil;
Which came so fast, and in such Order stood,
As if th' *Orphean* Lyre had call'd the Wood
From its fixt Seat, to Dance along the Flood.
Part raise the Masts now to be shaken more
With boisterous Winds, than on their Hills before.
Part Timber-Ribs for broken Vessels form,
Part gird their Backs disabled in the Storm;
Some their bruis'd Sides anoint with unctuous Pitch,
Some carve Sea-Figures, and the Sterns enrich
With Gold and deep Vermilion, These extend
Strong Cables, Those their damag'd Canvass mend:
While some besmear'd with Smoak, and sullied Sweat,
On sounding Anvils massy Anchors beat.
While thus the *British* Youth their Ships repair,
The Prince of Darkness rackt with anxious Care,
Swift, as exploded Light'ning thro' the Skies,
A second time to *Lapland* Mountains flies.

Where

Where the rough Monarch in his Palace ſits,
To whoſe Command each ſtormy Pow'r ſubmits,
To him thus *Lucifer*, Kind Prince, again
I need your timely Help to eaſe my Pain.
The hateful Youth, whom by your juſt Command
Your active Subjects drove on *Hoel*'s Land,
Has cur'd his ſhatter'd Ships by *Hoel*'s Aid,
And ready ſtands *Britannia* to invade.
Let adverſe Winds embroil the *Britiſh* Main,
Retard his Project, and his Ships detain;
Till *Offa* has prepar'd his potent Fleet,
The proud Invader on the Seas to meet.
He ceas'd. The Monarch of the Winds reply'd,
Have I your Soveraign Pleaſure yet deny'd?
That ſaid, he calls his wand'ring Subjects home,
Eurus and *Notus* firſt Obedient come.
Then ſluggiſh *Auſter* to *Laplandian* Seats
With flaggy Pinions heavily retreats.
To whom their Prince; Now let you Labour ceaſe,
Reſt in your Caves, and give the Ocean Peace.
On ſnowy Beds extended ſlumbring lie
To gain more Breath to blow, more Strength to fly.
Then *Thor* to *Boreas* thus; Fly *Boreas*, ſweep
O'er interpoſing Lands, and rouſe the Deep.
Hence to th' *Armorick* Coaſt with ſpeed repair,
Be thine the ſpacious Empire of the Air;

And

And let no windy Pow'r conteſt thy Reign,
Till all thy Breath is ſpent, controul the Main.
Scarce had he ceas'd, when *Boreas* forward ſprings,
And thro' the Air extends his rapid Wings.
The Ocean's Face impetuous he deforms,
Buffets the Waves, and ſporting raiſes Storms.
In vain th' impatient *Britons* ſpread their Sails,
Loud *Boreas* drives them back with adverſe Gales.
The Prince of Darkneſs urg'd with Rage and Spite
Back to *Britannia* takes his airy Flight,
To find the *Saxon* Monarch, and inſpire
His fainting Soul with freſh Infernal Fire.
Now ſable Night thro' the Cold Air diſplays
Her Wings, o'erſprinkled with the Silver Rays
Of the fair Moon, who midſt her ſtarry Train
Darts trembling Luſtre on the liquid Main.
Now weary Swains their ſtiff'ning Limbs repoſe,
While Sleep's ſoft Chains their drowſy Eyelids cloſe.
All peaceful Reſt, but *Offa* anxious lay
Reſtleſs on Down, and wakeful long'd for Day.
His numerous Crimes review'd afflict his Soul,
While thro' his Veins ſtrong Tides of Paſſion roll.
Spectres and glaring Ghoſts paſs threatning by,
And ſtreaks of Fire acroſs th' Apartment fly.
Shudd'ring he hears their Shrieks, who by his Hand
Were kill'd, or dy'd by his unjuſt Command.

Now

Now he's affrighted with the Widow's Moans,
Now hears the Orphan's, now the Priſoner's Groans.
The Cauſe of pale Deſpair he ſometimes draws
From *Arthur*'s Valour and his Righteous Cauſe.
Sometimes he fears his injur'd Subjects Rage
Revengeful Arms againſt him ſhould engage.
Then ſtarts, and thinks he hears, Prince *Arthur*'s Fleet
Sails on the Coaſt, proclaim'd in every Street.
Th' Apoſtate now took *Odin*'s Shape and Port,
And enter'd ſtern the *Saxon* Monarch's Court.
Around his Head his poliſh'd Helmet lac'd,
Shone dazling bright, his vigorous Limbs were cas'd
In burniſh'd Plates of Steel the boaſted Pride
Of *Gothick* Art, and awful by his Side
His ponderous Sword hung down with martial Grace,
And Scars of Honour ſeam'd his manly Face.
Before his Breaſt he held his radiant Shield,
Battles and Triumphs pourtray'd on the Field.
With Princely Mein he ſtrode along the Room,
And ſhook at every Step his lofty Plume.
Advancing to the Bed, where *Offa* lay
He ſpake; Son *Offa*, from Celeſtial Day,
From the bleſt Groves and mild Elyſian Seats
Thy Father *Odin* to thy Aid retreats;
To eaſe thy reſtleſs Mind of anxious Cares,
Support thy Hopes, and diſſipate thy Fears.

Stand thou unmov'd at *Arthur*'s proud Alarms,
Certain Succeſs attends thy Righteous Arms.
He'll ſink beneath the Sea's inſulting Wave,
Or Landing find on Shore a ſurer Grave.
Think on the numerous Trophies thou haſt born,
And ſpreading Laurels round thy Temples worn.
Let none deſcended from my Warlike Race
At Danger ſhrink, and his great Stock debaſe.
Go, haſte thy Royal Navy to prepare,
Let Ships with Ships encounter, War with War.
On the wide Main th' Invader's Fleet oppoſe,
And rather meet than here expect thy Foes.
Go, chace their flying Squadrons o'er the Deep,
And thus in Peace thy envy'd Empire keep.
He ceas'd, and with Majeſtick Pace retir'd,
And left King *Offa* with freſh Life inſpir'd.
He riſing with the Sun, reſolv'd to meet
In all his Naval Pow'r the *Briton*'s Fleet.
Then gave Command his Captains ſhould reſort
To their tall Ships, and leave the wanton Court.
The buſy Sailors martial Ardour ſhew,
Some mend Old Ships, and ſome equip the New.
With flaming Reeds Theſe their pitch'd Bellies fry,
Thoſe hoiſt the Yards, and Canvaſs Wings apply.
Part from its Cradle launch a rocking Hull,
Part at the Cables ſtrain, and howling pull

Vaſt

Vaſt Anchors up; ſome Stores and Arms en-
tomb,
And ſtow with hidden War the Veſſel's Womb.
The Shores around, and all the Oozy Soil,
Reſound with Clamour, and the Sailor's Toil.
Well Rigg'd and Man'd the Ships from every
Port
To their appointed Rendezvous reſort.
Thrice had the Silver Soveraign of the Night
Enrich'd her needy Orb with borrow'd Light;
Since the uneaſie *Britons* had remain'd
By adverſe Winds within their Port detain'd.
Boreas, that all his Stores had laviſh blown,
His Vapours ſpent, and windy Treaſures gone,
With weary Wings and lagging Pace retreats,
To fetch Recruits from bleak *Laplandian* Seats.
Soft *Auſter* next of milder Sway prevails,
And to the *Briton* breaths Auſpicious Gales;
While each intrepid Leader buſie ſtands
On the high Deck, diſpenſing rough Commands,
Prince *Arthur* to embark approach'd the Shore,
Where now repoſing Seas no longer roar,
But at his Feet their Peaceful Billows lay,
As Conſcious of the Pow'r they muſt Obey.
Then their broad Backs ſubſiding they ſubmit,
Proud to ſuſtain their future Monarch's Fleet.
The lofty Ships on rolling Waters bound,
The Waves in ſoft Embraces clinging round.

The floating Forts incumbent piels the Tide,
And o'er the Ocean's Face Triumphant ride.
In such bright Lines the painted Squadrons move,
As fabled Gods descending from Above
In shining Clouds, and rang'd along the Seas,
In Order danc'd with the Green Deities.

The first Diffusion of the springing Day
The Navies show'd that near each other lay.
King *Oda*'s Squadrons cover'd all the Main,
And with their Prows cut thro' the liquid Plain
Plying to Windward, while his Foes prepare
Their Vessels to sustain th' advancing War.
Each Fleet extends its Wings across the Deep
Ready for Fight, and Warlike Order keep.
They hoist their Bloody Flags, and fir'd with Rage,
Give the expected Signals to engage.
Down on the Foe th' Embattled Pagans bore,
Whose long-wing'd Navy stretch'd from Shore to Shore.

Then did the Trumpet's sprightly Voice, and all
Th' enlivening Sounds of War, to Combate call.
The *Saxon* Sailors with their barb'rous Cries
Troubled the Deep, and fill'd the Ecchoing Skies.
A bloody Fight between the Fleets began,
And bold *Selinghert* charg'd the *Britons* Van.

Now bearded Darts and Javelins sing on High,
And Balls of Fire hiss thro' th' Enlighten'd Sky,
Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,
And Death receives and gives in Feather'd Show'rs.
Till to a closer Fight *Selingbert* flies,
And Grapples bold to *Vogan*'s Ship applies;
Which while within its Sides they fix their Claws,
The rude Embrace the Foes together draws.
The *Saxons* leap on Board with threat'ning Arms,
And raging, fill the Decks with Hostile Swarms:
Vogan mean time does fatal Wounds dispence
With lavish Hand, and makes a brave Defence.
With Axes and the Sword's redoubled Blows
He clears the Deck, and drives th' insulting Foes.
Faint with their bleeding Wounds some gasping lie,
Others cast down their Arms, and Mercy cry;
While midst the Ocean some their Bodies throw,
O'er which, their liquid Tombs the Billows flow.
Down the Ship's Sides run Seas of *Saxon* Blood,
And with their Crimson tinge the ambient Flood.
On the moist Decks, that slaughter'd Heaps deform,
Enrag'd *Selingbert* pours a second Storm,
Which like a Summer's Show'r is soon dispell'd,
By Valiant *Vogan* and his Men repell'd.

Selingbert thus defeated boils with Rage,
But forc'd at laſt his Ship to diſengage
He bears away, and quits th' unequal Fight,
Providing for his Safety by his Flight.
Then valiant *Ubar* brandiſhing his Sword,
Which flaſh'd amidſt the Rigging, gave the Word
To combate *Orme*; fierce did the Strife commence,
And the bold *Saxon* made a ſtout Defence.
At length diſmay'd he did his Fears obey,
Stood off, and from the Victor bore away.
While on the *Briton*'s Arms theſe Triumphs wait,
Omal his Brother met a diff'rent Fate:
For ruſhing on him with a furious Shock,
Impetuous *Orca* thro' his Veſſel broke
With his ſharp Prow; the Ship the Waters drunk
Redundant thro' the Breach, and ſoon had ſunk,
Had not *Etcador* flown to his Relief,
And from the Danger tow'd away the Chief.
Now various Clamour, and deſtructive Toil,
Fill the blue Concave, and the Seas embroil;
While warring Squadrons on the Deep engage,
Breath fierce Defiance, and exert their Rage.
Sailors with Rigging on the Ocean's Face
Entangled lie, or floating Maſts embrace.

Some

Some while they ſee a Veſſel near them ride,
Catch the looſe Rope, and mount the Ladder'd
ſide;
Some ſwim a while, then fainting ſink beneath
The rolling Flood, and ſwallow briny Death.
Offa his Men for bloody Toil prepares,
And fierce on *Arthur*'s valiant Squadrons bears.
The ſpacious Sides of his high Ship conſum'd
Whole Forreſts, and the Mountains Spoils en-
tomb'd.
It ſelf a Navy on the Billows ſtood,
Engroſs'd the Winds, and preſs'd the lab'ring
Flood:
Where, like a gilded Dome it ſhone from far,
Preſenting to the Foe a glorious War.
The *Saxon* Monarch, and the *Briton* meet;
A vaſt Concern was ſpread thro' either Fleet:
For on th' important Action ſeem'd to wait
The *Britiſh* Hero's, and the *Saxon*'s Fate.
Both Sides with Shouts their fatal Weapons fling,
And wing'd with Death thick Show'rs of Arrows
ſing;
While Javelins hurl'd in hiſſing Tempeſts fly,
And carry ſwift Deſtruction thro' the Sky;
Ships ruſh to Battle with enormous Shocks,
As Tow'rs with Tow'rs engag'd, or Rocks with
Rocks.

So in the *Northern* Seas when Tempests rise,
Hard Heaps of Snow, and falling Hills of Ice,
In rude Rencounters on the Ocean meet,
And beat the Waves around to foam and fleet;
Mountains abrupt, and shatter'd Crystal Isles
O'erspread the Billows with their glist'ring Spoils.
The hardy Foes now all their Rage excite,
Determin'd to engage in closer Fight.
Then in sad Triumph Death and Slaughter reign'd,
And streams of Blood the slipp'ry Planks di-
stain'd.
Some the pale Dead amidst the Ocean throw,
And some the Holds with wounded Warriors stow,
Such Numbers fell, they stood on either side
Thin on the Decks, but cover'd all the Tide.
For neither Chief e'er met a greater Foe,
Both martial Skill, and dauntless Courage show:
While Victory poising equal Hope and Fear,
With doubtful Wings hangs hov'ring in the Air.
As *Arthur* bade, the *Britons* whilst on Shore
Provided Ships of War, unknown before,
Which since the Deeds of that important Day,
Among lost Arts, in deep Oblivion lay;
Till Leacers, who in after Ages liv'd,
The long forgotten Stratagem reviv'd.
Bitumen, Sulphur, and the Mineral Spoils
Of ever burning Hills, and unctuous Soils;

Naptha

Naptha and Pitch with Skill and Labour wrought,
Unkindled Stores of Flame, the Veſſel fraught:
Whoſe ſwelling Womb contains a fiery load,
Like rolling Clouds with Seeds of Lightning ſtow'd.
Arthur a Ship to *Offa*'s Veſſel ſent,
And in it ſuch congeſted Treaſures pent;
Which with its grapp'ling Engines fix'd and fir'd,
The bold Commander to his Friends retir'd.
Now the fierce Heat with Fury uncontroul'd
Conſumes the Wealth conceal'd within the Hold,
Aſcending Fires th' aſtoniſh'd Heav'n's annoy,
Fierce as the Storms, that from their Clouds deſtroy;
As *Ætna* from its glowing Roots were torn,
And by its own Inteſtine Tempeſt born
From its old Seat, to float along the Waves,
With all its Magazines, and ſmoaking Caves.
While thus the Peſt adher'd to *Offa*'s ſide,
And his ſcorch'd Ribs the hot Contagion fry'd,
No Art or Force its growing Power reſtrains,
Which while reſiſted, more deſtructive reigns.
To the tall Maſts the raging Plague aſpires,
And rival mounts to Heav'n's contiguous Fires.
Offa at laſt his burning Ship forſakes,
And in ſtout *Horſa*'s Veſſel Refuge takes:
Where he again his Royal Standard reers,
With chearful Looks diſſembling inward Fears.

He ſtrives the *Saxons* Courage to excite,
To preſs the Foe, and ſtill maintain the Fight.
But ſtrives in vain; aſſiſted by the Wind,
The ſpreading Burnings triumph unconfin'd.
Impettuous Flames advance with lawleſs Pow'r
From Ship to Ship, and thro' the Fleet devour:
While broken Maſts, ſcorcht Bodies, ſmoaking Wood,
Promiſcuous Ruin, float along the Flood.
The *Saxons* now diſtruſting longer ſtay,
With all their Sails extended, haſte away
And leave the *Britons* Maſters of the Sea.
The Prince of Darkneſs griev'd at this Defeat,
Plots to defend and cover their Retreat.
The Demons that infeſt Inferior Air
Summon'd to his Pavilion ſwift repair;
With bloated Fiends, that in low Caves abide,
And o'er the Subterranean Damps preſide.
Laſt the ſlow Pow'rs come from their Humid Dens,
Who rule the Marſhes, Lakes, and ſtagnant Fens:
To whom their Prince, See, how King *Offa* tows
His ſhatter'd Navy, preſt by raging Foes.
Go, and protect him from the fierce Purſuit,
And give him Time his Veſſels to recruit.
Let all your Fogs and lazy Vapours riſe,
With your black Meteors cloud the Ambient Skies.

Repel

Repel with hovering Mists th' unwelcome Light,
And o'er the Ocean spread a friendly Night.
The humble Pow'rs their haughty Prince obey;
Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,
From every hollow Rock and gloomy Vault
Crude Exhalations, and raw Vapours brought.
Some from the stagnant Ponds and reedy Shores,
Deep Bogs, and moist uncultivated Moors
Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores,
Then to their Station on the Main repair,
And with their heavy Wings oppress the Air.
Now sudden Gloom and sluggish Streams elude
The Day's bright Lustre, and the Sun exclude:
While sable Clouds the *Saxon* Fleet embrace,
And pondrous Darkness stops the *Briton*'s Chace.
Thus did the *Saxon* King, a misty Night
Around him cast, escape the Victor's Sight.
Soon as the Sun had spread rekindled Day
From his Fair Orb, and chac'd the Fogs away,
To their known Shore the *Saxon* Navy flies,
And in their Ports and Rivers peaceful lies.
Arthur, who while the Darkness did prevail,
Lay on the Billows with an easy Sail,
Soon as he found the *Saxon* Fleet was lost,
Pursues his Course direct to *Albion*'s Coast.
He sail'd not long, before his joyful Men
From their tall Masts their Native Country ken.

First the *Belerian* Promontory rears
His Head, and like a rocky Wedge appears.
Here, when the ſandy Banks by ebbing Tides
Are naked left, along their glitt'ring Sides
Dim Tinny Oar, and Copper's brighter Vein
Caſt glimmering Luſtre o'er the liquid Plain.
Next they diſcover blue aſpiring Hills,
Whoſe Bowels hard metallick Treaſure fills:
Where active Delvers wound the trembling Earth,
From her deep Entrails wreſt the maſſy Birth,
And with their Engines, and redoubled Blows
Force them their ſecret Riches to diſcloſe,
Beneath wide Caldrons ſome whole Forreſts pile
With ſinewy Arms, and melt the wealthy Spoil.
Their mighty Strokes ſhake all the cavern'd Ground,
While ecchoing Mountains, and the Vale reſound
With Subterranean Toil, which from the Caves
Rings round the Shores, and ſhakes the diſtant Waves.
They paſs the crooked Strand, which Fame of Old
Enrich'd with beauteous Pearl, and ſcatter'd Gold;
And view the Rocks with various Pleaſure bleſt,
In verdant Samphire and Eringo dreſt.
Danmonian Choughs, that from the neighb'ring Hills
Advance in noiſie Flights, their Feet and Bills

With

With Native Crimſon dy'd, o'erſpread the Sky,
And round in well preſaging Circles fire.
Not far remov'd its Sides a Mountain ſhows,
Where winding Shores a ſpacious Bay encloſe:
Its Head ſublime, which flying Clouds invades,
From Shore to Shore th' extended Ocean ſhades.
As ancient Fame prevail'd, this Deſart Place
Did long maintain a fierce Gigantick Race,
Tall as the Hill on which the Monſters trod,
Which groan'd and ſhook beneath th' oppreſſive Load.
Torn from wild Beaſts raw Skins and grisly Hides,
A horrid Dreſs, adorn'd their hideous Sides.
Raw Fleſh of Swine the Salvages devour'd,
And Bowls of Blood on the crude Banquet pour'd.
In thorny Dens they ſlept, around their Prey
Half eaten Limbs and mangled Bodies lay:
With Rapes and Theſts and endleſs Murder cloy'd
A fearful Plague, the Region they deſtroy'd.
Weathering the Point with freſh propitious Gales
Along the Shore the conquering Navy ſails,
Till to the rough *Hibernian* Seas they came,
Which howling Monſters and wild Gulphs defame.
Theſe Terrors to avoid, the Shore they keep
Where fair *Sabrina* to her Parent Deep

In wanton Windings trails her Silver Train,
And with freſh Waves dilutes the Briny Main:
Beauteous *Sabrina*, which for refluent Tides,
Proud Cities, verdant Meadows, flowry Sides,
For finn'd Inhabitants, and pleaſant Streams
Yields, and yields only to her Siſter *Thames*.
Paſſing theſe Shores they view the fertile Soil
Till'd by *Silurian* Farmers skilfull Toil:
Where the vext Sea fair *Clamorgania* laves,
And breaks againſt the Rocks its foaming Waves.
Here *Rhemnius* gliding by *Carphilli's* Walls,
Proud *Roman* Labour, to the Ocean falls.
There *Rateſtibium* from the Hilly Lands
Rolls down its rapid Tide, and troubled Sands.
Next they deſcry an Iſle of ſpreading Fame,
Which the ſucceeding Ages *Barry* Name.
In its high Sides, that to the Sea appear,
Dreadful to tell, th' aſtoniſh'd Sailors hear
Prodigious Labour, where the bellowing Rocks
Shake with Gigantick Toil, and thund'ring Strokes
Of groaning Smiths, ſometimes a mighty Sledge
On a vaſt Anvil beats a glowing Wedge.
Now Bellows form'd of vaſt capacious Hides,
Explode all *Boreas* from their ſtormy Sides:
Now the reſiſted Flames, and fiery Store
By Winds aſſaulted, in wide Forges roar,
And raging Seas flow down of melted Oar.

Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.
As they advanc'd, the Coast in Prospect lay,
Which the *Dimetian* Lords did then Obey.
Here opening Land invites with out-stretcht Arms
The troubled Waves, free from the loud Alarms
Of the rough Tempest to indulge their Ease,
And on its Bosom lie diffus'd in Peace.
The flowing Waters smooth their Furrow'd Face,
And gently roll, and seek the Land's Embrace.
No happy Region of *Europa*'s Coast
Can such a fair and spacious Haven boast.
In this wide Station, the *Dimetian*'s Pride,
The biggest Ships and endless Fleets may ride,
Safe from the Insults of the Wind and Tide.
Two lofty Castles with their gilded Tow'rs
Inlighten, and defend the Subject Shores.
Here the Victorious *Britons* safe arrive,
And feel the Joy, long-wish'd for Harbours give,
Along the Coast, as frequent as its Sand,
To meet the Prince the glad *Dimetians* stand:
While Acclamations and loud Shouts rebound
From neighb'ring Hills, and shake the Caves around.
Chearful the *Britons* and their Friends debark,
And near the Shore a Camp convenient mark;
While to a Castle for its Strength renown'd
The Prince repairs, which valiant *Malgo* own'd.

Now

Now did the Night her black Pavilion rear,
While straggling Rays that glimmer'd in the Air
And dubious Evening-Twilight disappear,
Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,
And Sleep's soft Charms suspend inactive Sight.
While *Arthur* slumber'd, govern'd from Above
In their high Seats his vital Spirits move.
The busie Crowd fill'd all the secret Brain,
Bright Fancy's Labour-House, whose Cells contain
The Shapes of Things, which thro' the Senses glide,
And rang'd in Mem'ry's Magazine abide.
Justly dispos'd the Airy Figures take
Their various Ranks, and this fair Vision make.

Prince *Arthur* on a Verdant Eminence,
Now stands conversing with King *Uter*, whence
He views with wond'ring Eyes great Lords and States,
Princes, crown'd Heads, distinguish'd Potentates,
Heroes and Heroines, a Glorious Train,
Who in long Order fill the Subject Plain.
The Prince surpriz'd, and on the Scene intent,
Demands, what this August Assembly meant;
Why there together met, and who were those,
Who the Illustrious Congress did compose.

King *Uter* thus reply'd. Know, pious Son,
That when your Arms have bloody Battles won,

You

You matchless *Estelina* shall Espouse,
The fairest Branch of *Oan*'s Royal House.
A Christian Princess of a Pagan Line,
Whose Virtues equal with her Beauty shine.
The *British* Crown your Temples shall adorn,
Which yet so great a Monarch has not worn.
Swell not with Pride, th' Imperial Seat you gain
Brings envy'd Honour, but unenvy'd Pain.
Your *Britons* rule with equal Laws, and know
A happy Prince must make his People so.
Let them a good, indulgent Father find,
Be mercifully Just, severely Kind.
Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw;
A great Example has more Force than Law.
Seek not an uncontroul'd and lawless Sway;
Subjects from Love, but Slaves from Fear obey:
And whom the People Fear, they quickly Hate,
Which the like Passion in their Prince create.
Hence mutual Jealousies, and dark Designs,
Hence strong Distrust the mouldring State disjoyns.
Diffusing Good on all Mankind you move,
Heav'n's Government you imitate Below.
The Benefactor will most Honour bring,
And the Deliverer's greater than the King.
Believe no Hostile Pow'rs can ever move
Your Throne, supported by your Subjects Love.

The bright Aſſembly, which ſurround the Hill,
And with their Train the flowry Vally fill,
Are *Albion*'s Heroes, who in Coming Days
To Heav'n their own and *Britain*'s Name ſhall raiſe.
The Regal Orders, who the reſt ſurpaſs
With Crowns Illuſtrious, are th' Imperial Race
Who after you on *Albion*'s Throne ſhall ſit,
Their Names in Heav'n's Eternal Volumes writ.
The Kings, that foremoſt in the Ranks appear,
Who frowning Brows and Looks unpleaſant wear,
Whoſe Diadems with waining Luſtre ſhine,
Shall next to you ſucceed, firſt *Conſtantine*,
Conanus, and the reſt of *Britiſh* Line.
Theſe do not look with Native Luſtre bright,
But dart a dim and delegated Light;
While mighty Deeds by great Forefathers done,
Reflect a Glory on them, not their own.
To narrow Bounds their ſickning Empire ſhrinks,
And *Britain*'s Honour with her Virtue ſinks;
Till numerous Crimes offended Heav'n provoke
To vex the Nation with the *Saxon* Yoke.
Here *Arthur* ſigh'd, that his Degenerate Race
Should with Inglorious Deeds their Stock debaſe.
King *Uter* thus proceeds; the *Saxon* view,
Whoſe mighty Kings ſhall *Albion*'s Pow'rs ſubdue:

Crowns

Crowns on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands,
All great in War, and born for high Commands.
Their Arms, which *Britain*'s Empire ſhall aſſail,
Aided by *Britiſh* Vices ſhall prevail:
Then ſhall this Martial People ſoon believe
The Chriſtian's God, and Heav'nly Light receive.
See *Ethelbert* firſt of the *Saxon* Line,
Who ſhall embrace pure Faith, and Truth Divine.
Who ſhall deſtroy in their own Temples Flames
Their Deities of Barbarous, *Northern* Names.
While Prieſts in vain on helpleſs Idols call,
They, and their Groves, by the ſame Ax ſhall fall.
Fragments of broken Altars, and the Spoil
Of ruin'd Gods ſhall fill th' applauding Iſle.
All ſhall adore the great Myſterious King,
And of his Croſs the Glorious Triumph ſing.
Hence Heav'nly Light will ſpread, that ſhall diſpell
The Pagan Shades, which on the *Saxon* dwell.
Proud *Lucifer* ſubdu'd, and in Deſpair
Convening all the Demons of the Air,
With his black Wings extended ſhall retreat,
To ſeek ſome diſtant, unmoleſted Seat:
To fix on *Scythian* Hills his gloomy Throne;
Or the parcht Regions of the Burning Zone.
As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
The long-neck'd Nation in the Air ſublime
Wheel-

Wheeling and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky.
In dingring Clouds they hang, and Leisure give
For all the feather'd People to arrive:
Then thro' the trackless Heav'ns their Passage take,
And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake.
So now the Fiends assembled in the Air
Quit *Albion*'s Soil, and to new Lands repair.
Remark that Prince, who in the mid'st appears,
Seven bright Imperial Diadems he wears:
That's the brave *Egbert*, whose Heroick Might
Shall the dismember'd Island re-unite.
His Sword shall give him Universal Sway,
While all the *Saxon* Tribes his Pow'r obey.
There the *Northumbrian* valiant Monarch stands,
Edwin his Name, who all the Isle Commands:
A happy Prince, if his good Angel's Art
Diverts the *Mercian* Ruffian's bloody Dart.
Saxons and *Britons* shall obey his Arms,
And he the lovely *Ethelburga*'s Charms.
Her beauteous Eyes the mighty Prince shall Fire,
Her Words his Soul with Christian Flames inspire.
Blest *Ethelburga* of unrivall'd Worth,
Who spreads Religion thro' the barren *North*!
See *Alfred* there, all shall his Praises sing,
A pious Soldier, and an humble King.

Here

Hero and Bard, able in lofty Verse
His own great Deeds and Triumphs to rehearse,
Rever'd by all, while his resistless Arms
Shall to their Coast repel the *Danish* Swarms
Amidst the Seas swept by his potent Hand,
Those *Northern* Locusts leave th' afflicted Land.
Then his wise Laws and Discipline shall smooth
Unpolish'd Manners, and rough Nature soothe.
On the fair Plains, where *Isis* limpid Streams
Haste to th' Embraces of delightful *Thames*,
This mighty Prince shall a fam'd Empire found,
Where Science with unfading Laurels crown'd,
With all her sacred Arts and Learn'd Train
In stately Schools shall uncontested Reign.
Banish'd from *Greece* and *Rome*, no safe Retreat
She'll find, till setled in this peacefull Seat
Which Ages yet to come will *Oxford* name,
Whose Praise all Times and Nations shall proclaim.
Remotest Kingdoms shall her Wonders know,
Far as *Britannia*'s swift-wing'd Navies go.
Th' admiring World shall *Albin* then adore
Revere her Armies, but her Learning more.
As when the wisdom of th' Eternal Mind
Rude Chaos labour'd, and the Mass refin'd,
The scatter'd Rays, that wandred thro' the Air,
To Heav'n's Command obedient, swift repair

To

To the dim Central Sun, where confluent they
Fill the wide Orb, and form the Source of Day.
So here the broken Beams of glimmering Arts
Aſſembling all their Light from diſtant Parts
To make bright *Oxford's* Luminary joyn,
Whoſe ſpreading Radiance ſhall unrivall'd ſhine.
Remark *Elfeda* there, a martial Dame,
Who by her Arms ſhall win Immortal Fame.
At length the Princes of the *Saxon* Line
From pure Religion's Sacred Paths decline,
And while their Virtue ſhines with feebler Rays,
Their Empire ſickens, and their Strength decays.
Their Pagan Crimes with Chriſtian Names they keep,
And deaf to Heav'n's loud Threats Lethargick Sleep,
Till the fierce *Dane*, ſent by ſupream Command,
A vengeful Scourge on *Albion's* Coaſt ſhall Land.
The *Saxon* Guardian Angels call'd away,
Shall leave them to the Foe an eaſie Prey.
Thus Heav'n afflicts a Land, when Impious grown,
And pulls the guilty Monarch from his Throne.
At length the *Normans*, from *Germania* ſprung,
Hardy of Courage, and of Body ſtrong,
Shall *Neuſtria* firſt ſubdue, then paſs the Main
To *Albion's* Realm, where they ſhall Victors reign.

That

That Hero, ſee, who moves with ſo much Grace,
He's the Great *William* of the *Norman* Race:
A mighty Prince, a Leader bold and wiſe,
Whoſe bright wing'd Fame ſhall ſoar above the Skies.
Heav'n *Britain*'s Crown does firſt for him deſign,
From whoſe great Stock ſhall branch a numerous Line
Of mighty Monarchs, who ſhall rule this Iſle,
And fill her Ports with Conquer'd Nations Spoil.
Behold the valiant Second *Henry* there,
What Majeſty does in his Looks appear?
Thro' wild *Hibernia* he ſhall force his Way,
And add four Kingdoms to the *Britiſh* Sway.
Bold *Richard* view, who from the Sacred Coaſt
Shall drive the Barbarous Unbelieving Hoſt.
Whoſe Arms in *Gallia*'s Field ſhall be renown'd,
Dreaded in Battle, and with Conqueſt crown'd.
Ah! that in Peace his Throne be long enjoy'd,
Let him the Arrow at *Chalurs* avoid.
Now, Son, your Eye to that brave Warriour turn,
Whoſe Beams ſo much the *Norman* Line adorn.
How great a Preſence? what a Port he bears?
How much the Hero in his Looks appears?
That Prince is *Edward*, whoſe prevailing Arms
Shall ſave *Judea* from her Foe's alarms.

Then

Then he returns thro' fair *Sicilia*'s Isle,
Thro' proud *Parthenope*'s delicious Soil,
And crowded Streets of loud applauding *Rome*,
Adorn'd with Trophies to his Native Home.
The beauteous Person next that Monarch seen,
Is *Eleonora* his Illustrious Queen;
Who with her Lord shall on the Deep be tost,
To wage Religious War on *Asia*'s Coast.
Midst Barbarous Arms his Wife, Adviser, Friend,
She his contin'd Labours shall attend:
And when her Lord, so Heav'n permits, shall feel
Within his Veins the Murderer's poison'd Steel,
She'll to the spreading Plague her Lips apply,
And give that Ease, which *Asia*'s Balms deny.
No martial Prince, who in that Age shall reign,
To this brave King will equal Honour gain,
Except *Adolphus* of the Princely Race
Of Heroes, who the House of *Nassau* grace.
This Leader shall acquire Imperial Sway,
And wide *Germania* shall his Laws obey.
The matchless Virtues and Heroick Fire,
Which the *Nassovian* Line shall still inspire;
Will make this Prince adorn his Royal Sphear,
Preluding to the great Deliverer,
Illustrious *William*, yonder he's in sight,
In whom *Nassovian* Blood and Ours Unite.

There

There warlike *Edward* ſtands, who with his Hoſt
Shall paſs the Ocean to the *Gallick* Coaſt:
Where he his conquering Enſigns ſhall diſplay,
And make the haughty *Franks* his Laws obey.
There Queen *Philippa* ſhines, th' *Albanian*'s dread,
Worthy of *Britain*'s Crown, and *Edward*'s Bed.
While *Edward*'s Arms ſhall Foreign Realms ſubdue,
Hers thro' the *North* ſhall vanquiſh'd *Scots* purſue.
See the Black Prince in Armour by her Side,
Proud *Gallia*'s Terror, and fair *Albion*'s Pride;
What Triumphs wait him in *Poictavian* Fields?
And what unfading Honours *Creſſy* yields?
That *Henry* mark, the mighty Conqueror,
Who ſhall reduce the *Gaul* by *Alfon*'s Pow'r.
Immortal Prince, if Arms can make thee ſo,
For Thee in *Norman* Soil what Laurels grow?
How Great he ſeems diſtain'd with Hoſtile Blood,
Chacing the *Franks* o'er *Seine*'s affrighted Flood?
At *Agincourt* what Wonders ſhall be done?
What Towns of Force, what Battles ſhall be won,
Before they Court him to aſcend the Throne?
Our Blood the Royal Channel now regains;
Deriv'd thro' our brave Offspring *Tudor*'s Veins,
Which with the *Norman* joyn'd, the confluent Tide
As long, as that of Time, ſhall downward glide,

From

From their Embrace to rule *Britannia* ſprings
A glorious Series of Puiſſant Kings:
See the firſt *Tudor*, who never'd ſhall Reign
After the hardy Deed on *Boſworth*'s Plain.
He ſhall the Scepter ſway with great Applauſe,
And guide the Iſle with wiſe and equal Laws.
Albion's Delight, young *Edward* there appears,
Manly, and Learn'd, and Wiſe above his Years.
No greater Mind to *Britain*'s Crown ſucceeds,
Honour'd for brave, and lov'd for pious Deeds.
Now Liberty in all her Beauteous Charms
Triumphs ſecure from Tyranny's Alarms:
And pure Religion her bright Form regains,
Refin'd and purg'd from *Rome*'s Adulterous Stains.
Bleſt Iſle! if Gracious Heav'n would long permit
So great a Monarch on thy Throne to ſit.
There, ſee, *Eliza* does Auguſt appear,
Enlight'ning with her Beams the *Britiſh* Sphear.
Th' Indulgent Mother of her People, ſhe
Shall love and feed *Britannia*'s Family.
Heav'n's and her People's Rights ſhe ſhall protect,
And for her Kingdom's Eaſe her own neglect.
Her Sons ſhe ſhall defend with pious Care,
And from her Coaſts drive back th' *Iberian* War.
Bleſt Times, when ſhe that wears th' Imperial Crown,
Regards her People's Safety, as her own!

And

And now intent on that great Monarch gaze,
So much diſtinguiſh'd by his brighter Rays:
This is the Man, This the *Naſſovian*, whom
I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come:
Succeeding Prophets under your great Name
This our bright Offspring ſhall aloud proclaim;
Rais'd from a noble Branch of *Tudor*'s Line,
From *Thamiſis* tranſplanted to the *Rhine*.
Ages to come, amaz'd, will ſcarce believe
The generous Deeds this Leader ſhall atchieve.
He ſhall outſhine his own Heroick Race,
Europe's Protectors, he ſhall Tyrants chace,
And Monſters vanquiſh with *Herculean* Toil,
And from their bloody Jaws extort the Spoil.
For in this Age a haughty Prince ſhall riſe
Succeſsful, Cruel and in Malice wiſe;
Who ſhall th' Eternal's dreadful Pow'r defie,
Shall break in Sport the Sacred Vows, that Tie
Religious Minds, and mock his ſolemn Word:
On Rapine bent, this unrelenting Lord
Of abject Slaves, ſhall with a lawleſs Hand
Spread Deſolation o'er his Native Land.
With fatal Arms th' Oppreſſor ſhall invade
His Neighbour's Cities to his Gold betray'd;
While he, like Hell, derives his higheſt Joy
From the Divine Permiſſion to Deſtroy.
So great a Plague ſhall Heav'n allow to reign,
To ſcourge the wicked World, but to reſtrain

His Rage ſhall chuſe this Chief of mighty Name;
Monſters grow up to raiſe the Hero's Fame.
The blooming Warrior's firſt prevailing Arms
Shall free his Country from the *Gaul*'s Alarms,
Who oft ſubdu'd with reeking Streams of Blood,
Shall now augment fair *Moſa*'s red'ning Flood;
And now with ſlaughter'd Heaps deform the *Rhine*,
And with ſtrange Purple ſtain the generous Vine.
At length the ſuff'ring *Britons* ſhall invite
The fam'd Deliverer to aſſert their Right,
And with his Arms the Tempeſt to repel,
Which threatning *Albion* rolls from *Rome* and Hell.
Then Liberty her drooping Head ſhall reer,
And bleſt Religion on her Throne appear.
Albion diſſolv'd in ſoft Inglorious Eaſe,
In Courtly Vices, and Luxurious Peace,
Inſpir'd by him, ſhall burn with martial Flame,
And bid her Youth regain their Ancient Fame.
New Thirſt of Glory now the *Briton* warms,
Once more he'll Awe proud *Gallia* with his Arms,
And Æmulous of Ages paſt ſhall come
Laden with Spoils, and crown'd with Lawrels home.
A Heroine in Robes Imperial dreſt,
With the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty bleſt,

Who in her Hand an awful Scepter bore,
And round her Brows a circling Glory wore,
Mild, as th' Immortal Natives of the Skies,
Did now attract the Hero's raviſh'd Eyes.
Surpris'd and pleas'd, thus *Uter* he addreſt,
Who is that Queen, of Bliſs Divine poſſeſt,
Of Heav'nly Form, and brighter than the reſt?
Uter reply'd, Reluctant I relate
Her Story, which to *Albion* muſt create
Anguiſh extream, and, ſcornful of Relief,
The ſtrongeſt Scenes of Woe, and boldeſt Strains of Grief.
She ſhall *Maria* be, whoſe pow'rful Charms
Shall Conquer great *Naſſau* renown'd in Arms,
And wiſe in Council, he'll this Princeſs own
The Conſort of his Bed, and of his Throne,
And conſtant Friend, who ſhall her Honrs employ
To ſooth his Trouble, or improve his Joy.
This Wonder to the World, as ſoon as ſhown,
Will for an Heav'nly change her Earthly Crown.
What mournful Language, what diſtracting Cries
And mingled Groans will fill the troubled Skies,
When her high Herſe ſhall from her Palace go,
Thro' weeping Throngs in all the Pomp of Woe?
Such loud Laments did wondring *Nile* affright,
When *Egypt*'s firſt-born Youth were ſlain by Night.

What Strains of Sorrow will *Auguſta* ſhow?
What Floods of Tears, ſad *Thamiſis*, will flow
To ſwell thy Stream, while gliding by the Dome,
Where freſh Erected ſtands her lofty Tomb.
Son, mind her Preſence, what a God-like Air?
What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear?
No noble Genius, no well faſhion'd Mind
E'er took a Turn more happily deſign'd,
From an Etherial Mould more labour'd and refin'd.
Pious, Indulgent, Juſt, without Serene
As *Eden*'s Air, and pure, as Heav'n, within.
No lovelier Star adorns the *Britiſh* Sphear;
Ah! might ſhe longer in her Orb appear,
That her Celeſtial Influence might flow
In cheering Streams on all the Iſle below.
Her Beams new Warmth to *Albion* ſhall afford,
Albion protected as before reſtor'd
By the *Naſſovian* Angel's Guardian Sword.
Hark, how her Friends th' unrivall'd Loſs lament,
And vaſt Diſtreſs in moving Accents vent.
Ah pious Queen! *Maria* ever bleſt!
While Heav'n with Joy receives its welcome Gueſt,
See, bath'd in Tears we mourn our rigid Doom;
Inexorable Death! come, quickly come,
Bring ſpotleſs Lillies, new blown Roſes bring,
And every verdant Beauty of the Spring;

Theſe on her Herſe we'll ſcatter, and perfume
With fragrant Herbs and Flowers the precious
Tomb.
Let us our Sorrow thus expreſs, 'tis true
A fruitleſs Deed, but all that Love can do.
The Tides of Grief which here ſwell'd *Arthur's*
Breaſt
Broke Sleep's ſoft Fetters, and diſſolv'd his Reſt:
The airy Objects, that without did wait,
Now enter by the Senſes open Gate.
His waking Thoughts the wondrous Scene re-
view,
And various Paſſions in his Mind renew.

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

The Britons *on the News of Prince* Arthur's *Landing, repair in great Numbers to his Army. An Enumeration of the Troops that joyn'd him, with a Deſcription of the Countries whence they came, and the Characters of the Chiefs that Commanded them.* Octa *calls a Council of his Lords. They diſagree in their Advice. The Prince advancing,* Octa *ſends Envoys to his Camp, propoſing to divide the Kingdom between the* Britons *and* Saxons, *and offering his Daughter* Ethelina *to* Arthur *in Marriage, as the Means of ſetling Peace between the two Nations. Prince* Arthur *agrees to a Treaty.* Lucifer *aſſembles the Demons to find out new Means of oppoſing* Arthur's *Succeſs.* Aſmodai, *an obſcene Spirit, corrupts the* Britiſh

The ARGUMENT.

British *Army, filling their Camp with Luxury and Riot. The Angelick Guards being with-drawn,* Moloch, *another Infernal Spirit, ſpreads a Peſtilence among the* Britons, *by which great Numbers are deſtroy'd. Prince* Arthur *addreſſing himſelf to Heaven for Relief,* Raphael *deſcends and reſtores Health to the Camp, warning* Arthur *to puniſh thoſe Corruptions, which had drawn down the Divine Wrath, and occaſion'd the late Calamity.*

NOW in the *East* the Saffron Morning roſe,
And call'd the early Swain from ſoft Repoſe.
Thro' all the Region flew loquacious Fame,
And ſpread the joyful Tydings, where ſhe came,
Of *Arthur*'s Landing; now the general Cry
Is, Long live *Arthur*, while the *Britons* flie
Chearful in Arms the valiant Chief to meet,
And warlike Clamours ring thro' every Street.
His eager Friends, impatient of Delay,
Had long expected this Auſpicious Day.
They knew the Prince embark'd to bring them Aid,
And for his quick and ſafe Arrival pray'd.
Oft on the Rocks and riſing Hills they ſtood,
Or climb'd aſpiring Turrets, whence they view'd
With longing Eyes the ſpreading Waves, to ken,
Amid the ſpacious Deep, Prince *Arthur*'s Men:
And when no Fleet, no *Arthur* they deſcry'd,
They chid the Winds, and interpoſing Tide.
Theſe zealous Friends, while adverſe *Boreas* reign'd
And from the Coaſt th' expected Ships detain'd,
Soon as the ſmiling Morn with roſie Light
Began to ſtreak the dusky Face of Night,

Oft

Oft from their Beds ſwift to the Windows flew,
And thence the Smoak's inclining Columns view,
The Vanes and Clouds, to learn if kinder Gales
Roſe from the *South* to ſwell the Prince's Sails.
Anxious they ſearch'd the Skies, and when they found
The Winds oppos'd his Fleet for *Albion* bound,
In mournful Sighs their Sorrow they expreſs,
And to their Beds return'd, but not to Reſt.
Thus earneſtly they wiſh'd Prince *Arthur's* Aid,
And ſo they griev'd, their earneſt Wiſh delay'd.
But now his Navy on their Coaſt arriv'd
Renew'd their Courage, and their Hopes reviv'd.
The ſhouting Throngs Prince *Arthur's* Worth proclaim,
This every Tongue employs, while Children aim
In Accents ſcarce diſtinct to liſp his Name.
Some Praiſe his Aſpect, ſome his Godlike Race,
His courteous Mien, and mild Majeſtick Grace:
His Courage ſome, and Conduct in the Field,
And cry, great *Ceſar's* Fame to his muſt yield.
His Goodneſs theſe extol and Senſe refin'd,
His Love to *Britain* Thoſe, and generous Mind.
The Actions of his Childhood Part repeat,
In which ſurpriz'd they ſtill found ſomething Great.
And now what all expected he appears,
The Hero promis'd in his tender Years.

Others their Ancient Prophecies rehearſe,
Recorded in Old Tales, and Myſtick Verſe,
That a great Prince ſhould riſe of ſpreading Fame,
Whoſe Deeds to Heav'n would raiſe the *Britiſh* Name:
Things weigh'd and well compar'd, they all conſent,
Arthur's the Hero by their Prophets meant.
Each tells with Pleaſure his attentive Friend
What valiant Guards the Prince's Court attend:
What Succours hir'd were from *Germania* brought,
Warriors, as oft Victorious, as they fought:
Fierce *Alpine Allobrogs* with Slaughter fed,
In Snows and Everlaſting Winter bred.
Of Aſpect terrible, whoſe ſquallid Face
Thick matted Beards with martial Terror grace,
Men of ſtupendous Height, and vaſt of Size,
Their Skin with Briſtles horrid look'd, their Eyes
Roll'd in wide Circles, and their Veins were cloy'd
With the warm Blood of thoſe their Arms deſtroy'd.
They brandiſh Flaming Swords, and ponderous Spears,
Wolves gave them Caps, and Mantles rugged Bears.
On eaſie Beds they never ſought Repoſe,
But from the naked Ground ſtill vig'rous roſe.

Nong

None e'er escap'd, who dar'd their Arms provoke,
For whole Brigades they slaughter'd with a Stroke.
These fierce Gigantick Men did Fame invent,
And *Arthur*'s Troops so dreadful represent,
To raise the *Briton*'s Heart, before depress,
And strike a Terror thro' the *Saxon*'s Breast.
With Courage fir'd, for *Arthur* all declare,
Demand their Arms, and for the Field prepare.
The Shepherds on the Hills forsake their Flocks,
And leave their brouzing Goats upon the Rocks.
Instead of Crooks they Bows and Quivers bear,
Grasp pointed Spears, or wave broad Swords in Air.
The *British* Youth, their Valour rais'd, rejoyce
To see the Banner flie, and hear the Trumpet's Voice.
The mustering Farmers on the Tented Plain
To win proud Lawrels quit their ripening Grain.
The noise of Arms does from the Hills rebound,
And midst the Miners Ecchoes Under-ground;
Who thus alarm'd at nobler Labour sweat,
And into Swords their glowing Metal beat.
Their Forges, Anvils, and the Bellow's Breath
Are all employ'd in Instruments of Death.
Some shape the Halbert, and the Fauchion's Blade,
Arrows by these, and Darts by those are made,

To

To form the Battle-Axe part lift the Sledge,
Part into Shields ſtrike out the flaming Wedge.
To faſhion Helmets theſe the Hammer ply,
Thoſe labour Pieces for the Leg and Thigh.
With Lances arm'd ſome their hot Courſers rein,
Which champ their Bits, and bound along the Plain.
Part with their clenching Gauntlets graſp the Shield,
Shake their long Spears, and ruſh into the Field.
Acroſs their Shoulders part their Quivers throw,
New trim the Arrow, and new ſtring the Bow.
As when black Clouds, which ſpread the Summer Sky,
And charg'd with Cryſtal Tempeſts lazy flie,
Unload their pondrous Stores with mighty Sound,
Th' exploded Hailſtones leap upon the Ground,
Thunder amidſt the Woods, and from the Rocks rebound.
So with the *Britons* all the Region ſwarms,
So thick the Troops, ſo loud the Noiſe of Arms,
The groaning Earth complains, and trembling feels
The Courſer's furious Hoofs, the Chariot's ſmoaking Wheels.
In Order now, Celeſtial Muſe, declare
What Troops, and who thoſe valiant Heroes were,
That for their Country's Liberty combin'd,
And their Brigades with *Arthur's* Forces joyn'd.

From

From dark Oblivion ſet them free, and crown
Their martial Deeds with merited Renown.
  Firſt faithful *Malgo* led a numerous Band
Of ſtout *Dimetians* from his Native Land,
And from the Towns along the *Northern* Shore,
On which *Iverne's* Seas rough Billows roar.
And where *Octopitarum* thro' the Waves,
Wedging his Way th' oppoſing Ocean braves.
Fair *Maridunum* pour'd her Squadrons forth,
Whence the fam'd Sorc'rer *Merlin* drew his Birth.
They came, who dwelt round high *Plinlimmon's*
  Sides,
Where *Stuccia* flows, and ſwift *Turobius* glides.
  King *Meridoc* his *Ordovicians* led
From the *Britannic Alps*, whoſe ſnowy Head,
Towring in Air, *Imaus* like appears,
And midſt the Stars eternal Winter wears.
And from the Soil lav'd by *Conovio's* Tide,
And *Menai's* Current, on whoſe flowry Side
Renown'd *Segontium* once diſplay'd her Pride.
The Youth advanc'd from *Mona's* diſtant Iſle,
Deform'd of Aſpect, but of fertile Soil,
Where once in ſhady Groves erected ſtood
The *Druids* Altar, ſtain'd with Human Blood.
The Troops their March from *Mediolanum* take,
From *Helen's* Way, and the *Tegeian* Lake,
Thro' which fair *Deva's* Streams ſo rapid paſs,
That uncorrupt they ſhun th' impure Embrace.

Here

Here the ſublime *Mervinian* Mountains riſe,
And with their pointed Tops transfix the Skies.
Next *Morgan* the bold *Silures* brought,
No braver Warriors for their Country fought:
Who potent *Valens* dauntleſs did withſtand,
And dy'd with *Roman* Blood *Sabrina*'s Strand.
Then did the Victors Proud of this Defeat,
Compel *Veranio*'s Eagles to retreat.
This Cauſe their Courage did as much provoke
To free their Country from the *Saxon* Yoke.
Eager they took their Swords and Bucklers down,
And ſprung, to meet the Prince, from every Town,
And all the Region on the verdant ſide
Of *Nidus*, and on *Loghor*'s cryſtal Tide.
They ruſh'd from *Bovium*, and the Neighb'ring Shore
Thick, as the Waves, which there inſulting roar.
Down from the hilly Lands the Cohorts came,
Which now the *Britiſh* Lords *Brechinia* Name,
Where the black Mountain ſtands ſublime in Air,
And forky Peak, ſince call'd King *Arthur*'s Chair.
They march'd from *Bulleum*, *Haga* and the Lake,
Where, when broad Sheets of Ice diſſolving crack,
The ratling Noiſe rebounds from diſtant Hills,
And with loud Thunder all the Region fills.
From *Ariconium* and the flow'ry Space,
Which wanton *Vaga*'s winding Arms embrace.

Where

Where its transparent Bosom *Lugus* spreads,
And slow *Liddenus* murmurs thro' the Meads:
Where fair delicious Woods with Apples crown'd
Of Golden hue, enrich the Fields around;
Which the most generous *British* Wine produce,
Ausonia scarce affords a rival Juice.
They leave the Fields fam'd for the purest Corn,
And the wide Plains, which woolly Flocks adorn,
And bless the Farmer with a nobler Fleece,
Then that *Apulia* boasts, or fertile *Greece*.
They quit the Golden Vale and happy Ground
Which *Dorus* laves, and shady Woods surround.
The warlike Youth from *Venta* came, and those
That *Muno*'s Flood and *Isca*'s Streams enclose:
With those, that round the Oozy *Mour* are bred,
And near the Golden Rock's refulgent Head.
From her high Gates her Troops fair *Isca* pours,
Adorn'd with Spires, rich Domes, and lofty Tow'rs,
Where gilded Roofs and checker'd Floors were found,
Deep Vaults and painted Chambers underground.
Here *Roman* Lords Magnificent did rear
With Toil immense a spacious Theater,
Which proud the subject Town did over-look,
While Artful Ducts convey'd the Neighb'ring Brook,

That

That here *Ausonian* Chiefs might far from home
Enjoy the Pleasures and the Pomp of *Rome*:
Such was this ample City's old Renown,
Now worn by Time its Name is scarcely known.
These from *Gobanium* march, a Town which stood
On *Isca*'s and *Gevini*'s confluent Flood.

In cheerful Troops the stout *Cornavians* came
Leaving the Soil, we now *Salopia* name.
And from each Side of fair *Sabrina*'s Tyde,
Whose Silver Streams the fruitful Land divide.
From *Uricona*, and the Seats that lay
On the fam'd *Roman* Military Way.
From old *Rutunium* once of great Renown,
And *Viricnio* yet a noble Town.

Galbus their Captain at their Head appears,
A beauteous Youth, and Wise above his Years.
He his high Birth ow'd to an Ancient Race
Of Heros, who thy Annals, *Albion*, grace.
Bright by the Beams of Kindred Chiefs he shone,
Great by their Deeds, but Greater by his own.
Love to his Country and the *British* Cause
His generous Soul to Glorious Danger draws.
For this he past the Ocean, to implore
Great *Arthur*'s Arms their Freedom to restore;
Who prais'd the early Zeal the Hero shew'd,
And daring Spirit for the publick Good.
Constant he staid Companion of his Toil
On stormy Seas, and on th' *Armorick* Soil,

And

And when the *Saxon* and the *British* Fleet
(A dreadful Day) did on the Ocean meet,
By *Arthur*'s ſide bold on the Deck he ſtood,
Diſtain'd with ſcatter'd Brains, and reeking Blood.
Mid'ſt threatning Deaths he dauntleſs did appear,
And only *Britain*'s Fate could move his Fear.
Debark'd the firſt he leap'd on *Albion*'s Strand,
And welcom'd *Arthur* to his Native Land:
Then to his Farms and Friends the Hero came
To Head his Men, and win yet greater Fame.
Devana ſent her valiant Troops, a Town
For lofty Works and ſplendid Structures known;
Where once the *Roman* Victors did reſide,
Nor miſs'd renown'd *Italia*'s Wealth and Pride.
The bold Inhabitants of *Deva*'s Bank,
And they, who *Danus* and *Merſeia* drank:
With thoſe, whoſe Seats were ſpread along the Soil,
Which Briny Riches gives with eaſie Toil;
Draw out and Muſter on the Neighb'ring Plain
Determin'd *Albion*'s Honour to regain.
Bethan their Leader was a hardy Knight,
A brave Aſſertor of his Country's Right.
A noble, but ungovernable Fire
Did with Heroick Heat his Breaſt inſpire.
Scarce could his Friends his generous Ardour rule,
Hot for the Camp, but not for Council cool.

Fit

Fit to aſſiſt to pull the Tyrant down,
But not to pleaſe the Prince, who Mounts the Throne.
Of publick Wrong impatient ſtill he ſtood
His Country's Mound againſt Oppreſſion's Flood.
Impetuous, as a Tempeſt in his Courſe,
He truſted not to Conduct, but to Force.
Unskill'd in Court Intreagues, on which the Wiſe
And crafty Stateſman, as his Strength relies,
He ſtill expected, that a loud Applauſe
Should follow Bravery, and a Righteous Cauſe.
The *Coritanians*, who the Soil poſſeſt
By fair *Darventio*'s fruitful Waters bleſt,
And *Repandunum*, where clear *Trenta*'s Tide
Does into *Dove*'s Silver Boſom glide,
And the wide Dale around the famous Peak,
And lofty Rocks, which flying Tempeſts break,
Inflam'd with Courage graſp'd the Sword and Shield
Forſook their Seats, and generous took the Field.
To joyn the Princes Arms *Canvallo* brought
Theſe valiant Men, who Fame and Freedom ſought:
A Chief of Princely Port and graceful Air,
Fear'd by the Men, and favour'd by the Fair.
Th' inglorious Pleaſures of the wanton Court
Which drain'd his Wealth, could not the Patriot hurt:

Fit

Fit for the Camp or Buſineſs of the State,
But ſoft Delights did Zeal to both abate.
With publick Danger waken'd now he roſe,
Like a rous'd Lyon, from his long Repoſe.
Arm'd and Equip'd with great Magnificence
He mounts his Steed, bought at a vaſt Expence;
And with his Train and ſplendid Equipage
Did where he paſt the Eyes of all engage.
The *Atrebatians* from the happy Land,
Which then ſublime *Gallena* did Command,
Where, *Thamiſis*, thy Streams refreſh the Soil,
The Wealth and Glory of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
In cheerful Bands advance to *Arthur*'s Aid,
And brave *Berindor*, as their Head, obey'd:
Who bold to ſink the *Pagan* Empire ſtrove,
Rich in Poſſeſſions, and the People's Love.
His faithful Tenants and the Farmers round
His hoſpitable Houſe ſtill open found:
A hundred Sheep and forty Swine he ſlew,
And from the Stall each Week ten Oxen drew.
With Veniſon, Fowl and Fiſh, an endleſs Store,
He fed his Gueſts, his Servants and the Poor.
He to the Hills and gameful Woods inclin'd,
Purſu'd the Fox, and chac'd the flying Hind:
And with his Neighbours pleas'd, and Rural Sport,
Prudent declin'd the Dangers of a Court.
Now for the Chriſtian Cauſe and publick Peace
He left the Forreſt, and his Wealth and Eaſe:

And

And that my Verſe may to his Name be juſt,
Of all the Lords *Bertudor* was the firſt,
Who to the Camp his valiant Forces brought,
Tho' not inur'd to War, and tho' remote.
The *Durotriges* from the *Weſtern* Coaſt,
Where the *Britannick* Ocean's Waves are toſt,
Muſtring their Cohorts for the Prince declare,
And march from all their Towns to meet the War.
From *Dornavaria*, and the Seats that ſtand
On *Froma's* Stream, and wealthy *Blackmoor* Land;
From *Vendogladia* and the Tow'rs, that roſe
On the fat Glebe, where pleaſant *Stourus* flows.
Theſe follow'd *Sakil* an Illuſtrious Peer,
The Court's Delight, yet to the People dear.
Albion's Mecenas he the Bards ſuſtains,
Inſtructs to ſing, and then rewards their Strains.
So Heav'n to make Men Good does Grace beſtow,
Then Crowns them with its Gifts, for being ſo.
To form great Men his Palace was the School,
His Life good Breeding's and good Nature's Rule.
The tuneful Nation did obſequious wait
For the kind Dole divided at his Gate.
Laurus amidſt the Meagre Crowd appear'd,
An Old, Revolted, Unbelieving Bard,
Who Throng'd and Shov'd and Preſs'd, and would be heard.

Diſtinguiſh'd

Diſtinguiſh'd by his loudeſt craving Tone,
Long to the Wealthy Friends of Letters known,
He did the Voice of modeſt Poets drown.
To bleſs good *Sakil Laurus* would be firſt,
But *Sakil*'s Prince, and *Sakil*'s God he curſt.
Sakil without Diſtinction threw his Bread,
Deſpis'd the Flatterer, but the Poet fed.
Oſrou their Head the bold *Brigantes* bringe
Subject of late to the *North-Saxon* Kings.
None in the Field did greater Valour ſhow,
If he aſſaulted, or ſuſtain'd the Foe;
Yet none at Helm more able to preſide,
And in a Storm the lab'ring Nation guide.
A happy Genius of uncommon Mould,
As *Neſtor* Eloquent, as *Caſar* bold.
Matur'd by Age and Buſineſs of the State
The hoary Oracle in Council ſate.
Th' unſtable People's Tumult he could ſtop,
And a declining Kingdom Under-prop.
This State-Director did the Prince perſwade
To paſs the Seas, the *Saxon* to invade,
And at his Landing quick Aſſiſtance brought;
And as for *Arthur* he intrepid fought,
So did his ſpreading Zeal his Tenants fire,
And noble Friends with Martial Heat inſpire.
The fartheſt *Weſtern* Soil, which with their Wave
The *Britiſh* and *Hibernian* Ocean lave,

From

From *Iſca*'s plenteous Current to the Shore,
Where round *Boleriam*'s Head loud Billows roar,
By the *Danmonian Britons* was poſſeſt,
And with King *Cador's* temperate Empire bleſt.
This Warlike People at their Lord's Command
Fly to the Field, and Muſter thro' the Land.
The good King *Cador* worn with War and Age,
Declin'd in Arms the *Saxon* to engage:
Macor his Son ſupply'd the Father's Place,
Whoſe Virtues equall'd his Illuſtrious Race.
To Aid Prince *Arthur* and his Righteous Cauſe
His threatning Sword the bold *Danmonian* draws;
And to the Field his well arm'd Squadrons led,
Shining in ſplendid Armour at their Head.
The *Britons* at his Sight loud Joy expreſt,
And *Arthur* in his Arms the Youth careſt;
Whom to endear he ſtill aſſiduous ſtrove
By all th' Expreſſions of Eſteem and Love:
Macor mean time great *Arthur* did adore,
None ſerv'd his Cauſe, or won his Favour more.

Tracar and *Ormes* now the *Britons* joyn,
Renown'd for Merit, and their ancient Line.
Both able Heads, and ready in Debate,
Fit to adviſe, and form wiſe Schemes of State.
None were more prais'd for clear, unerring Senſe,
For piercing Sight, and moving Eloquence.
Great Spirits both, but of a different Mould,
Ormes was Fiery, Turbulent and Bold:

But

But *Tracar*, cool of Temper, could reſtrain
His manag'd Paſſions with a ſtricter Rein.
Ormes with Pride and haughty Spleen inſpir'd,
Contemn'd his Neighbours, and himſelf admir'd;
And much elated with his Senſe and Lands,
Would give his Soveraign Counſel, like Commands.
Tracar was Courteous, eaſie of Acceſs,
Polite of Manners, and of mild Addreſs.
Ormes would ſtill advance unbounded Pow'r,
Tracar his Country's Liberty ſecure.
One from his Birth great Genius did acquire,
And one improv'd with Letters Native Fire.
Arthur to neither Rival Chief inclines,
But uſes both to ſerve his Wiſe Deſigns.
Such Love the *Britons* to their Head expreſt,
Who when he found his Numbers thus encreaſt,
Advanc'd his Cohorts, and to *Iſca* came,
Where the *Silures* dwelt of ancient Fame.
Hither freſh Squadrons to the Prince reſort,
Which therefore ſtill is call'd great *Arthur*'s Court.
Five times the Sun had his Diurnal Race
Compleated, when from this delightful Place
The pious Chief his Enſigns mov'd, and came
To *Glevum*, ſeated on *Sabrina*'s Stream.

Decamp-

Decamping hence, his arm'd Battalions gain,
Prince *Arthur* at their Head, the fertile Plain
By eaſie Marches, where *Gallena* ſtood,
Which *Thames* enriches with his fruitful Flood.
Mean time the *Saxons*, at their late Defeat
Griev'd and enrag'd, to their known Coaſts retreat.
As when by Chance a watchful Eagle ſpies,
From ſome high Mountain's Top amidſt the Skies,
A flight of Swans obſcuring all the Air,
Swift, as the Lightning, which he's ſaid to bear,
To ſeize his Prey his airy Flight he takes,
And with ſharp Founces vaſt Deſtruction makes.
Some fall ſtruck Dead, ſome maim'd advance but ſlow,
While hovering Clouds deſcend of feath'ry Snow.
Thoſe, that the fierce Invader's Strokes ſurvive,
With all the ſpeed Fear to their Wings can give,
To their belov'd *Cayſter*'s Banks return,
And in the Reeds their Wounds and Loſſes mourn.
So far'd the *Saxons*, and their ſhatter'd Fleet;
Otta forthwith Commands his Lords to meet
In Council, where they Congregated ſate
To find out Means, to ſave their threaten'd State.

Ciſſa

Ciſſa, an able Head, thus Silence broke:
Let us collect for one deciſive Stroke
Our Force, and march the *Britons* to attack,
Who to our Arms can ſmall Reſiſtance make.
Sore with their Wounds, and weary with their Toil,
They tempt the *Saxons* to an eaſie Spoil.
Fall boldly on, ere yet their Troops are eas'd
With Food and Reſt, and with Recruits increas'd.
Your Wiſdom thus and Courage will appear,
Who tho' defeated have not learn'd to Fear:
The Foe ſurpriz'd muſt to your Mercy yield,
Or to their Ships retreat, and quit the Field.
He ceas'd: Then *Oſred*, who had always won
By his wiſe Counſel great Applauſe, begun.
Our late Defeat has too much Terror ſtrook
Thro' *Offa*'s Troops, too much our Kingdom ſhook,
And too much flush'd the Foe, to let me join
In this Advice; my Counſels more incline
To draw into the Field our utmoſt Pow'r
From all the *Saxon* States, and to ſecure
Our Empire, let us labour to perſwade
The *Pict* and *Scotiſh* King to give us Aid.
The Cauſe and Intereſt is the ſame of all,
They and their Gods, if we are cruſh'd, muſt fall,

Our Arms United in a numerous Hoſt,
Before the Combate we may Conqueſt boaſt.
The trembling Foe, unable to withſtand
Such mighty Armies, will forſake the Land:
But if ſupported with vain Hopes they ſtay,
They fall into our Hands a certain Prey.
Paſcentio next, a wiſe *Neſtorian* Head,
Whoſe Looks and Words profound Attention bred,
Thus ſpoke. While yet our Squadrons are diſ-
may'd,
And of the *Briton*'s Fame and Arms afraid,
From preſent Action *Offa* I diſſwade.
Seeking the Foe we too great Danger run,
Embolden'd by the Conqueſt newly won.
And thus far *Offred*'s Thought and Mine, you ſee,
Conſpire, as in the reſt they diſagree.
While we delay to gather all our Force,
And to the *Picts* and *Scots* ſhall have recourſe,
Prince *Arthur* will advance, and mightier grow,
Like rolling Balls that gather up the Snow,
Or Floods, which take in Currents, as they flow.
The *Britons*, led by ancient Prophecies,
Expect that near this time a Prince ſhould riſe,
Heroick, Juſt, a mighty Conqueror,
Who all their loſt Dominion ſhall reſtore,
And o'er the World extend their Naval Pow'r.
Something like this our Augurs ſeem to fear
From Prodigies and Signs, that oft appear.

Theſe

Theſe Hopes of *Arthur* now his Troops expreſs,
Mov'd by his Fame abroad, and late Succeſs.
While this Belief, tho' falſe, the *Briton* warms,
He grows diſdainful of the *Saxon* Arms:
Men thus inſpir'd reſiſtleſs Courage ſhew,
And by bold Actions make their Fancies true.
He therefore ſerves King *Otta*, who creates
Friendſhip and Truce between the Hoſtile States.
To *Arthur*'s Camp fit Envoys may be ſent
To treat how Blood and Ruin to prevent.
Let them propoſe the Kingdom to divide,
And offer *Otta*'s Daughter for his Bride.
Fair *Ethelina*, whoſe perverted Mind
To Chriſtian Worſhip is too much inclin'd.
He ceas'd, and this Advice did chiefly pleaſe;
While of the Council moſt declar'd for Peace.
The Lords diſpers'd. King *Otta* unreſolv'd,
Much in his Mind his troubled Thoughts revolv'd.
With fierce alternate Tides of Paſſion preſt,
Now War he look'd on, now on Peace, as beſt.
Long he appear'd on *Ofred*'s Counſel bent,
And to the Neighbour *Saxon* Princes ſent,
That all the great Neceſſity might know,
Of joyning Arms againſt the Common Foe.
Then Orators diſpatcht, who might excite
The *Pict* and *Scottiſh* King to guard his Right,

And with their Potent Armies to aſſail
The *Britiſh* Pow'rs, ſhould *Arthur* ſtill prevail.
But when he heard the *Britiſh* Chief, as far
As *Glevum*'s Walls, had led the threat'ning War;
Obſerving how his *Saxons* were diſmay'd,
And not yet ſtrengthen'd by his Neighbour's Aid,
To treat for Peace his Purpoſe he expreſt,
To ſtay the Sword, and give the Kingdom Reſt.
Heldured, *Oſrick*, and wiſe *Athocles*,
For this Deſign the *Saxon* Monarch pleaſe.
Obedient to their Prince, without delay
Theſe delegated Powers direct their Way
To *Arthur*'s Camp, where now arriv'd, they found
The *Britiſh* Youth in Crowds diſperſt around.
For then with various Sports and manly Play,
Active they ſolemniz'd th' Auſpicious Day
Of *Arthur*'s Birth, and o'er the Fields were ſpread
To different Games, by different Paſſions led.
Here eager Riders give the ſlacken'd Rein
To ſwift-heel'd Steeds, which flie along the Plain,
And for the Prize their pliant Sinews ſtrain.
There the robuſt *Dammonian* Nation ſwarms,
Hurling their maſſy Balls with vigorous Arms.
Here the *Dobunians*, to advance their Fame,
Toil at their Country's old Laborious Game:

Long

Long Aſhen Staves now croſs their Soulders lye,
Now ſway'd with both their Hands ſtrike thro' the Sky
A mounting Orb of Thongs, or well ſow'd Hide;
While at due diſtance rang'd on th' adverſe ſide
The Foe inclincing ſtands to wait the fall,
And with like Force returns the bounding Ball.
There flowry Crowns the Youth's proud Temples grace,
Whoſe Airy Feet had newly Won the Race.
Athletick Wreſtlers here their Manhood try
Encompaſs'd round, while with a mighty Cry
The ſtanding Ring proclaims the Victory.
Some to a Cudgel Prize their Fellows dare,
Who bold ſpring out to meet the wooden War.
They brandiſh high in Air their threating Staves,
Their Hands a woven Guard of Oſier ſaves,
In which they fix their Hazel Weapon's End;
Thus arm'd, the nimble Combatants contend
For Conqueſt, giving and receiving Blows,
Till down their Heads the ſtreaming Crimſon flows.
Such were the *Britons* Sports, as thro' the Throng
The *Saxon* Envoys wond'ring paſs'd along:
Who to th' Auguſt Pavilion ſoon were led
Where *Arthur* Sate, his Knights around him ſpread.

And thus *Heldured* ſpoke----No Wealth or Toil
Would *Offa* ſpare, to eaſe *Britannia's* Iſle;
He rather ſeeks to reap the Fruits of Peace,
Than by his Arms his Empire to encreaſe;
In this Purſuit, he now ſuch Offers ſends
As muſt the *Britons* fix his laſting Friends.
Henceforth the Rival Nations ſhall Command
Their equal Shares of this divided Land.
Such Barrier ſhall be nam'd, as ſhall ſecure
The *Briton* jealous of the *Saxon* Pow'r.
To give to *Albion* Peace, we condeſcend
To yield up Towns our Forces can defend
With eaſe againſt all hoſtile Pow'r; beſide,
That we in ſtrict Alliance may be ty'd,
Bright *Ethelina*, *Offa's* Chief Delight,
Shall be the Band the Nations to Unite.
This Royal Maid, this Favourite of Fame,
Whom all with Love and Admiration name,
The *Saxon* King conſents ſhall be your Bride,
To you already in her Faith ally'd.
Such Meaſures all Contention may adjuſt,
Friendſhip confirm, and fix a mutual Truſt:
But if refus'd, by Order we declare
Our Prince in vain ſtrove to compoſe the War:
And on the Chriſtian's Head will reſt the Guilt
Of all the Blood henceforth in Battle ſpilt.
The Prince reply'd, Such high Concerns of State
Require our Thoughtful Care, and calm Debate.

The two Propoſals by King *Offa* made
For laſting Friendſhip ſhall be duly weigh'd.
Twice had the Sun broke from the Purple *Eaſt*,
Twice was he ſeen dilated in the *Weſt*;
When from his Throne Prince *Arthur* Silence broke,
And thus the *Saxon* Orators beſpoke.
To You and Us propitious Heav'n is kind,
Which your wiſe King to peaceful Thoughts inclin'd,
To ſpare each Nation, and preſerve this Iſle
From Deſolation and deſtructive Spoil.
I and my *Britons* thoſe Juſt Terms approve
King *Offa* names, to ſettle Peace and Love.
Ten Lords of *Saxon*, ten of *Britiſh* Blood,
May meet at *Spina* near *Guretio*'s Flood,
To ſtate the Limits of each Nation's Pow'r,
And Barriers fix, that long may Peace ſecure.
An Interview you'll make your ſpeedy Care,
Where honour'd I may ſee the Royal Fair.
He ceas'd, and all the Audience pour'd around
Chearful aſſented with a murmuring Sound.
Mean time, th'Infernal Monarch wing'd his flight
To the white Hills, whence his Angelick Sight
Might all the Fields and ſubject Plains ſurvey,
Where in their Camp the hateful *Britons* lay.

While with malignant Eyes th' Apoſtate view'd
Their Hoſt with *Otta*'s Meſſage pleas'd, he ſtood
Stung deep with Malice, and with Envy torn,
While all his Veins, like *Ætna*'s Furnace, burn,
And Streams of Fire from his red Eye Balls flow'd,
Like Lightning breaking from a low'ring Cloud,
As when a Toad ſquat on a Border ſpies
The Gard'ner paſſing by, his Bloodſhot Eyes
With Spite and Rage inflam'd dart Fire around
The verdant Walks, and on the flow'ry Ground
The bloated Vermin loathſome Poiſon ſpits,
And ſwoln and burſting with his Hatred ſits.
So the fall'n Angel ſate, and thus begun:
Am I and all th' Infernal Pow'rs outdone?
And muſt the *Briton* ſtill purſue his Courſe,
Elude my Arts, and vanquiſh all my Force?
What Chriſtian Towns and States have I deſtroy'd
Sunk by my Pow'r, or by my Wiles decoy'd?
Do any Seats of this Vile Sect appear,
Which no deep Marks of my juſt Vengeance wear?
What glorious Ruin did my *Romans* ſpread
O'er *Aſia*'s Churches? I the *Lombard* led,
And warlike *Hun*, to rich *Auſonia*'s Soil,
And fill'd the Land with Blood and Chriſtian Spoil.

And

And long before fir'd with my Active Flames
My *Maximins* and *Neros*, mighty Names,
Of the curſt Race Illuſtrious Havock made;
With what Succeſs did they the Saints invade?
And if the Fame be true, that ſpreads in Hell,
A King ſhall one Day riſe, who ſhall excell
All theſe, ſhall more in Blood and Spoil delight,
And Hell's fierce Furies to his Aid invite.
Great Prince ariſe, be thy Auſpicious Birth
Honour'd with ſtrong Convulſions of the Earth,
With blazing Comets, Meteors, Light'nings, Storms
Murders, and Monſters of Tremendous Forms.
Nor have I only thus Triumphant reign'd,
Much weaker Spirits have great Conqueſts gain'd.
Demons of lower Order, ſmall Renown,
Their Names thro' Hell's wide Regions ſcarcely known,
To wreak their Rage and generous Fury cloy,
Of this Baſe Stock whole Armies could deſtroy.
Tempted th' ungrateful Murmurers to rebo',
And then with Plagues and Darts inviſible,
By Fires and Earthquakes laid their Country Waſte,
Ruin'd their Temples, and their Towns defac'd.
And ſhall this *Briton* all my Strength defy,
And reinthrone his Baniſh'd Deity?

High States of Hell, ye mighty Gods below,
In your Auguſt Aſſemblies who will Bow,
Or Acclamations make, when I appear?
Who dread my Arms? my Greatneſs who revere,
If yet this *Briton* ſhall reſiſt my Pow'r,
Defeat my high Deſigns, and reſt ſecure?
But if by Irreſiſtible Decree
Pronounc'd by Heav'n, and unchang'd Deſtiny,
Arthur at laſt muſt wear the *Britiſh* Crown,
Deſtroy our Altars, and Erect his own;
At leaſt freſh Dangers ſhall obſtruct his Way,
And with new Arts his Triumphs I'll delay.
That ſaid, he flew with Dragon-Wings diſplay'd
To his proud Palace mid'ſt Infernal Shade.
From all their dusky Regions to his Court
At his Command the Demon Lords reſort:
To whom their Monarch from his gloomy Throne
Thus with a haughty frowning Look begun.
Till now in vain have all our Schemes been laid
To cruſh the *Britons*, who our State invade.
At Sea they Triumph o'er the *Saxon* Fleet,
At Land Succeſs above their Hopes they meet.
Octa defeated dreads Prince *Arthur*'s Arms,
And ſues for Peace by *Ethelina*'s Charms.
If this ſhould once prevail, *Britannia*'s loſt,
We and our Prieſts muſt fly that hateful Coaſt.
Supported by th' Almighty Foe of Hell
They yet our Arts eſcape, our Pow'r repell.

Yet

Yet one ſure Means is left us to annoy
The *Britons*, and their tow'ring Hopes deſtroy.
Let us provoke them to ſome black Offence,
Which Heav'n againſt their Armies may incenſe:
The bright *Seraphick* Guards who near them Lye,
Or thro' the Region round patrouling fly,
Ranging the Hills and Dales with flaming Arms
The Chriſtians to protect from Hell's Alarms,
Will then diſpleas'd withdraw their pow'rful Aid,
And we with Safety may their Camp invade.
What ſubtile Spirit of ſeducing Art
And in Temptation verſt will act this noble Part?
Then *Aſmodai*, who humane Veins inſpires
With wanton Paſſions and obſcene Deſires,
Whoſe lewd Adorers ſtand before his Shrine
Tranſform'd to Luſtful Goats, and loathſome Swine,
Thus ſpake. This grateful Province I embrace,
I'll from their Breaſts their feeble Virtue chace.
My ſtronger Force ſhall all pure Thoughts expell,
And Heav'n's weak Flames ſhall yield to thoſe of Hell.
To ſolemn Groves and loneſome Hermites Cells,
Where boaſted Chaſtity in Triumph dwells,
To Cloyſter'd Monks Admiſſion I command;
And can a Camp my pow'rful Charms withſtand?
On me ſuch choſen Spirits ſhall attend,
Whoſe Skill and Strength will beſt promote my End.

The

The Gods of Riot, Luxury and Wine
In this Attempt shall all their Forces joyn.
Believe, great Prince, when we their Camp assail,
Nature is on our side, we must prevail.
Th' Infernal Diet by his Language mov'd
With loud Applause the Wise Design approv'd.
The Prince of Hell now from the gloomy Seats
To the white Mountain, which he left, retreats.
While *Asmodai* attended with a Train
Of soft luxurious Spirits, to the Plain
Began his Flight, where the glad *Britons* lay,
With outspread Wings rose thro' the darksome Way,
And quickly reach'd the glimmering Verge of Day.
Joy'd at their late Success the *Britons* fate
In Bands distinct, and hop'd yet kinder Fate;
When to their Camp the Crew Infernal came,
Grasping in either hand Licentious Flame.
From Tent to Tent the Active Demons flew,
And mid'st the Troops their burning Torches threw;
Now wanton Fires did in their Bosoms play,
And to their Hearts Lascivious Heats convey,
While soft Contagion glides along their Veins,
And in their Breast the pleasing Poison reigns.
Then all in Riot and Debauches joyn,
Dissolve in Mirth, and sit inflam'd with Wine.

The

The Captains ſnore on Scarlet ſpread beneath,
And ſuffocating heave, and ſtrive for Breath,
Diſhes and broken Fauchions on the Ground,
Tables o'erturn'd and Goblets ſcatter'd round,
With Helmets, Shields and Spears promiſcuous lye,
A huddled Scene of War and Luxury.
Impell'd with raging Flames from Town to Town
Soldiers and great Commanders mingled run,
And with their Luſtful Inſults, and the Spoil
Of injur'd Wives and Maids, pollute the Iſle.
In Pagan Cities Whoredoms they commit,
And at their wicked Feaſts voluptuous Sit:
Then fill'd with Meats, and fir'd with Wine, adore
By Impious Rites the Gods they mock'd before.
Now to the Camp the hot Adulterers lead
Their Pagan Women, and avow the Deed.
Th' Angelick Guards the Crimes Enormous ſaw,
And in Diſpleaſure from their Camp withdraw.
Th' Infernal Realms with Shouts of Joy reſound,
While ſuch Succeſs their Monarch's Wiſhes crown'd.
Th' Infernal Prince now ſummons from his Cell
Moloch, a dreadful Miniſter of Hell;
A cruel Fiend, whoſe grateful Drink and Food
Are Humane Limbs half burnt and Infants Blood.
The Demon roſe impatient of delay
Swift from the dark Abyſs, and in his Way

Gather'd

Gather'd crude Damps and Streams from noiſome
Graves,
And putrid Stoves from Subterranean Caves:
Where ſpotted Plagues firſt draw their pois'nous
Breath,
The Nurſeries of Pain and Magazines of Death.
Theſe Seeds of Torment and malignant Heats,
From whoſe Contagion vanquiſh'd Life retreats,
Moloch in ſtrong Capacious Veſſels made
Of labour'd Hides: dire Collection laid.
Arm'd for Deſtruction thus the Demon came,
And brought from *Aſmodai*'s a different Flame.
Now Wolves were heard in Neighb'ring Hills to
howl,
The Croaking Raven and the Screaching Owle
Flew o'er the Camp by Night, the Sun by Day
Diſtain'd with Blood ſhone with portentous Ray.
Then did the Fiend to find his Soveraign take
His Airy Flight, to whom thus Satan ſpake.
Go, glut thy Rage, and let the *Britons* know
Thy Monarch is not yet a vanquiſh'd Foe.
Paſs thro' the Camp with thy accuſtom'd haſte,
And all thy Stock of Pain, and livid Vengeance
waſte.
Soon the fierce Demon with aſſiduous Care
Infects the Camp, and poiſons all the Air.
The open'd Hides that held pernicious Dews,
Now all around their fatal Stoge diffuſe;

And,

And, while raw Damps, blue Peſtilential Streams,
Deſtructive Vapours, Reeks and Sultry Gleams
Amidſt the Air by Heav'n's Permiſſion riſe,
And with malignant Seeds infeſt the Skies,
Drawn with their Breath the ſwift Contagion ſlides
Into their Breaſts, and thro' their Vitals glides.
Scarce can their Hearts their languid Streams explode,
While their ſcorcht Limbs confeſs the burning Flood.
The raging Plague purſues thro' ſcalded Veins
Retreating Life, and unobſtructed reigns.
Rack'd with tormenting Pain ſome gaſping lye,
Some only breath th' envemom'd Air, and Dye.
Their Hearts with Chill congealing Blood oppreſt
Throb a few Moments in their panting Breaſt,
Then yield, and from their vital Labour reſt.
Med'cines in vain th' infected Troops require,
Phyſicians come, but with the Sick expire.
Thus did the ſpreading Plague the Camp invade,
And wide Deſtruction of the Warriours made.
Mean time their pious Leader, ſore diſtreſt,
Proſtrate to Heav'n this humble Pray'r addreſt.
Great King of Heav'n, thy Arm Thou makeſt bare
To break our Cohorts with reſiſtleſs War.
Thy glitt'ring Sword does with a dreadful Sway
Deſcend, and raging thro' the Army ſlay.

Why

Why did thy Aid the Shipwreckt *Britons* ſave
From Rocks and Tempeſts, and the threatning Wave,
If we muſt only ſee *Britannia*'s Iſle,
And with our Dead pollute our Native Soil?
Th' inſulting Heathen will blaſpheme thy Name,
And in loud Songs advance their Idols Fame.
Praiſes not due to their vain Gods return;
And Hecatombs upon their Altars burn.
Spare yet thy *Britons*, let ſome Reliques live,
Who may juſt Honours in Thy Temples give.
Let the Deſtroyer ceaſe at Thy Command,
At Thy Rebuke let Death arreſted ſtand:
And may the Crimes, which Heav'n provoke, be known,
That our deep Sorrow may Thy Wrath atone.
Prince *Arthur*'s ardent Pray'r did ſoon ſucceed,
And glorious *Raphael* with Angelick ſpeed
Deſcends, a Flame of Light'ning in his Hand,
To chace the raging Spoiler from the Land.
A Cryſtal Phyol full of odorous Fumes,
Immortal Balm, and rich Etherial Gums,
His other Hand pour'd plenteous on the Air,
To cure the Damps, and fatal Vapours there.
Now *Moloch* flew before th' Arch-angel's Sword,
The raging Plague was ſtaid, and Health reſtor'd.
Then to the Place ſwift *Raphael* wing'd his Way,
Where *Arthur* ſtill devoutly proſtrate lay.

To

To whom the Seraph thus his Speech com-
menc'd;
Heav'n, by the *Britons* daring Crimes incens'd,
Almighty Wrath ſeverely has diſpens'd.
It did your unprotected Camp expoſe
To the fierce Rage of your Infernal Foes,
Who by Divine Permiſſion ſoon o'erſpread
Your Guilty Tents with putrid Heaps of Dead.
Th' Angelick Guards return'd to Heav'n complain'd
No Care your Troops from vicious Deeds reſtrain'd,
Thus you avow'd the Ills by others done,
And their unpuniſh'd Guilt became your own.
Had your vindictive Arm been firſt employ'd,
Heav'n had not thus the Criminals deſtroy'd.
But now th' Almighty, yielding to your Pray'r,
Has ſent me from his Throne with ſpeedy Care
To ſtay the Plague, and make the Fiend retreat,
Who ſpreads the Poiſon, to his gloomy Seat.
Heav'n is appeas'd; may not the *Britons* dare
Revolt from Virtue, and renew the War.
He ceas'd, then diſappear'd; and *Arthur* rais'd
From the low Ground, his great Deliverer prais'd.

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Lucifer *employs the Fiend* Contention *to break the Peace.* Contention *appears to* Octa *in the Form of* Saga, Octa's *Mother, perſwading him to a Rupture with the* Britons, *and flattering him that he might with Eaſe deſtroy their Army already weaken'd by the Plague.* Octa *Summons his Chiefs, and prepares to renew the War. An Enumeration of various Troops, and their Leaders, that augmented the* Saxon *Forces. The* Britons *ſolemnize a Faſt. Prince* Arthur *encourag'd by an Appearance of the Angel* Raphael. *The* Saxons *terrified by ill Omens.* Octa *ſends for* Merlin *to curſe the* Britiſh *Army.* Merlin, *having practis'd his Incantations, is conſtrain'd by Divine Inſpiration in the Preſence of the King to bleſs the* Britons,

tons, *instead of Cursing them. He repeats his impious Charms at the King's Command, and preparing a second time to Curse them, is inspir'd to Prophecy their Success.* Octa *drives the Magician from his Presence, and encouraging his Troops draws them up in Order of Battle. The* Britons *prepare for Fight. A Description of Prince* Arthur's *Arms, with the various Actions represented on his Shield.*

THE

THE Prince of Hell, who on the Mountain ſtaid,
And with malicious Joy around ſurvey'd
The *Briton*'s Camp, where Death with Slaughter fed,
O'er the wide Plain had ſwift Deſtruction ſpread,
Thus to himſelf. At laſt I have prevail'd
O'er this vile Sect, tho' paſt Attempts have fail'd,
Their Cohorts, ruin'd by the Plague, afford
An eaſie Conqueſt to great *Offa*'s Sword.
I'll break the Treaty, tho' advanc'd ſo far,
Blaſt the new Friendſhip, and revive the War.
Arthur prepare to meet the *Saxon* Arms,
Forget a while fair *Ethelina*'s Charms.
Delay and Diſappointment make the Prize
Appear more tempting to the Lover's Eyes.
Vain Hero's court Diſtreſs, and proud to gain
A Field hard fought, cheap Victory diſdain.
Therefore my Arts freſh Dangers ſhall create
Foment new Strife and kindle mutual Hate.
He ſaid, and left the cheerful Fields of Light,
And to th' Infernal Regions wing'd his Flight.
There ſtands a Rock daſh'd with the breaking Wave
Of Hell's dark Lake, where in a gloomy Cave
Flowing with Gore, the Fiend *Contention* dwells,
And bound with brazen Fetters dreadful yells.

Torn

Torn Limbs and mangled Bodies are her Food,
Her Drink mixt Bowls of Wormwood, Gall and Blood.
Long curling Snakes grace terribly her Head,
And on her Back their turgid Volumes ſpread.
Her left Hand graſps a poiſon'd Dart, her Right
A Firebrand ſhakes, that ſcatters Livid Light.
Rapine and Deſolation wait around,
And Cruelty with Bloody Garlands crown'd.
With theſe Injuſtice, Pride and Rage remain,
And ghaſtly Famine, with her Meagre Train.
To this wild Den th' Apoſtate takes his Flight,
Reſolv'd to ſhow Contention's dreadful Might.
At his Approach the Monſters ceaſe their Din,
And bow at Diſtance with a hideous Grin.
The vengeful Prince of Hell the Fiend unchains,
Whence double Wrath ferments her ſwelling Veins.
Then thus he ſpoke----Thy Courſe to *Old* bend;
Thy ſteps let watchful Treachery attend,
And ſubtile Malice, let thy Arts perſwade
That Prince the weaken'd *Britons* to invade.
Go raiſe new Tumults, and diſſolve the Peace,
For this high Task *Contention* I releaſe.
Charg'd with theſe dire Commands ſhe ſprings away
To the ſuperior Regions bleſt with Day.

Near

Near the fam'd Peak's high Mount and ſpacious Wood,
And the Green Banks of *Devo*'s cryſtal Flood,
A Hollow-Den th' admiring Traveller ſees
With thorny Shrubs o'erſpread, and ſhady Trees:
Which downward ſinks unfathomably Deep
Beneath the Subterranean Vaults, which keep
Impriſon'd Fire, beneath the ſecret Caves,
Where ruſhing Rivers roll their troubled Waves.
It pierces thro' the Center of the Earth
And the rich Beds, where Metals take their Birth,
Till it reveals the gloomy Mouth of Hell;
Contention freed from her Infernal Cell
Thro' this ſteep Gulph aſcends with haſty Flight,
And ſoon Emerges in the Fields of Light.
The Air grew Dark, the Rocks and Mountains ſtrook
With ſudden Horror, at her Preſence ſhook.
Now up ſhe flew, and with a ſpeedy Wing
Reach'd the high Palace of the *Saxon* King.
Of *Saga Odin*'s Mother then ſhe took
The aged Form, and thus the Prince beſpoke.
From the bleſt Seats of *Odin* I aſcend
To teach thee how to gain a glorious End
Of all thy anxious Cares and martial Toil,
And fix thy Empire o'er the *Britiſh* Iſle.

Hea-

Heav'n has decreed that here thy Race shall reign,
And in Displeasure has the *Britons* slain;
While Plagues destructive and envenom'd Darts
Shot from above pierc'd thro' their trembling Hearts.
Scarce half their Troops survive, make haste, my Son,
Compleat their Ruin, thus by Heav'n begun.
Press on to Triumph, seize the certain Spoil,
And chace the Christian from this fertile Soil.
You see your League Celestial Pow'rs offends;
And shall the Foes of Heav'n be *Offa*'s Friends?
Shall our high Blood with theirs pollured glide?
Shall *Ethelina* be a *Briton*'s Bride?
That said, a spotted Viper from her Head
Swift to his Bosom secret she convey'd.
The poisnous Vermin with Infernal Art
Pass'd swiftly thro' his Breast, and stung his Heart.
Contagious Venome spreads thro' every Vein,
Preys on his Vitals and inflames his Brain.
Then to the *Pictan* and *Albanian* Courts
With her black Train the furious Fiend resorts.
Where to the Tented Field she sounds th' Alarm,
While her fierce Flames the Barb'rous Nations warm.

Mean

Mean time the *Saxon* Monarch raving flew
From Room to Room, and ſoon together drew
His Lords and Chiefs, to whom he thus addreſt.
It was reſolv'd, to give the *Briton* Reſt,
The Land between the Nations to divide,
And that the Princeſs ſhould be *Arthur*'s Bride.
But Pow'rs Divine againſt this League declare,
And with the *Britons* wage deſtructive War.
In vain we offer what they can't enjoy,
We ſpare the Men Heav'n labours to deſtroy.
Avenging Gods from their high Regions came
Arm'd with bright Swords of keen Etherial Flame,
And fatal Darts of pointed Lightning made,
And with reſiſtleſs Death their Troops invade.
Their weak Remains muſt fall our certain Prey,
Heav'n ſhews the Means, and we muſt Heav'n obey.
Tho' the proud *Briton*'s Ships the Seas command,
Our Gods more Potent are than his by Land.
Th' unfiniſh'd Conqueſt let us then Compleat,
And from the Iſle compell them to retreat.
He ceas'd. His Captains, who new War deſir'd,
Spring to the Field with Martial Heat inſpir'd.
The *Saxon* Youth now with aſſiduous Care
Recruit their Cohorts, and their Arms prepare.
The vigorous Swain his wonted Toil forbears,
Fells the tall Aſh, and forms it into Spears.

Some

Some panting o'er the Anvil forge the Blades
Of ample Swords, inſtead of rural Spades.
Bright Gauntlets ſome, and hollow Helmets beat,
And ſome o'er brazen Backs and Breaſt-Plates ſweat.
Theſe ſtore the Quiver and refit the Bow,
And thoſe their Skill in hard'ning Armour ſhow.
Sharp'ning their Arrow-heads part ſtand inclin'd
Part on revolving Stones with Labour grind.
The Battle Axe, ſome graſp the threatning Lance,
And to the Camp on generous Steeds advance.
Others from old Capacious Halls hung round
With Inſtruments of Death, and proudly crown'd
With duſty Trophies, ſnatch the maſſy Shield,
Brandiſh the Fauchion, and demand the Field:
While lighted Beacons from the Hills declare
Like Comets blazing high, th'approaching War.
As when a raging Fire breaks out by Night
In ſome great Town, and fills with diſmal Light,
With pitchy Smoke and Noiſe, the troubled Sky,
The watchful Guards, that firſt the Plague deſcry,
Strait give th'Alarm, and ſpread the dreadful Cry.
The Citizens confus'd the Signal take,
And run in Crowds half Cloath'd and half awake
The growing Ruin to arreſt, and tame
With all their Force and Art the threatning Flame.

So when the ſudden Cry of War was heard,
The muſt'ring *Saxons* in the Field appear'd.
Now, Muſe relate, and in their Order name
The Warriors, who from different Regions came,
What fam'd Commanders did their Squadrons Head,
What mighty Lords their valiant Subjects led,
And what Allies advanc'd to *Offa*'s Aid.
The *Cantian Saxon* left the fertile Land,
Whoſe Native *Britons Cæſar* did withſtand;
Where joyful Nature ſits in Plenty crown'd
Midſt verdant Fields and Silvan Scenes around.
The Squadrons march'd, who dwelt on either Side
Of fair *Medvaga*, which in wanton Pride
Foms Silver Mazes with her winding Tide.
The *Durobrovian* Youth renown'd in Fight,
And bold *Vagniacans* their Arms Unite
With theirs who in the fruitful Soil were bred,
Where *Durovernum* reers its ſtately Head.
They march from *Thanatos*, and from her Tow'rs
Her hardy Troops ſublime *Rutupia* pours.
Whoſe fabled Gems and Plenteous pearly Store
Allur'd great *Cæſar* to her Envy'd Shore.
The Chief Commanders were bold *Amadet*,
Valiant *Theodrick*, *Oſred*, and with theſe

Hengiſt,

Hengiſt, who ſhar'd the Blood, and bore the Name
Of the firſt *Saxon* of Illuſtrious Fame,
Who from the *Belgick* Shore to *Albion* came.
They left the happy Glebe and flowry Land,
Which the ſtout *Trinobantes* did command.
Auguſta ſent her daring Youth, a Town
Ev'n then for Naval Pow'r of great Renown:
But ſince encreas'd, her Head is rais'd ſo high,
That her proud Turrets mingle with the Sky.
Her Royal Fleets the Watry World controul,
Where the wide Ocean can its Billows roll,
Far as Each *India*, and from Pole to Pole.
Her bellowing Oaks with louder Thunder roar,
Than that, which ſhook them on the Hills before.
Britannia's Pride, ſhe reigns in Wealth and Eaſe,
Mart of the World, and Empreſs of the Seas.
Edgar and *Oſſa* both Puiſſant Names,
From the delightful Banks of famous *Thames*
Auguſta's Pow'rs to joyn the Army bring,
None ſhew'd more Valour to ſupport their King.
They left the Gardens of the *Britiſh Eaſt*,
With ſmiling Flowers and fragrant Saffron bleſt,
From *Camlodunum* potent once, and proud
In her fam'd Colony of *Roman* Blood,
And from *Canonium* arm'd with Swords and Shields
The warlike People march, and from the Fields

Where *Idumanium* verdant Wealth beſtows,
Whoſe wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
Encloſing Reedy Iſlands, as it goes.
Brave *Sebert* led them, valiant *Ogu*'s Son,
Whoſe Arms had high Renown in battle won.
The cheerful Youth from *Verolamium* came,
A Town of Ancient and Illuſtrious Fame,
Where fortify'd with Trenches, Lakes and Wood,
The valiant *Caſſibellan* bold withſtood
The *Roman* Arms, tho' forc'd at length to yield;
Where *Cæſar* fought who could maintain the Field?
And after by th' indulgent Victor cheer'd
Her ſplendid Head the Wealthy City reer'd.
Now where the Buildings roſe the Farmer Toils,
And with the Ploughſhare turns up *Roman* Spoils.
Floors, Statues, Urns by ancient Figures known,
Medals and Coins enrich th' admiring Clown.
They left the Region, whence the *Saxon* Sword
The *Coritanian* chac'd its Rightful Lord:
And all the Towns along the ſpacious Wood,
Near which ſublime *Tripontium*'s Caſtles ſtood.
From *Banavenna* well arm'd Squadrons came,
And *Duribrevis* on *Aufona*'s Stream:
Their Chief Commanders were great *Alopus*,
And valiant *Egbert*, both of *Horſa*'s Race.
They march from various Towns along the Coaſt,
On which the *German* Ocean's Waves are toſt:

A Soil which once th' *Iceni an* long poſſeſt,
With unmoleſted Peace and Plenty bleſt.
They *Venta* quit, where *Gavina*'s Tide
Does to the Current of *Bardunus* glide.
An ancient City, which did then abound
With warlike Youth, and rul'd the Lands around.
Bold Cohorts came from *Branodunum*'s Tow'rs,
Where *Roman* Arms defended once the Shores.
Some leave the Seats, that crown fair *Thetis*'s Flood,
And happy Glebe, where *Garienonum* ſtood.
Some quit the Banks of *Steyre* to raiſe their Fame,
And the rich Town, which bore *Fauſtina*'s Name.
They came from *Ozar*'s Banks, and from the Land
Which lofty *Lambritonum* did command.
This numerous *Saxon* Youth, who then obey'd
King *Ella*'s Laws, advanc'd to *Offa*'s Aid,
And bright in Arms the Prince his Warriors led.
From *Lamberitum* then a warlike Town,
Since for the Muſes Empire better known,
The vigorous Youth drawn out their Standard reer,
Brandiſh the Sword, or threatning ſhake the Spear.
Redwal, whoſe Lands did vaſt Revenues yield,
In Arms refulgent brought them to the Field.
A martial Deluge from the Region flows,
Which *Trent* and *Lindh*, confluent Streams, encloſe.

High *Margadunum* all her Squadrons lends,
And ſtately *Lindum*, which her Pow'r Extends
O'er the wide Province, ſtout Battalions ſends.
Mighty *Ebiſſa* from the Fenny Land
Brings to the duſty Field this warlike Band.
Orla and *Inrick* both puiſſant Lords,
Fam'd for their Strength, and vaſt unwieldy Swords,
Advance their Enſigns from the diſtant North,
And bold to Combate lead their Warriors forth.
Illuſtrious *Cerdick* ſtrong Aſſiſtance brings,
Renown'd above the greateſt *Saxon* Kings,
Whoſe hardy Arms ſtill bleſt with proſp'rous Fate
Fixt in the *Weſt* the Potent *Saxon* State.
From ſwift *Halenn*'s Tide they take their Way,
Muſter their Cohorts, and their Flags diſplay.
They march from *Regnum*'s Foreſt, and each Town
On *Triſantona*'s Banks and *Venta*'s Down.
From rich *Cluſentum* and fair *Vecta*'s Iſle,
From *Briga*, and *Segontium*'s fertile Soil.
On *Sorbiodunum*'s Plains arm'd Youth appears
With nodding Plumes, and moving Groves of Spears.
The generous Warrior, who had Chief Command
And with his Prince invaded firſt the Land,

Was

Was *Lothar*, born on *Belgick Moſa*'s Flood,
His Veins enobled by Imperial Blood;
Whom *Cerdick*'s Siſter *Emaline* did bear,
And dying left to the great Monarch's Care.
Fair *Elda* ſprung from *Olma*'s ancient Race,
Won by his Virtue's Charms, did newly Grace
His Nuptial Bed, who by unrivall'd Love
Inſpir'd will one Day *Lothar*'s Guardian prove.
Mean time the *Britons* did a Faſt proclaim,
Confeſs'd their Guilt, and took th' Attendant Shame.
They own'd the dreadful Plague their juſt Deſert,
And ſtrove impending Vengeance to avert,
That the great Judge relenting from his Hand
Might dropt the Bolt, and ſpare the threaten'd Land.
The Camp became a Scene of pious Woe,
Where thro' their Eyes their Hearts diſſolving flow,
While all to Virtue's Laws their Souls reſign,
And in ſtrict Vows of bleſt Obedience joyn.
Now pious *Arthur* thus expreſt his Grief,
Th' attentive *Britons* hear, and hope Relief.
Of wrath Divine what Phyols have been pour'd
On our devoted Heads? what Fury ſhow'r'd
In breaking Tempeſts has our Camp conſum'd,
Where pil'd in Heaps the Dead the Dead entomb'd?

Th' Almighty's Sword, which paſt from Tent to Tent,
And carry'd Death and Ruin, where it went,
Made his fierce Wrath and Vengeful Terrors known,
Triumph'd in Blood, and red with Slaughter ſhone.
This Day our Hearts with pious Sorrow rent,
We pray for Mercy, and our Guilt lament.
The Judge Supream is Jealous, Juſt and Pure,
His Wrath advances ſlow, but reaches ſure.
And tho' his Arm does long extended ſtay,
It certain falls, and falls with heavier Sway:
Who then his Frowns and Fury can withſtand,
Or bear the Weight of his vindictive Hand?
May no repeated Crimes his Arm provoke
To End our Ruin by a ſecond Stroke.

He ceas'd. His Men their Sacred Vows renew,
And to their Tents with Hearts devout withdrew.
Heav'n the returning Penitents embrac'd,
And far away th' Infernal Legions chac'd.
Their Guardian Angels once more take their Poſt,
And drawn in bright Array ſurround their Hoſt.

Twice had the Sun with dawning Glory bleſt
The World, and call'd the Lab'rer from his Reſt:
As oft the Night in Sable Garments ſet
With Silver Stars, fill'd her wide Throne of Jet:
When certain Tydings *Arthur*'s Camp alarm'd,
That *Offa*'s Men againſt the *Britons* arm'd:

Swift

Swift thro' the *British* Hoſt the Rumour ran,
Whence in their Minds perplexing Thoughts began.
They fear'd their weaken'd Troops could not oppoſe
The fierce Invaſion of their numerous Foes.
The Trouble grew, while all their Fate bewail,
That thoſe the Plague had ſpar'd, the Sword ſhould now Aſſail.
Proſtrate mean time the Prince to Heav'n addreſt
This ardent Pray'r, and eas'd his troubled Breaſt.
Thou who didſt *Iſrael* as their Shepherd guide
Freed from their Bondage and *Egyptian* Pride,
Did'ſt with an Out-ſtretcht Arm thy People ſave,
And from proud *Pharoah*'s Hand releaſe his Slave;
Who from between the Cherubs did'ſt diſplay
Thy heav'nly Luſtre, and direct their Way;
Shine forth, and with thy Beams diſpel this Night;
Reveal thy glorious Face, thou Source of Light.
Our Enemies deſpiſe our mournful State,
And on thoſe Loads we bear, heap greater Weight.
Againſt the Reliques thy fierce Wrath has ſpar'd,
Behold, the Foe the Battle has prepar'd.
On me with Scorn th' inſulting Scoffers look,
As one, whom Heav'n offended has forſook.

The Pagans make my Woes their ſportful Theme,
Reproach thy Vot'ries, and thy Name Blaſpheme.
Stir up thy Pow'r, thy glitt'ring Arms aſſume,
Bowing the Heav'ns to our Deliverance come.
As from th' aſpiring Mountains rais'd around
Jeruſalem, of old, Protection found,
So let a Guard from thy bright Army ſent
Surround our Camp, and Hell's Deſigns prevent.
Riſe God of Truth, and let the Heathen know
That Treacherous Deeds provoke thy fatal Blow.
While *Arthur* thus Celeſtial Favour ſought,
Illuſtrious *Raphael* this kind Meſſage brought.
Your daring Crimes the Judge Supream diſpleas'd,
But your Repentance has his Wrath appeas'd.
His People's Faults his Rod alone employ,
But his fierce Vengeance ſhall his Foes deſtroy.
Nor let the *Saxon*'s Numbers be his Pride,
Yours is ſuperior Strength, while Heav'n is on your Side.
The Gracious Angel ceas'd, and diſappear'd,
And left the Leader with his Meſſage cheer'd,
Who with prevailing Words and joyful Air
Reliev'd the drooping Army's anxious Care.
To their cold Veins new Warmth and Life procur'd,
Diſpell'd their Doubts and fainting Hopes aſſur'd.
They now demand the Field, intrepid grown,
While Heav'n's aton'd, and *Arthur* leads them on.

Mean

Mean time portentous Incidents affright
King *Octa*, and deter his Men from Fight.
Ill boding Birds the *Saxon Augurs* ſcare,
Croſſing with inauſpicious Flights the Air.
The Sacred Fowl view their projected Meat,
And ſullen from th' untaſted Grain retreat.
The Crow predicted Miſchief from the Oak;
Owls ominous whoop, and nightly Ravens croak.
Oxen with Wreaths adorn'd reluctant come,
Break from the Altar, and run lowing Home.
Near the fair Banks of *Thamiſis* there ſtood
Awful for ſolemn Shade a lofty Wood,
Where they ador'd their God, *Irmanſul* nam'd,
A warlike Idol thro' *Germania* fam'd.
In his Right Hand he did a Garland bear,
His Left upheld a Balance in the Air.
His Breaſt a griſly Bear's fierce Figure bore,
And in his Shield a Lyon ſeem'd to roar.
Freſh gather'd Flowers diffus'd in Heaps around,
Gay Superſtition, paint the Sacred Ground.
Hither the *Saxons* and their Prieſts repair,
Their God with Victims to appeaſe and Pray'r,
And Aid againſt the *Britons* to invoke,
While the tall Trees with Clouds of Incenſe Smoak.
The Wood to burn the Sacrifice they lay,
And a crown'd Bullock at the Altar ſlay:
But while in vain they ſearch the recking Breaſt,
To find the Heart of the new ſlaughter'd Beaſt,

The

The Prieſts grow Pale, and from their Altar ſtart,
To ſee a Victim ſlain without a Heart.
But what did moſt the *Saxon* Cohorts ſcare
Were Squadrons ſeen Conflicting in the Air.
The rolling Sun had finiſh'd half his Way,
And to the height of Heav'n advanc'd the Day,
When two black Clouds aſcended, from the *Eaſt*
One threatning roſe, one from the adverſe *Weſt*.
They ſtretcht their Fronts with low'ring Terror crown'd
Acroſs the Skies, and fierce Defiance frown'd.
A glade of open *Ether*, as between
Two ſpacious Foreſts, was diſtinguiſh'd ſeen.
Then iſſuing from the Womb of either Cloud
Two Armies met, and drawn in Battle ſtood.
Between them ſoon began a bloody Fight,
And glitt'ring Arms improv'd the glancing Light.
Eager of Glory from Heroick Deeds
The furious Knights ſpur'd on their fiery Steeds,
And ruſh'd to Combate with a full Career,
Then tilting broke their Lances in the Air.
Swords claſh with Swords, and Shields rencountring Shields,
Encumber all the ſpacious azure Fields
With Spoils of War, while pointed Javelins fly,
And Show'rs of Arrows fill the troubled Sky.
At length the Squadrons in the *Eaſtern* Part
Fall in Diſorder, and the Fight deſert.

Amidſt

Amidſt the Clouds and Heav'nly Wilds they run,
And routed leave the Field, the Battle done.
Next from the Stage the Conquering Cohorts go,
And into Shapeleſs Air diſſolving flow.
The buſie Scene and Actors diſappear,
And of the Myſtick Strife the Sky was clear.
Octa, who view'd th' important Prodigy,
Trembled to ſee the *Eaſtern* Army fly:
But wiſely hid his Fears within his Breaſt,
And to the Captains thus his Thoughts expreſt.
Wrapt in dark Clouds the Will of Heav'n's conceal'd,
To Mortals only by th' Event reveal'd.
Let not illuſive Sights the *Saxons* ſcare,
Form'd by the wanton Demons of the Air:
Nor think vain Portents can Preſage the Fate
Of mighty Kings, or future Turns of State.
Theſe only weak and vulgar Minds affright,
Like Phatomes borrowing Horror from the Night;
Which, as capricious Nature's Play, the Wiſe
From timerous Superſtition free deſpiſe.
The valiant make Succeſs their Arms attend,
And to their Side reluctant Fortune bend.
Neglect theſe Dreams, the Gods are ever kind
To the beſt Troops, and to the fearleſs Mind.
Thus *Octa* ſtrives their Paſſions to appeaſe,
And give his Cohorts, what he wanted, Eaſe.
In a ſmall Village now unknown by Name
A Necromancer liv'd of ſpreading Fame,

Merlin,

Merlin, a Pagan *Briton*, who of late
For his dire Art expell'd the *Britiſh* State,
Did here protected by the *Saxon* dwell,
And impious Correſpondence kept with Hell.
With potent Juices and Infernal Charms
The black Magician Pains, deſtructive Harms
And various Miſchiefs could to thoſe procure,
From whom juſt Heav'n withdraws protecting Pow'r.
He in the ſilent Night, while Mortals ſlept
O'er Hills, and near dead Lakes and Hedgrows crept
To gather baleful Herbs, with which he drew
Familiar Fiends, which round, like Ravens, flew.
Mounting his Magick Wand he thro' the Air
To rich Nocturnal Feaſts did oft repair
Spread on green Hills, or near ſome ſhady Wood,
Or Graſſy Banks of ſome ſweet River's Flood.
Where when th' Infernal Gueſts in ſecret met,
Choice Meats and generous Wines in order ſet
They ſeem to Taſte, and by the Moon's pale Light
Spend in phantaſtick Luxury the Night:
But from the Feaſt Imaginary come
At the grey Dawning lank and hungry Home.
King *Offa*'s Servants at their Lord's Command
With ſpeed, their wicked Wages in their Hand,
To *Merlin* came, and ſoon prevail'd to bring
The old Magician to the reſtleſs King.

Him

Him *Octa* thus beſpoke, Surpriz'd we own
The Miracles thy ſacred Art has ſhown,
Which make thy Fame thro' all the Iſland known.
Now let thy powerful Spells my Army guard,
And Wealth and Honour be thy juſt Reward.
Soon we'll engage our Foes, but let them firſt
By thee and thy Enchantments be accurſt.
Curſe their devoted Heads, thy mighty Breath
Will blaſt their Strength, and certain kill, as Death.
With that of Fate thy Sentence is the ſame,
And, whom thou bleſſeſt all will bleſt proclaim.
Aſſault the *Britons* with thy Magick Pow'rs,
Deſtroy thy mortal Foes, as well as Ours.
Revenge thy Wrongs, and by thy potent Charms
Draw off the Guardian Gods, that aid their Arms.
Then follow me, while I a Mountain ſhew,
From whoſe high Top thou may'ſt their Army view:
There we'll atone th' Immortal Gods, and thence
Thou on the *Britons* Curſes ſhall diſpence.
Now to a lofty Mount the Sorc'rer led
Saw thro' the Vale the *Britiſh* Warriors ſpread.
Seven Altars *Octa* built, and in the Flames
Seven Bullocks offer'd, and as many Rams.

While

While he and all his Chiefs their Gods ador'd,
And proſtrate round their Altars Aid implor'd.
At length the Night advancing to her Noon,
Merlin conducted by the Silver Moon
From *Offa* ſecret to a Hill withdraws,
To practice myſtick Rites and impious Laws.
He gather'd noxious Herbs, whoſe powerful Juice
For ſtrong Enchantments Necromancers Uſe,
In which expreſt they dip their magick Sops,
Green Henbane, Woomwood, Hemlock, Savine Tops,
With Plants, that to the Moon their Vertue owe,
And Toadſtools, which from Storms of Thunder grow.
Theſe mixt with Humane Fat, Red Hair and Blood,
And ſolemn offer'd on the Burning Wood,
Arm'd with his potent Wand he walk'd around,
And with dire Circles mark'd th' unhallow'd Ground.
Then uncouth Sounds his mutt'ring Lips rehearſe,
Myſterious Words, and Wonder-working Verſe.
Th' Infernal Charms all Nature's Frame diſturb,
The Moon grew dim, and ſicken'd in her Orb.
Wolves horrid howl'd, th' aſtoniſh'd Mountain ſhook,
And Rivers in their fright their Courſe forſook.

Next

Next Storms ariſe, and ruddy Light'nings fly,
While dreadful Thunder-peals ring round the Sky.
Spectres and Ghoſts break from the opening Tomb,
And glaring round the mighty Sorcerer come.
All Hell was mov'd, the ſummon'd Pow'rs aſcend
From their dark Seats, and *Merlin*'s Will attend:
Theſe with his Charms he labours to engage
Againſt the *Britons*, and excites their Rage.
Merlin, his impious Ceremonies done,
Returns to *Offa* with the riſing Sun.
Before the *Saxon* Lords he ſtands prepar'd
To Curſe their Foes, and merit his Reward:
When darted from above an unknown Fire
Did the Magician's heaving Breaſt inſpire.
With Heat Divine his ravith'd Spirits burn'd,
And the black Sorcerer now a Prophet turn'd;
Who over-rul'd by Heav'n the Nation Bleſt
He meant to Curſe, and thus his Thoughts expreſt.
How Beautiful the *Briton's* Tents appear?
What goodly Heads his Tabernacles rear?
As the rich Vales that ſpread their verdant Pride,
Or flowry Gardens by the River's ſide;
As ſhady Aloes in *Arabian* Woods,
Or lofty Cedars planted near the Floods,
His Seed ſhall flouriſh mid'ſt ſurrounding Streams,
Bleſt with mild Air, and pure reviving Beams,

While

While Heav'n indulgent on its Favourite pours
Prolifick Dews, and ſweet refreſhing Show'rs,
His Prince's Glory ſhall his Peoples Love
And Neighbour Monarch's Fear and Envy move,
He like a fearleſs Unicorn ſhall ſtand,
Sure of his Strength, and all the Fields command.
Reſiſtleſs in his Wrath he ſhall devour
The hoſtile Nations, who oppoſe his Pow'r.
He'll break their ſtrongeſt Bones, his Bow he'll bend,
And thro' their Fleſh his piercing Arrows ſend.
He couches, like a Lyon, on the Sand,
Like a vaſt Lyon in a Deſart Land.
Bleſs him, and be of happy Men the firſt,
Curſe him, and thou thy ſelf ſhalt be accurſt.
He ceas'd. The Monarch, tho' incens'd, ſuppreſt
The deep Diſpleaſure, that his Soul poſſeſt,
And to the Sorc'rer thus himſelf expreſt.
By ſolemn Execrations to devote
The *Britons* to Deſtruction thou wert ſought;
But thou theſe Hateful Tribes art pleas'd to bleſs,
And all thy Words preſage their Arms Succeſs.
Withdraw a Second time, perhaps thou'lt find
The Gods by thy Enchantments more inclin'd.
Perhaps ſome Error might at firſt diſpleaſe,
A ſecond Trial will the Pow'rs appeaſe.
The Sorc'rer now a Second time retreats,
And all his potent Charms with Care repeats.

And

And added every Pois'nous Juice and Spell
He knew had Force to ſhake the Realms of Hell.
Merlin his impious Rites perform'd, returns,
And acted by Satanick Fury burns.
All Hell within heav'd the Magician's Breaſt,
But by a ſtronger Pow'r ſoon diſpoſſeſt,
Th' affrighted Demon from his Boſom flies;
While a pure Gueſt from Heav'n his Place ſupplies.
Tranſports Divine did *Merlin*'s Soul engage,
And thus he ſpoke, mov'd by Prophetick Rage.
In vain with Divinations we aſſail
The Chriſtian's Arms, where all Enchantments fail.
Our Curſes by the Powerful Breath of Heav'n
Back on our Heads with fatal Force are driv'n.
Thoſe God has bleſt, no Guards or Bulwarks need,
Nor can their Arms, whom he has Curſt, ſucceed.
Unchangeable He's on His Purpoſe bent,
Nor does He, like unſtable Man, Repent.
The Chriſtian Army will prevail—— That ſaid,
Obſerving *Odla*'s Fury, ſwift he fled.
The King incens'd exclaim'd, Magician, flie;
Doſt thou deſpiſe my Gifts, my Wrath defie?
Deſpite of thee, and all thy Idle Charms,
Succeſs and Triumph ſhall attend my Arms.

Againſt

Againſt ſuch Troops what Signs can Ill portend?
Will the Good Gods this Wicked Race defend?
Thy faithleſs Tongue propitious Heav'n belies,
And for the *Britons* forges Prophecies.
Thy ſelf of *Britiſh* Blood, the *Britiſh* Cauſe,
Stronger than Wrongs, or ev'n Religion, draws.
Offa at this Defeat with Fury burn'd,
And to his Army with his Lords return'd.
Amidſt the Troops he rode, and thus he ſpoke,
His Voice high rais'd, their Courage to provoke.
Saxons, you now to certain Conqueſt go,
To glean the Reliques of a ruin'd Foe.
Loudly the Gods for your juſt Cauſe declare,
And call you but to finiſh their own War.
Think on the Deeds by your brave Nation done,
The Towns they took, their glorious Battles won,
And the rich Countries by their Arms o'er-run.
From this fair Iſland ſhall the *Briton* chace,
From theſe ſoft Skies great *Odin*'s warlike Race?
Driv'n from theſe Fields, for which our Leaders fought,
And which with Seas of *Saxon* Blood were bought,
Shall we with Ignominious Flight retreat
O'er the rough Main, to ſeek ſome milder Seat?

Or

Or shall we back to our cold Region go,
To hide in Caves, and dwell in Hills of Snow?
Can you my valiant Friends the *Britons* dread,
Who from your conquering Arms so oft have fled;
A vanquish'd Nation by an Exile led?
Be Men, be *Saxons*, add this Conquest more
To all th' Immortal Lawrels won before.
Thus you'll the Base of lasting Empire lay,
And still the *Briton* shall your Laws obey.
Vain with Success at Sea they draw their Swords,
And for Dominion strive with us their Lords.
Once more in Arms chastise their wanton Pride,
That done, in unmolested Peace abide.
He said, and proudly shook his threat'ning Lance,
And springing forward bad his Men advance.
Now the high Hills th' embattled *Saxons* gain,
And cover with their Arms th' extended Plain.
As when the Soveraign Bee does Orders give,
That issuing Swarms should ease the crowded Hive;
Pour'd from their waxen Caves the Youth on high
Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky,
Till brazen Pans charm and compose their Fear,
Then in some lofty Tree they fix their Seat;
Whither th' obsequious Vulgar soon resort,
And clustring hang around their Monarch's Court.

So

So thick the *Saxons* ſpread the duſty Plain,
Determin'd *Arthur*'s Cohorts to ſuſtain.
Their Hoſt look'd awful while it open'd ſlow,
The gloomy Tempeſt to th' advancing Foe.
So when the Sea grows black, while haizy Air
And riſing Winds foretell a Storm is near,
The Mariners in various Dangers try'd
Furl all their Sails, and for the Wrath provide.
Soon in the dark Horizon to the Skies
With foamy Heads the raging Billows riſe.
The liquid Legions cloſe each other throng,
And with a frowning Aſpect move along.
At laſt a Front of boundleſs Length extend,
O'er all the Main, and dreadful Wreck portend.
Thus awful in its March the Hoſt appears,
And where it comes, thick Groves of briſtling Spears,
Broad Iron Backs, and Breaſtplates, brazen Shields,
Mail Coats, and burniſh'd Helmets ſpread the Fields.
Chariots involv'd in Clouds of Duſt advance,
And toſſing round their Foam, the thund'ring Courſers praunce.
And now their Army did its Wings diſplay,
While their Brigades were drawn in long Array.
The *Britiſh* Squadrons, tho' outnumber'd far,
Intrepid view'd the threat'ning Face of War.

To form their Line the thin Battalions ran,
But ſtretcht unequal to the *Saxon* Van.
From Heav'n's unnumber'd Hoſt a Glorious Band
Of bright Immortal Youth, by high Command
Detatch'd, Obedient to the Field repair,
And o'er the *Britons* rang'd their Lines in Air.
Th' angelick Cuiraſſiers in Armour ſhone
Of Adamant, from Rocks Etherial hewn.
Their Shields, celeſtial Gold, flam'd dazling bright,
And from their Sabres flaſh'd oppreſſive Light.
White Plumes, like ſnowy Fleeces, graceful riſe
From their high Creſts, and nod againſt the Skies.
Michael, a Prince in Heav'n of Firſt Renown,
High in his Chariot radiant as a Sun,
Of this Detatchment had the Chief Command,
Charg'd to obſerve the Action, and withſtand
Th' Attempts, which fierce Infernal Fiends might make,
Sent by their Prince the Chriſtian to attack.
Satan mean time on the white Mountain's Head,
His cruel Legions thick around him ſpread,
With Malice, Rage, and Pride diſtended ſate
Sublime, and Anxious there reſolv'd to wait,

And

And learn if this important Day's Event
Would favour with Success his black Intent.
In dazling Arms the *British* Prince appears
Before his Troops, the *Saxon* sees, and fears.
His Helm of polish'd Steel brae'd round his Head,
Wide o'er the Field did glorious Terror spread;
Broad *Caliburne* with Heroick Pride
In a rich Belt hung dreadful by his Side.
Oder the *Neustrian* of this famous Blade,
To Triumph long inur'd, a Present made
To *Arthur*, when from *Britain Arthur* came
To *Oder*'s Camp to win Immortal Fame:
Ortes a *Neustrian* Leader Wise and Brave
To *Oder* the destructive Weapon gave.
His Shield of Brass, whose burnish'd Orb display'd
Radiance, like that from the bright Sun convey'd,
And could unpierc'd the sharpest Darts withstand,
Was the rare Work of *Lycon*'s skilfull Hand:
Where might be seen Engrav'd on every Part
Heroick Actions, with surprizing Art:
Strong Towns besieg'd, and Battles long renown'd,
And hardy Deeds, that Ancient Warriours crown'd;
Who for their promis'd Country dauntless fought,
By Men inspir'd in Sacred Volumes wrote.
Here their great General *Joshua* leads to War
The Sons of *Jacob*, Heav'n's peculiar Care.

The

The rocky Deſart paſt with wondrous Toil,
With Marches worn, and heavy with the Spoil
From vanquiſh'd *Bauſhan* and King *Sihon* won,
Where their Illuſtrious Triumphs firſt begun,
They move their Standards *Canaan* to invade,
Ripe by its full grown Sins for Conqueſt made.
To *Jordan*'s Streams they come, ſwift to his Head,
His Waves roll'd back, obſequious *Jordan* fled.
The naked Channel ſhews its ſandy Face,
And gives the Fav'rite Nation room to paſs.
The *Canaanites* afraid, like *Jordan*, fly,
And grieve to ſee their Guardian River Dry.
The valiant *Gideon* with his Troop by Night
Advanc'd the haughty Enemy to Fight.
The Foe, like Locuſts, numberleſs was pour'd
Around the Vale, and all its Fruits devour'd:
But dreading *Gideon*'s Arms the Spoilers run,
And by his Sword they fall, and by their Own.
Here *Zeba* and *Zalmunna* with a Throng
Of Captive Princes drag their Chains along.
There mighty *Sampſon* fir'd with martial Rage
Runs bold the Pagan Squadrons to engage.
His pondrous Sword deſcends with dreadful Sway,
And thro' the Ranks Victorious hews his way.
His Foes diſmay'd no more their Weapons bear,
But fly an Army from a ſingle Spear.

While Swords and Javelins mingled with the Dead,
And Ignominious Rout the Field o'erſpread.
Here in a Plain ſtretcht, like ſome ſpacious Wood,
In long Array the proud *Philiſtines* ſtood.
Goliah iſſuing from their opening Files,
Of Stature vaſt, and hideous with the Spoils
Of yellow Lyons ſlain, and ſhaggy Bears,
Tow'ring before their ſhouting Hoſt appears.
With threatning Air th'elated Warrior ſtood,
His Sword his Truſt, and his Right Hand his God.
On his broad Shield fierce Monſters pourtray'd Shone,
But none of Shape more frightful than his own.
His Helm ſublime roſe dazling to behold,
Like ſome high Temple's Ball adorn'd with Gold.
His mighty Legs, which Brazen Boots embrac'd,
Like Pillars look'd in *Corinth* Metal cas'd.
Thus arm'd he ſtood, and by his Poſture ſeem'd
A Wretch that curs'd his Foe, and Heav'n Blaſphem'd.
Here Godlike *David* in the flow'ry Bloom,
Of Life and Beauty brings *Goliah*'s Doom;
Intrepid undertakes th' unequal War,
And ſcorns his Rage, who mocks him from afar.
Shudd'ring with vaſt Concern the *Hebrews* ſtand,
While the ſure Stone ſlung by the Stripling's Hand

Pierc'd

Peirc'd the tall Gyant's Head, whoſe Carcaſs felt
Swift to the Earth, his Soul as ſwift to Hell.
Fal'n on his Face he bites the trembling Ground,
And Brains and Gore break thro' the gaping Wound;
While his vaſt Eye-balls ſtrive with parting Light,
And diſmal ſwim till ſunk in endleſs Night.
There *Saul* receiv'd the blooming Victor-Boy,
The Captains bluſh for Shame, and Weep for Joy.
His Brothers grieve to ſee the Glorious Day
And urg'd with Pride and Envy ſhrink away.
Here *Judah*'s Daughters flowry Garlands bring;
They Crown young *David*, and preſage him King.
Elſewhere great *David*'s Conquering Warriors come
From their *Aſſyrian* Expedition home.
Prodigious were the Spoils the Victors brought
From the fam'd Battle near *Damaſcus* fought.
King *Hadadezer*'s Arms in Triumph born
With purple Robes by their proud Princes worn,
And Gems Illuſtrious, which their Ears adorn.
Rich Collars, Chains and blazing Shields of Gold,
Capacious Bowls of Silver made, that hold
Yet richer Metal, Diſhes high Emboſs'd,
Treaſure Immenſe, that *Syria* had engroſs'd.
Unnumber'd Camels laden and oppreſt
With all the Pleaſures of the wanton *Eaſt*,

Beneath the Booty groan'd along the Road,
Themſelves a Prey, as was their precious Load.
Here ran gilt Chariots drawn by generous Steeds
Such as the happy Soil of *Aſia* breeds.
There fetter'd Lords and Royal Slaves appear,
While vulgar Captives form an endleſs Reer.
Here the Great *Conſtantine* of *Britiſh* Race
O'er *Tyber's* Bridge does fierce *Maxentius* chace.
With *Roman* Blood the ſwelling Streams are dy'd,
And Helms and Shields roll down the Crimſon Tyde.
Spears, broken Armour, Men and Courſers ſlain
Choak the wide River, and its Flood detain.
The *Britiſh* Chief in poliſh'd Armour Shines,
And ſeems to preſs and break the *Roman* Lines.

Prince *Arthur.*

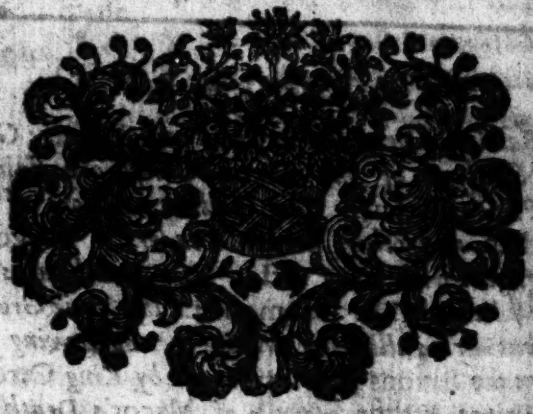
BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

A Battle between the Britons *and* Saxons. *Great Numbers of the* Saxon *Chiefs are ſlain by Prince* Arthur. *The Gallant Actions of* Bothan *and other* Britiſh *Leaders.* Malgo *engages with King* Octa. *The Combate is left undecided. The* Danmonians *loſe their Ground, but are rallied by* Macor, *who having ſlain many* Saxons *falls at length by King* Cerdick. *Prince* Arthur *hearing of* Macor's *Death, haſtens to engage* Cerdick *and kills him.* Lothar *oppoſing Prince* Arthur *receives a deep Wound, and lies at the Victor's Mercy. His Wife* Elda, *who had follow'd* Lothar *in Diſguiſe, diſcovers her ſelf to the Prince, and obtains her Husband's Life. The* Saxon *Army is put to Flight.* Lucifer, *to terrifie the* Britiſh

The ARGUMENT.

tish Troops, and stop their Pursuit of the Saxons, appears to them in the Form of Sebert, *with the Resemblance of* Arthur's *Head on a Spear. The* Britons *begin to fly, but are rallied by their Prince, whose Appearance removes their Fears.*



THUS

THUS bright in poliſh'd Arms great *Arthur* ſhines,
Darting keen Radiance thro' the *Saxon* Lines.
The ecchoing Skies ring with the blended Noiſe
Of ſhooting Warriors, and the Trumpet's Voice.
The Prince, his Courſe of Glory to purſue,
Swift from his Side broad *Caliburno* drew;—
Which from the ample Scabbard, like a Flame
Of Lightning from a Cloud, refulgent came.
And now th' Embattled Cohorts to invade
He brandiſh'd high in Air the flaſhing Blade,
Spurr'd his hot Steed, and with a martial Air
Flew, like a rapid Tempeſt, 'midſt the War.
Firſt generous *Baldred* fell, a daring Knight,
Who ruſhing forward did his Fate invite.
The Javelin thro' his Shield of treble Hide,
And Coat of Mail went deep into his Side.
Eska the Second Triumph did afford,
Whoſe Neck divided by the *Briton*'s Sword,
The ſever'd Head pour'd Blood from every Vein,
And gaſp'd, and ſeem'd to mutter on the Plain.
Next groveling on the Sand great *Ina* lies,
With wounded *Orla*, of ſtupendous Size;
Whoſe Spear, like that *Goliah* us'd to wield,
Laid whole Brigades in Heaps along the Field.
But not his Arms, nor Stature, nor Deſcent
From m'ighty *Oſca* could his Fate prevent.

While boaſtful *Sarcol* rag'd, and threaten'd Death,
The *Briton* pierc'd his Throat, and ſtop'd his Breath.
Kinullar next the Victor's Arms withſtood,
But fell, and welter'd in his noble Blood.
Now *Edgar*, on the Prince exclaiming loud,
Ruſh'd, and oppreſs'd him with a numerous Crowd.
Thick Show'rs of Javelins ſent from Foes around,
Like Storms of Hail, from his hard Shield rebound.
The Prince enraged his Javelin caught in haſte,
Which with reſiſtleſs Strength at *Edgar* caſt
Tranſfixt his famous Buckler's inmoſt Fold,
And Coat of Mail enrich'd with pondrous Gold.
Then deep between his hairy Paps it went,
And its laſt force in his warm Boſom ſpent.
Flat on his Face the bleeding *Saxon* lay,
And ratling in his Throat gaſp'd Life away.
Mollo ſtep'd in, and did officious reſt
The Steel, that ſtuck within his Brother's Breaſt,
And dauntleſs to attack the Prince advanc'd,
But from the faithful Plate his Weapon glanc'd.
Then *Arthur*'s Spear thro' *Mollo*'s Shield of Braſs,
Thro' his Habergeon and his Groin did paſs.
Of Senſe bereft he grovel'd on the Plain,
And pour'd his Virals out in tort'ring Pain.
Striving the *Britiſh* Hero to repell,
Alcinor, *Peda* and *Daron:es* fell.

Three

Three Chiefs of mighty Strength and martial Fame,
Who from the fartheſt Snows of *Scythia* came;
Deſcended all from *Othia*'s noble Line,
Whoſe glorious Deeds in *Saxon* Records ſhine.
Otha to *Odin* was a conſtant Friend,
And all his Toils and Triumphs did attend.
Elſewhere brave *Bathan* threatning from afar,
Intrepid march'd, and plung'd amidſt the War.
His ſtrong extended Arm his Javelin ſung,
Cutting the Air the miſſive Weapon ſung;
And ſtriking *Dora*'s Shield it paſs'd the Hide
Of numerous Folds, and enter'd deep his Side.
Dizzy and Stagg'ring *Dora* backward reel'd,
Then fell with ſounding Arms, and preſt the Field;
Quiv'ring he lay, and from his ghaſtly Wound
A Crimſon Stream ebb'd out and ſtain'd the Ground.
Th' advancing *Briton* next at *Bertac* flew
With mighty Force, and pierc'd his Breaſt-plate thro'.
The ſecret Springs of Life the pointed Dart
Broke open, and tranſfixt his generous Heart;
And while the Vital Channels inward bled,
And on his Shoulder hung his feeble Head,
He fell, and ſhiv'ring drew in Pain his Breath,
Then fainting ſunk into the Arms of Death.

Obar oppos'd the *Briton*'s Sword in vain,
Who ſtretcht, his Bowels wounded, on the Plain,
By luckleſs Fate *Cadellan* paſſing near
Dy'd by the Warrior's ſwift projected Spear:
Nor could the *Saxons* with recruited Force
Maintain their Ground, and ſtop his rapid Courſe.
Mean time brave *Maigo* mighty Deeds atchiev'd
High in his Chariot, and his Friends reliev'd.
With his reſiſtleſs Steel he forc'd his way,
While bloody Heaps of Slain around him lay.
At length the numerous *Saxon* Bands ſurround
The valiant Chief thus far with Conqueſt crown'd.
Thick Show'rs of Darts now every way invade,
And in his Shield, a briſtling Harveſt, ſtaid.
Th' undaunted Hero long their Force ſuſtain'd,
And held at Bay th' unequal Fight maintain'd;
Like a chaf'd Boar, which in a ſhelt'ring Brake
Surrounding Dogs and clamorous Swains attack,
He feels his Fury in his Boſom riſe
And ſtreaks of Fire break from his threat'ning Eyes.
While with his glitt'ring Sword the *Briton* flew
Fierce on the Crowd, to cut his Paſſage thro',
Soga and *Kenrick* from the hilly Land
Where *Sorbiodunum*'s lofty Caſtles ſtand,
Two conſtant Friends, whom Fate could not divide,
By his broad Fauchion near each other dy'd.

Then

Then *Redburg*, *Alfry* and *Theodrith* fell
Striving in vain the Victor to repell;
And more yet numberleſs, whoſe vulgar Name
To diſtant Ages ne'er tranſmitted came.
As a high Rock fixt on its Baſe defies
Th' united Fury of the Seas and Skies,
So midſt invading Foes brave *Malgo* ſtood;
Around him flow'd warm Streams of hoſtile Blood.
He ſlew *Revennar* with his ponderous Sword,
And *Saradan* the great *Weſt-Saxon* Lord.
Valiant *Elmunor* to his Country dear,
And *Oſith* dy'd by his ſucceſsful Spear.
Offa enrag'd to ſee the numerous Spoils
Round *Malgo* ſpread, ſprung thro' the thickeſt Files,
And onward furious ruſh'd, and threat'ning high
Did thus aloud to the brave *Briton* cry.
Malgo on me let all thy Force be ſpent,
Hither be all thy pointed Javelins ſent.
See here a Foe, who ſhall thy Pride abate,
Or in the glorious Combate meet his Fate.
That ſaid, his maſſy Spear the *Saxon* threw,
Which thro' the *Briton*'s yielding Buckler flew,
And enter'd far his Thigh, while from the Wound
A Crimſom Stream run trickling to the Ground.
Malgo incens'd his Dart at *Offa* flung,
Which in his temper'd Shield arreſted hung.

Offa

Octa enrag'd did all his Sinews ſtrain,
And hurl'd a ſecond Spear, but hurl'd in vain;
For from the poliſh'd Steel it glanc'd aſide,
And by its ſlanting Stroke *Idwallo* dy'd.
Then *Malgo* chaf'd exerting all his Force
Darted another, which with rapid Courſe
Thro' *Octa*'s Plates of Braſs a Paſſage found,
Inflicting on his Side a painful Wound.
Their miſſive Weapons ſpent with equal Chance,
To cloſer Fight the Combatants advance.
And ſtrong alike, alike in Battle brave,
On high, like circling Flames, their Swords they wave.
Both traverſing the Ground fierce Strokes prepare,
And with Heroick Ardor meet the War.
The *Saxon* firſt diſcharg'd a weighty Stroke
On *Malgo*'s Creſt, which thro' his Helmet broke.
Malgo amaz'd recoyl'd, and backward reel'd,
And ſcarce his feeble Arm ſuſtain'd his Shield.
A loud Appauſe rang thro' the *Saxon* Hoſt,
The *Britons* rag'd, and thought their Hero loſt:
Who ſoon recovering from the furious Blow,
Collects his Strength to meet th' inſulting Foe.
His brandiſh'd Blade fell with prodigious Sway
And thro' the Monarch's Armour forc'd its way
Deep in his Flank, from whence a guſhing Tide
The burniſh'd Plate with Streaming Purple dy'd.

Octa

Oft his Body wryth'd in tort'ring Pain,
Incens'd to ſee the Blood his Limbs diſtain;
And then aſſail'd his Foe with double Rage,
Who met his Arms, as eager to engage:
Freſh Strokes freſh Shouts ring thro' the ecchoing Plains
While hov'ring Vict'ry Neutral yet remains.
Feeble and Breathleſs ſtill they keep the Field,
But can no more their blunted Fanchions wield.
The Throng ruſh'd in, the noble Combate done,
By neither Champion loſt, by neither won;
And rending with Applauſe the ſuff'ring Air
Back to their Files the wounded Heros bear.
So when two generous Cocks in *Albion* bred,
For publick Fight by skilful Maſters fed,
A Match in Strength, in Courage and in Age,
And with keen Weapons arm'd alike, engage;
Each nimble Rival from the Pavement bounds,
While wing'd with Death their Heels deal ghaſtly Wounds.
By Turns they take, by Turns fierce Strokes they give,
And with like Hopes and Fears for Conqueſt ſtrive:
Till with their loſs of Blood and Labour faint,
And choak'd with flowing Gore they gaſp and pant,
Then on the Crimſon Ground diſabled lye;
Both Honour Win, but neither Victory.

Then

Then *Morgan*, his Javelin in his Hand,
Charg'd the bold Troops where *Ella* did command.
Wigmunda firſt the *Briton*'s Fury felt,
Who on the flowry Banks of *Oza* dwelt:
Fal'n on the Ground the *Saxon* groan'd aloud,
And dying lay deform'd with Duſt and Blood.
He next at *Elbright* aim'd, the Weapon paſt
Thro' the brave Leader's Hand, where ſticking faſt,
He from the Battle fled, and thro' the Throng
Complaining loud, trail'd the huge Spear along.
To ſtop the *Briton Thedred* did advance,
And in the Buckler broke his pondrous Lance;
High in the Air the ſcatter'd Pieces flew,
When *Morgan* his ample Fauchion drew,
And aim'd his Stroke full at the *Saxon*'s Creſt;
He miſt, but Cleft his Shoulder to the Cheſt.
Thro' the prodigious Wound the ſtreaming Blood
Guſh'd from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd.
Weltring in Gore he ſtruggled long with Death,
At length in thick Convulſions ſpent his Breath.
Next at *Marthellan* he a Javelin caſt,
Thro' Breaſt and Back the glittering Weapon paſt.
Then mighty *Ella* with Exceſſive Rage
Advanc'd, the valiant *Briton* to engage.
As two chaf'd Lyons in a *Lybian* Plain
Contending, which ſhall o'er the Deſart reign,
With Hair erect, and Eyes exerting Flame,
Fly at each other, to aſſert their Claim.

So

So furious *Ella* and great *Morgan*
Eager of Conqueſt to the Battle ran.
The *Saxon* firſt his maſſy Spear projects,
And to his Rival's Breaſt the Wound directs,
Whoſe temper'd Plates the Weapon's Force repell,
That flew aſlaunt, and at a diſtance fell.
The *Briton* next his pointed Javelin ſped,
Ella to ſcape the Blow inclin'd his Head;
And with collected might his Second caſt,
Which err'd, but ſtruck the Plume off, as it paſt.
The *Briton* ſtoop'd, and lifted from the Field
A broken Rock, which both his Hands did wield;
So vaſt, that two in our degenerate Days
Tho' fam'd for Strength, the like with Labour raiſe.
With all his Force he hurl'd the craggy Stone,
Which thro' brave *Ella*'s Leg-piece cruſh'd the Bone.
The wounded Warrior fell upon the Plain,
Adda advanc'd the Victor to ſuſtain;
While *Gemel* brought the Monarch to the Rear
From the hot Action, where his Charioteer
His Servants, Courſers and his Chariot ſtay
To bear the weary Combatant away.
Mean time great *Morgan* had *Adda* ſlain,
The Weapon thro' his Forehead pierc'd his Brain.
Stretcht on the Field th' expiring *Saxon* lay
While Death's dark Shades extinguiſh'd yielding Day.

Elſe-

Elſewhere *Canvallo Ciſſa*'s Troops engag'd,
And ſpur'd with Fury War deſtructive wag'd.
Firſt did the *Briton* at *Edburga* aim,
Who from the fertile Banks of *Abum* came,
Prince *Vnna*'s Son, to vaſt Poſſeſſions born,
Whoſe coſtly Coat rich Silver Flowers adorn.
The piercing Steel deep in his Boſom ſunk,
And Life's warm Current at the Fountain drunk.
Oſrick and beauteous *Hengiſtan* were near,
The firſt his Fauchion ſlew, the laſt his Spear.
And next he threw at *Labert*, as he fled,
The Javelin ſtruck him, while he turn'd his Head,
Whoſe glitt'ring Point pierc'd to the inmoſt Brain,
Deſtroy'd the Seats of Senſe, and ſcatter'd Fancy's Train.
Canvallo now and *Ciſſa* meet, the Fight
Was long maintain'd with equal Rage and Might.
With martial Labour ſpent and loſs of Blood
To gain new Breath they oft unactive ſtood:
Then with freſh Courage did the War renew,
Till gathering all his Force *Canvallo* threw
A Spear, which thro' the *Saxon*'s Body paſt
In temper'd Plates of poliſh'd Steel encas'd.
The reeling Warrior drop'd his Sword and Shield,
Then fell, and breathleſs ſtretcht along the Field.
To Heav'n a joyful Shout the *Britons* rais'd,
And tho' a Foe, the vanquiſh'd *Saxon* prais'd.

With

With equal Courage and with like Succeſs
Illuſtrious *Conan* did the *Saxons* preſs
By *Oſred* led, of whom great Numbers ſlain
With flowing Blood the ſlippery Ground diſtain.
Sefred, *Carantes*, *Molinoc* he ſlew,
And *Ethelfred* in Arms ſurpaſs'd by few.
Oſwy and *Baſſa* both of warlike Fame,
And many more of unrecorded Name.
Thus valiant *Conan* triumphs in the Field
And where he fights, all to his Valour yeild;
Till an obſcure and ſculking Hand at laſt
Did unperceiv'd a pointed Javelin caſt,
Which in his Shoulder ſtuck, the reeking Blood
Strove thro' the Wound, and down his Armour flow'd.
He drew th' inglorious Weapon from his Veins,
Stagger'd and fainted in tormenting Pains.
Sakil, who near th' *Armorick* Warrior fought,
And by his Deeds Immortal Honour got,
Soon as he ſaw th' Illuſtrious Youth diſtreſt,
Thro' the thick Files with generous Fury preſt
To bring him timely Aid, and where he paſt
Diſpers'd the Foe, and laid their Squadrons waſte;
And while the *Saxons* from the Fauchion fled,
The Warrior reſcu'd from the Field he led.
Mean time out number'd in another Part,
Macor's Danmonian Troops began to ſtart.

Macor's

Macor, to ſtop their Ignominious Flight,
And kindle Ardor to renew the Fight,
Rides thro' the Files, Reproaches now repeats,
And now with earneſt Looks and Words entreats.
Aſham'd, enrag'd, and fearing open Rout
Loud he exclaim'd and wildly flew about.
Then to recal their Courage thus begun,
Whither will my *Danmonians* frighted run?
Will you deſert a Field your Arms have won?
What Pannick Terror does my Friends invade?
Will not your Foes your groundleſs Fears upbraid?
Think on the Valour you have conſtant ſhown,
Think on your Fathers Triumphs, and your own.
By your great Deeds and Theirs, by *Cador's* Name,
By all my Hopes and Yours, which are the ſame,
My brave, my lov'd *Danmonians* I conjure,
Maintain your Ground, and fight of Conqueſt ſure.
What *Briton* will not ſhrink, if you recoil?
Thus do you mean to guard your Native Soil?
To ſome new Seat from *Albion* will you fly?
Or in the Rocks, and barren Mountains lye,
Periſh as Stragglers, or by Famine Dye?
Britons return from your inglorious Flight,
Rally your Forces and renew the Fight;
To Safety and to Fame the way I'll ſhow,
See where it lies acroſs the thickeſt Foe.

He

He ſaid, and ſwift amidſt the Cohorts flew,
Oſher, the firſt he met, his Javelin flew:
Which reach'd his Belly thro' th' unfaithful Shield;
Out guſh'd his Bowels, and deform'd the Field.
Eball enrag'd brave *Oſher* to ſuſtain
Dauntleſs advanc'd, but by the *Briton* ſlain
Lay with his Friend extended on the Plain.
Then, while *Adulpho*, *Bertram*'s vigorous Son,
Stood poiſing in his Hands a pondrous Stone,
Th' unwieldy Fragment of a craggy Rock,
And arm'd at *Macor*'s Head th' impending Stroke;
The bold *Danmonian* to prevent the Blow,
Darted his glittering Javelin at the Foe.
Thro' his right Flank the Weapon made its Way,
And in his bleeding Liver buried lay.
Then, you brave Youths, *Egbert* and *Alopas*,
Illuſtrious Branches of great *Horſa*'s Race,
Your Age the ſame, the ſame your Youthful Charms,
Fell in the *Britiſh* Fields by *Macor*'s Arms.
One in his Ribs receiv'd the fatal Dart,
Where tranſverſe Bounds the Breaſt and Belly part.
And one's Right Arm lay bleeding on the Ground,
Lopt from the Shoulder with a dreadful Wound.

Now

Now the *Danmonians*, when they ſaw the Sword
Of their brave Leader had the Field reſtor'd,
Inſpir'd with generous Indignation burn,
And to the Fight with double Rage return.
Then *Macor's* Javelin did at *Redwal* fly
In his bright Chariot paſſing ſwiftly by:
The Weapon right directed proſp'rous went
Deep in the Warrior's Reins, and gave ſwift vent
To the warm Blood, which ſpouted from his Veins,
And mixt with Duſt, his Chariot Wheels diſtains.
Fal'n headlong on the Ground the *Saxon* lay,
Fetcht a deep Groan, and ſaw no more the Day,
Of hoſtile Arms no longer now afraid,
With like Succeſs his Troops the Foe invade:
As when diſſolv'd by Summer Rays the Snow
Runs down the Sides of *Alpine* Hills, below
The various Rills and roaring Currents joyn,
And confluent Streams in one wide Flood combine.
Now ſwelling Billows reer their foamy Heads,
Ruſh o'er the Banks, and drench the flowry Meads.
High Mounds in vain th' inſulting Tide oppoſe,
While thro' the Vale th' unbridled Deluge flows.
So the *Danmonians* ſcatter'd Troops unite,
And with Aſſociate Arms revive the Fight.
Here to reſtrain prevailing *Macor's* Courſe
Bartha brought up a freſh collected Force.

From

From his ſtrong Arm his ſinging Javelin flew,
And paſſing thro' the Neck *Guitardan* ſlew.
His Iron Ball hurl'd furious at the Head
Of ſtout *Gomallar* ſtruck the *Briton* dead:
His Helm in Pieces flew, while Blood and Brain
Daſh'd from his Scull lay mingled on the Plain.
Macor advanc'd, and undertook the Fight,
And ask'd of Heav'n to guide his Weapon right:
Nor ask'd in vain; the Youth's unerring Dart
Transfixt the Foe, and wounded deep his Heart.
Strong *Bartha* ſunk, nor felt protracted Pains,
While haſty Death oppreſt his ſhivering Veins.
Then to Revenge ſo great a Captain's Fall
Lothar aloud did on his *Saxons* call.
Lodoc he ſlew inur'd to ſtand the ſhock
Of ruſhing War, unſhaken as a Rock.
Strong *Mandubrace*, of whom the *Britons* tell
Amazing Actions, by the *Saxon* fell.
Beauteous *Codunan* the *Silurian's* Pride,
And noble *Vortimar* together dy'd.
Their Leaders brave alike, alike enrag'd,
The *Britons* and the *Saxons* cloſe engag'd.
And while the Fight they obſtinate maintain,
And ghaſtly Heaps of Dead oppreſs the Plain,
Columns of Duſt in Air aſpiring riſe,
And martial Clamours fill the ecchoing Skies.
Helmets with Helmets, Arms with Arms unite,
And with their bright Reflection pain the Sight.

Now

Now Man on Man, on Squadrons Squadrons ruſh,
And Files at Files with Spears protended puſh.
Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,
While Brains and Blood the ſlipp'ry Field beſmear.
So when two raging adverſe Tydes advance
With equal Fury, and with equal Chance,
They undecided Strife a while maintain,
While both by Turns loſe, what by Turns they gain.
So cloſe the furious Combatants are preſt,
The wedg'd Battallions ſtanding Breaſt to Breaſt,
They ſcarce have ſpace their Limbs or Arms to move,
But from their Ground by Turns each other ſhove.
Here valiant *Macor* fierce the Foe invades,
There *Lother* ſtops him with his throng'd Brigades,
Rivals in Arms, in Beauty and in Age,
But not allow'd each other to engage.
On either valiant Youth a diff'rent Fate
Does from a greater Hero deſtin'd wait.
King *Cerdick* now advanc'd exclaiming loud,
And with his rapid Wheels cut thro' the Crowd.
Then to his Troops, that check'd his Paſſage, cry'd,
Open to Right and Left, your Ranks divide,
Macor and I this Conteſt muſt decide.

Nor

Nor durſt the *Saxon* Youth his Will oppoſe,
But for the Chief convenient Space diſcloſe,
Who leaping to the Ground with haughty Look
His long Enormous Spear intrepid ſhook.
The ſtout *Danmonians* at the Proſpect ſtart,
While the chill Blood congeal'd in every Heart.
Macor undaunted Traverſes the Ground,
And at the *Saxon* aims a fatal Wound:
And while his glittering Javelin furious flew,
Swift from his Side his flaming Sword he drew.
The Buckler's Brim the glancing Weapon raz'd,
And flying off on *Cerdick*'s Shoulder graz'd.
Then *Cerdick* pois'd and threw his ponderous Spear
With his whole Strength, and while it cut the Air
Proudly he thus exclaims, Go, ſwiftly fly,
And the hard Metal of his Armour try.
While thus he threatned loud, th' impetuous Oak
Thro' *Macor*'s Coat of Mail and Cuiraſs broke,
And pierc'd his Breaſt, where the deep Springs abide
Whence bounding Life begins its circling Tide.
Now purple Streams thro' *Macor*'s Boſom ſpout,
Who wreſts in vain the reeking Weapon out:
For thro' the Wound he did indignant feel
His Life departing with th' extracted Steel.
He fell, and on the Plain his Armour rung,
While Death in cold Embraces round him clung.

Thus

Thus the *Danmonian* dy'd, whoſe fatal Hand
With Spoils and Slaughter had o'erſpread the Sand.
His Friends oppreſt with Sorrow on a Shield
Bear his pale Body from the Bloody Field.
Cerdick, his Weapon warm with *Macer*'s Blood,
Ruſh'd like a Tempeſt, or ſome rapid Flood.
With his broad Sword th' oppoſing Foe attacks,
And midſt their Ranks prodigious Havock makes.
The *Britiſh* Youth enrag'd at *Macer*'s fall
With Storms of Darts the *Saxon* Hero gaul:
And with their numerous Troops on every Side
Surround the Foe, who all their Force defy'd.
Dauntleſs he ſtands, nor dares the boldeſt Knight
Advance to undertake a cloſer Fight.
They throw their Darts at diſtance, and from far
Show'r on his brazen Buckler cautious War.
And while their Cries the azure *Ether* rend,
Their miſſive Arms with fruitleſs Labour ſpend.
Mean time around King *Cerdick*'s Javelins flew,
And *Arthur*'s Men with mighty Havock ſlew.
Cadwan he kill'd, whoſe Deeds great Fame had won,
And *Vortiger* great *Ganumara*'s Son.
Then *Bladoc* fell, and *Ottacar*, who trace
Their high Deſcent from *Hoel*'s ancient Race.
Where-e'er the *Saxon* ſtrove to cut his way
In numerous Heaps expiring Warriors lay.

So

So when a generous Bull, the Clown's delight
Stands with his Line reſtrain'd, and waits the Fight,
Hearing the Youth's loud Clamour, and the Rage
Of barking Maſtives eager to engage;
He ſnuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
Reviews the Ring, and haughty walks it round:
Defiance lowring on his brinded Brows
Diſdainful Looks the griſly Warrior throws.
Now his curl'd Head inclin'd with eaſie Scorn,
Th' invading Foe high in the Air is born
Toſt from the Combatant's Victorious Horn.
The active Youth to Aid each other call
On their broad Backs, to break their Favourite's Fall.
Some ſtretcht along the Field lye dead, and ſome
Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.
With diſproportion'd Numbers preſt at length
He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength.
Then Dogs and Maſters ſcar'd promiſcuous fly,
And fal'n in Heaps the pale Spectators ly.
Hyalca fell a Lord of *Neuſtrian* Birth,
Striving with Death he grovel'd on the Earth.
Rivallan dies the brave *Armorican*,
Who ſwifter than a driving Tempeſt ran.
Mader not daring *Lovdick* to engage
Fled from his Poſt, to ſcape the Victor's Rage.

The King purſues him cloſe exclaiming loud,
And to aſſail him breaks th' oppoſing Crowd.
As when a Lyon on the Mountain ſpies
A well grown Stag, he feels his Fury riſe,
And yawning horrible with Hunger preſt
Impetuous flies to tear the trembling Beaſt;
Then leaps upon him with his dreadful Paws,
And buries in his Sides his ravening Jaws.
So raging *Cardick* flew, ful'n *Mader* dies,
And everlaſting Night ſhuts up his Eyes.
Poel, who dwelt amidſt *Siburian* Hills
Elcarnor ſlew, while *Ormes Alwy* kills.
Intrepid *Tudor* peirc'd ſtrong *Edwin* thro':
Oſwoll Rodollon, *Valla Kenſey* ſlew.
Athel by *Guiſan* fell in ſingle Fight,
Of goodly Stature and a valiant Knight.
Edwal gave *Caradan* his fatal Wound,
Who from his Steed ſunk headlong to the Ground.
Now fierce Deſtruction rag'd on either Side,
While Vict'ry Favours did alike divide,
As when two adverſe Hurricanes, that riſe,
And with outrageous Meteors fill the Skies,
Of equal Fury, and of equal Force
Againſt each other bend their rapid Courſe.
The Clouds their Lines extend in long Array,
And Front to Front a gloomy Scene diſplay.
Tempeſts with Tempeſts furious Strife maintain,
While Billows ruſh at Billows on the Main:

Nor

Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
But balanc'd Strength prolongs a doubtful Field.
Britons and *Saxons* thus in Battle ſtrove,
While neither from his Ground the Foe remove.
Such was the bloody Labour of the Day,
And in ſuch equal Scales their Fortune lay.
Now certain Fame had reach'd Prince *Arthur*'s Ear
That his lov'd *Macer* dy'd by *Cerdick*'s Spear:
His Soul was wounded with exceſſive Woe,
And while his Veins with Rage vindictive glow,
With double Force he plung'd amidſt the Foe.
Now *Caliburno* flaſhing hew'd his Way,
Like Graſs mown down the Slaughter'd *Saxons* lay.
His dreadful Blows were ſure, as thoſe of Fate,
And Death and Conqueſt on his Progreſs wait,
Whilſt on he flew ſwift as a Storm of Wind,
And left wide Lanes and bloody Voids behind,
His fatal Fauchion to his Maſter true
Stout *Ethelberg*, *Ebiſſa*, *Imrick* ſlew.
Then *Ethelwolf* flew from the Victor's ſight,
But the ſwift Dart o'ertook him in his flight.
His glit'ring Spear at *Kenfred* was deſign'd,
Who ſtooping down the hiſſing Death declin'd.
Then at the Conqueror's Feet did proſtrate fal
And in ſad Accents thus for Mercy call.

Spare, Godlike *Briton*, and let *Kenfred* live,
Me to my Father, and my Children give.
Treaſures Immenſe of Silver and of Gold
My Iron Cheſts and buried Coffers hold,
Theſe Riches from the Sun ſo long conceal'd,
My Ranſom to diſcharge ſhall be reveal'd:
Mine's but a ſingle Life, ſhould that be ſpar'd,
It can't the Progreſs of your Arms retard.
He ſaid. To whom Prince *Arthur* thus reply'd;
The Silver and the Gold thy Cellars hide,
Thou to thy Sons and Daughters muſt bequeath,
Expect thy ſelf the preſent Stroke of Death.
He ceas'd; and took his Helmet by the Creſt,
And drawing back his Head, deep in his Breaſt
The *Britiſh* Hero plung'd his fatal Sword,
And from the Wound a Crimſon River pour'd.
Colmar hard by, *Odin*'s and *Frea*'s Prieſt
By his high Plume diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And by the Garland round his Temples known,
In a red Scarfe and poliſh'd Armour ſhone.
But truſting not his Idol, nor his Spear,
He turn'd, and as he ran in pannick Fear,
His Heels flew up, and while he ſtretcht as Dead,
Nazaleod ſet his Foot upon his Head;
Then ſtruck his glitt'ring Javelin thro' his Side
Far in the Earth, and his rich Spoils enjoy'd.
Next *Arthur*'s Spear pierc'd mighty *Rufo* thro';
Then *Oſmar*, *Seward*, and *Barnulfa* ſlew;

Oſa,

Oſa, Beorno, Kendred, Edilwall,
Penda, Kenelmar, Osbirt, Ethelbald.
Pale *Oſwald* ran the Victor to prevent,
But thro' his Back the ſwifter Weapon went.
His Sword, which ne'er upheld in Wrath deſcends,
But ſure Deſtruction terrible attends
Its pondrous Sway, with endleſs Slaughter red,
Triumph'd in Blood, and Death with Riot fed.
Th' unnumber'd ſlain, that round the *Briton* lay,
More than the Living interrupt his way,
While to aſſail their Troops he ſcal'd their Piles
Of Dead, and paſs'd his own oppoſing Spoils.
In vain the *Saxon* with new Fury burn'd,
While rallying Squadrons to the War return'd.
In vain they pour'd around their numerous Swarms,
And ſtrove to cruſh him with unequal Arms.
As when a gloomy Storm o'erſpreads the Skies,
In whoſe dark Bowels inborn Thunder lies,
The Vapours numberleſs in vain conſpire
To ſtifle, or reſtrain th' impriſon'd Fire,
Which thus reſiſted gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and takes its rapid Courſe:
So *Arthur*'s glitt'ring Fauchion cuts the Cloud
Around him ſpread, and breaks th' oppoſing Crowd.
Authum and *Alfred* with freſh Troops ſuſtain
Their ſtagg'ring Squadrons, and the Fight maintain.

To theſe Brave *Arthur* wing'd with Fury flew,
And firſt ſtout *Alfred* with his Javelin ſlew:
Thro' the left Groin the Weapon made its way,
And ſtretcht along the Plain th' expiring *Saxon* lay.
On *Authum*'s Creſt he dealt a vigorous Stroke,
The *Saxon* reeling with th' amazing Shock
Fell on his Knee, and while he wildly ſtar'd,
And moving Words to beg his Life prepar'd,
Off from his Shoulders leap'd his ſever'd Head,
And bounding on the Field profuſely bled,
Quiver'd, and gaſping lay among the Dead.
As when the Summer's ſultry Heats draw forth
Th' exhaling Moiſture from the thirſty Earth,
If then a Fire invades a ſpacious Wood,
Where ancient Oaks long unmoleſted ſtood;
The crackling Flames advance with lawleſs Pow'r,
And with contageous Heat the Trees devour.
So *Arthur* with reſiſtleſs Rage around
Deſtroys, and loads with ſlaughter'd Heaps the Ground.

Cerdick mean time the *Britiſh* Youth deſtroys,
And with repeated Deaths his Fauchion cloys;
Great *Arthur* ſaw, and wing'd with ſpeedy Rage
Sprung thro' the Ranks the Monarch to engage.
The *Saxon* King undaunted at the Sight
Step'd forward, and prepar'd for nobler Fight.
Like one of *Anak*'s mighty Sons he ſtalk'd,
Or the feign'd Oaks, that after *Orpheus* walk'd.

Low'ring

Low'ring he ſtood, and wrathful from afar
He frown'd, and threaten'd more than vulgar War.
Now did th' intrepid *Britiſh* Prince advance
Within the reach of *Cerdick*'s pondrous Lance.
The *Saxon* curſt, and by his Gods defy'd
The *Britiſh* Chief, and thus----to *Odin* cry'd.
The ſhining Arms by this gay Robber worn
Near *Uter*'s hung, thy Temple ſhall adorn.
Great Founder aid the pointed Aſh I dart
And guide its flight to reach his impious Heart.
Hurl'd from his vigorous Arm the maſſy Spear
Impetuous paſs'd, and hiſs'd along the Air:
But from the Shield unpierc'd aſſaunt it flew,
Wounded *Glendoran*, and *Alantor* ſlew.
Then *Arthur* thus, At length the Hour is come,
When hapleſs *Uter*'s Fall and *Macor*'s Doom
Shall be reveng'd; then his bright Spear he caſt
With ſo much Force, it thro' the thickneſs paſt
Of brazen Plates, rowl'd Linnen, tough Bull-Hide,
And ent'ring deep did in his Breaſt abide.
The fainting *Saxon* fell, and on his Knees
Pain'd with his ghaſtly Wound, he trembling ſees
The Victor Prince advancing to aſſwage,
By ſtriking off his Head, his vengeful Rage.
Here dauntleſs *Lothar*, who had Wonders done,
And by his Arms Immortal Praiſes won,

Tranſported with his pious Care to bring
Aid to his mighty Uncle and his King,
Spur'd his hot Courſer on, and forward preſt
Off'ring to *Arthur*'s Arms his valiant Breaſt.
Bravely he undertook th' unequal Foe
To ward from *Cerdick*'s Head the fatal Blow.
Then his bright Spear he threw with Manly force,
But *Arthur*'s Buckler ſtop'd th' impetuous Courſe.
The *Saxon* Troops the hardy Action prais'd,
And to the Skies their Acclamations rais'd.
But to his Monarch's Aid in vain he flies,
Who by his fatal Wound expiring lies,
And everlaſting Sleep ſhuts up his Eyes.
The *Briton* then his Spear at *Lothar* ſped,
Which miſt the Chief, but pierc'd his Courſer's Head.
Erected in the Air the generous Beaſt
Gather'd his quiv'ring Feet up to his Breaſt,
Then ſpringing ſtruck them out, and ſtagg'ring round
Fell headlong with his Rider to the Ground.
A mighty Groan the Dying Courſer fetcht,
And on the Plain, a Breathleſs Carcaſs, ſtretcht.
And here, Immortal *Elda*, ſhall my Verſe
Thy unexampled Deed of Love reherſe:
Love, which will univerſal Wonder raiſe,
Nor be believ'd in theſe degenerate Days:

For

For whilſt the *Britiſh* Hero ſtep'd with ſpeed
To ſtrike off with his Fauchion *Lothar's* Head,
Who with his Steed oppreſt and wounded lay,
Fair *Elda* ruſh'd between, and Stay, O ſtay,
She cry'd, before your Sword takes *Lothar's* Life,
Victorious *Briton*, hear his hapleſs Wife.
Fal'n on her Knees ſhe her fair Head unlac'd,
And ſhew'd the Charms before in Steel encas'd.
The blooming Looks of Spring and lovely Red
Of opening Roſes on her Cheeks were ſpread.
Bright *Ethelina* her and all excell'd,
She the next Place in Beauty's Empire held.
Nor did ſhe Looks leſs Captivating wear,
While wild Confuſion, Sorrow, Love and Fear,
Their Conflict doubtful, in her Eyes appear.
A ſhow'r of Tears flow'd down her Youthful Face,
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet ſweeter Grace.
Then at the Hero's Feet ſhe throws her Charms,
And lifting up to Heav'n her trembling Arms
Thus ſhe proceeds, A wretched Woman's Pray'r,
Brave *Briton* hear, and my dear *Lothar* ſpare.
Since firſt his Bride within his Arms I lay
Not two full Golden Months are ſtol'n away,
Which in Love's Calendar ſcarce make a Day.
With Pray'rs and Tears and tender Words I ſtrove,
And all the melting Arts of mournful Love

To keep him from the Dangers of the Field,
And when th' obdurate Man refus'd to yield,
About him my deſpairing Arms I flung,
And on his Neck o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow hung:
I then conjur'd him to avoid with Care
Your fatal Arms, ſo much renown'd in War:
Away he ſprung, and as he ſaid Adieu,
He touch'd my Life, and all my Heart-ſtrings drew.
Trembling I ſtill believ'd the generous Fire
And thirſt of Fame, which did his Soul inſpire,
Would make him think no Dangers were too great,
Till ruſhing on your Sword he met his Fate.
Therefore in Arms I did my Limbs diſguiſe,
And undertook this hardy Enterprize,
That if he raſhly ſought ſo great a Foe,
I might between him and your fatal Blow
My Boſom interpoſe, and in my Heart,
To ſave his dearer Life, receive the Dart:
Or if Occaſion bade, to intercede,
As now I do, and for his Safety plead.
I pray by all that is to Mortals dear,
By all the Gods, that you and we revere,
Let this ſad Object your Compaſſion move,
Reſpect his Valour, and regard my Love.
Save his dear Life; he of his noble Line
The only Branch remains, as I of mine.

Hear,

Hear, pious Prince, his aged Father hear,
Who thus Entreats, or would, if he were here;
Oh! ſpare the Spring of all my Hopes and Fears,
The only Prop of my declining Years.
Your fatal Sword deep in my Bowels ſheath,
And for the Son's accept the Father's Death.
If great Poſſeſſions, or if Gold will buy
His far more precious Life, he ſhall not Dye,
His Father will a mighty Ranſom give,
And mine as much, ſay but the Youth ſhall Live.
Let us your Priſoners be in Chains confin'd;
The Chains of Love will make thoſe ſofter bind.
Let him be baniſh'd from the *Britiſh* Iſle,
I'll go, and ſhare the lovely Wanderer's Toil.
If his ſharp Keel ſhall cut the foaming Tide,
In the ſame Bark I'll on the Billows ride.
Conſtant I'd follow thro' remoteſt Lands,
Thro' *Lybia*'s Deſarts or *Arabia*'s Sands.
Our tender Words the Savage Kind will move.
They'll ſtand and gaze and wonder at our Love.
O'er Snows with him and Hills of Ice I'll ſtray,
I know not how, but Love will find the way.
But hurried on with wild unbridled Fear,
Loſt in a Maze of Thought, I run, I know not where.
Oh! let your generous Pity calm the Strife
In my diſtracted Soul, and ſpare his Life;

Thus

Thus you'll not only Triumph o'er the Foe,
But o'er your ſelf, and your own Victʼry too.
Thus *Elda* pray'd, nor did ſhe Pray in vain.
Her tender Accents ſwift Admiſſion gain
To the *Britannick* Hero's melting Breaſt,
Who thus the beauteous Supplicant addreſt.
This unexampled Effort of your Love
Does equal Wonder and Compaſſion move:
True Chriſtian Chiefs alike are brave and good,
Conqueſt they ſeek, but not with Thirſt of Blood.
Revenge and Cruelty we diſavow,
And only Juſt and generous Arms allow.
Go, to your Tears your *Lothar*'s Life I give;
Pleas'd with each other's Paſſion happy Live.
Their Hero *Cerdick* ſlain, the *Saxons* yield
The Battle loſt, and leave thʼ inglorious Field.
The *Britons* follow with a ſwift Career,
And hang deſtructive on the flying Reer,
While *Arthur* at their Head oʼertakes the Files,
And covers all the Plain with hoſtile Spoils.
Mean time the Prince of Hell, who anxious ſtood,
And from his Hill the Bloody Labour viewʼd,
Soon as he ſaw the Pagan Troops give way,
Reſolvʼd the *Briton*'s Progreſs to delay.
That thro' thʼ Angelick Guards he might eſcape,
He changʼd his own to a fair *Seraph*'s Shape,

And

And did a mild Celeſtial Youth appear
Dreſt in pure Robes of Empyræan Air.
What once he was, the Fiend ſeem'd charming bright,
Conceal'd in Beauty and diſguis'd in Light.
Aſſuming Meek and Heav'nly Looks he ſtrove
To imitate the loveliest Form above.
Then from the Mountain Top he wing'd his Flight,
And at th' Angelick Camp did ſoon alight,
Where thus transform'd he thro' their Squadrons went
As an Expreſs from Heav'n to *Michael* ſent.
Along he march'd, and cautious looking round,
While unobſerv'd a fair Occaſion found
Of paſſing thro' the Lines, without delay
Swift as a Beam of Light he ſhot away,
And ſtopping where the *Britiſh* Cohorts fought,
The thicken'd Air to Humane Shape he wrought.
And now in *Sebert*'s Figure did appear
With *Arthur*'s Head fixt gaſping on his Spear;
Which newly ſever'd from the Body ſeem'd,
So freſh from all the Veins the vital Currents ſtream'd.
Britons, he cry'd, learn hence your wretched State,
See your Deſtruction in your Leader's Fate.
The tow'ring Hopes you vainly once conceiv'd
Are ſunk, nor can your Ruin be retriev'd.

Whoſe

Whoſe Arms can guard your Hoſt now *Arthur's* Dead?
His Life and with it all your Strength is fled.
Fly *Britons* hence, and to your Hills repair,
Haſte to your Woods, and in your Caves deſpair.
Protected in your hollow Rocks remain,
Nor ſtay to ſwell the number of the Slain.
Chill to their Hearts this Sight and Language went,
And thro' their Veins a ſhiv'ring Horror ſent,
While Grief and ſudden Fear their Souls oppreſt,
And mournful Looks their inward Pain confeſt.
The *Britons* thus diſmay'd began to fly,
And leave behind th' unfiniſh'd Victory.
Prince *Arthur's* Breaſt with Indignation burns,
Who from the fierce Purſuit reluctant turns
To ſtop his Army's Flight; Stay, *Britons*, ſtay,
He cry'd, and blemiſh not this Glorious Day.
Whence this Concern? and whence the pannick Fear
And wild Deſpair, that in your Looks appear?
The Battle's Won, the *Saxons* quit the Field,
And to your Arms a perfect Conqueſt yield:
Let not the vanquiſh'd Foe eſcape Purſuit,
Victʼry is yours, ſtay but to reap the Fruit.

While

While thus he ſpoke, the *Britons* ſtood a-
maz'd,
And, on their Prince with pleaſing Wonder gaz'd.
Their Grief diſpell'd, their dying Hopes revive,
And joyful Shouts proclaim the Chief alive.
Mean time the Sun declines, and duſky Night
Covers the *Saxons*, and protects their Flight.

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Prince Arthur *after the Victory encourages the* Britons, *with hopes of further Succeſs. He viſits* Conan, *whoſe Wound he was inform'd was not Mortal. Then bewails the Loſs of* Macor, *whoſe Corps, embalm'd and attended with Great Funeral Honours, is ſent to his Father to be Inter'd. The* Britons *and* Saxons *bury their ſlain. Prince* Arthur *appoints Sports in Celebration of the late Victory. A Horſe Race deſcrib'd. King* Tollo *ſends an Embaſſy to* Octa, *acquainting him that he is ready to aſſiſt him with a great Force againſt the* Britons, *on Condition the Princeſs* Ethelina *may*

may be given to him in Marriage. The various Opinions of Octa's *Council.* Octa *agrees to the Propoſal, and* Tollo *marches with a numerous Army, join'd by King* Mordred *and his* Picts *from the Northern Parts of* Britain. Octa *being confin'd to his Tent by his Wounds* Tollo *commands both Armies.*

NOW

NOW did the beauteous Morn diſpel the Night,
And ſtreak the *Eaſtern* Skies with ſpreading Light.
Prince *Arthur* roſe, and ſolemn Thanks addreſt
To Heav'n, whoſe Aid his Arms with Triumph bleſt.
Then cheerful rode amidſt his Troops, and prais'd
Their hardy Deeds, which *Albion*'s Glory rais'd:
And great Rewards diſpens'd thro' all the Hoſt
To thoſe, whoſe Actions were applauded moſt.
The *Britons* in their Turns declare their Zeal,
And to their Leader ardent Love reveal.
The Skies around with Acclamations rung
And loud Applauſes of the ſhouting Throng.
Who to their Domes and Sacred Fanes repair,
With Joy devout, to offer Praiſe and Pray'r.
Where lowly proſtrate they the Soveraign Lord
Of Hoſts extoll'd, and future Help implor'd.
Soon as their Hymns and grateful Strains were ſung,
High in the Temples they their Trophies hung,
Bruis'd Armour, broken Shields, and Standards torn,
The Spoils of vanquiſh'd Foes, the Roofs adorn.
Due Thanks expreſs'd for the late Battle won,
Thus to his Knights the pious Prince begun.

Thus

Thus far Succeſs and Triumph on you wait,
And to your Arms preſage yet kinder Fate.
Propitious Heav'n is to your Side inclin'd,
And Vict'ries ſtill more Glorious crowd behind.
Nor can the *Saxons* long maintain the Field,
But ſoon ſubmiſſive muſt your Cities yield,
And all your Rights and raviſh'd Lands reſtore;
Truſt to your Cauſe, and Heav'n's propitious Pow'r.
Fear not the Relicks of a broken Foe,
Their Ruin's finiſh'd with another Blow.
Now let not Funeral Honours be deny'd
To the brave Youth, who for their Country dy'd.
Let us with grateful Tears bewail their Fate,
Who fell contending to ſupport our State:
Viewing the Tombs your pious Toil ſhall raiſe,
Britons unborn ſhall each great Warrior praiſe.
And now the *Britiſh* Chief his Footſteps bent
To viſit *Conan* in his lofty Tent:
And when, Enquiry made, great *Arthur* found
The Youth had not receiv'd a fatal Wound,
He all the Marks of tender Love expreſt,
And in his Arms th' *Armorican* careſt.
He prais'd his Valour and the Chriſtian Zeal,
Which his brave Actions did in Fight reveal.
Then bade the Maſters of the healing Art
To ſave the Prince their utmoſt Skill exert,
And all th' Attendants generous did aſſure
Of Great Rewards, to expedite the Cure.

Then

Then to th' auguſt Pavilion *Arthur* went,
To which brave *Macor*'s Breathleſs Corps was ſent.
He lay extended on a purple Bed,
With high rais'd Pillows plac'd beneath his Head.
His Servants ſtood around with Grief oppreſt,
And old *Pendarvan* ſad above the reſt.
Cador to him, his juſt and faithful Friend,
For wiſe Inſtruction did his Son commend.
Whoſe Rules improv'd his Youth, and form'd with Care
His Mind for all Concerns of Peace and War.
Now raving Sorrow in his Face appears,
He beats his Breaſt, and baths it with his Tears.
Now wrings his Hands and now in mournful Rage
Tears off the Hoary Honours of his Age.
Immoderate Grief in lamentable Sounds,
As *Arthur* enter'd, thro' the Room rebounds.
The Pious Prince did tender Trouble ſhow,
Broke out in Tears, and thus expreſt his Woe.
Could Beauty, Courage, Virtue, youthful Bloom
Move Death to Pity, or his Rage o'ercome,
Brave Prince, thou hadſt eſcap'd, and Liv'd to ſee
Our Triumphs for a Conqueſt due to thee.
But all thy Charms could not prevent thy Fall,
Reverſe thy Doom, and Heav'n's Decree recall.

Oh

Oh *Cador*! what reſiſtleſs Grief will roll
Its ſtormy Tide o'er thy afflicted Soul?
Can'ſt thou the News of *Macor*'s Death ſurvive?
Or me, whoſe Care and Truſt he was, forgive?
To ſooth the Smart let thy *Dammonians* tell,
How bravely *Macor* fought, how Great he fell.
And how my own with thy vaſt Woe contends,
Thou mourn'ſt the beſt of Sons, and I the beſt of Friends.

Then to Embalm the Youth he gave command,
Reſolv'd to ſend him to his Native Land.
With tepid Streams they waſh his Body o'er,
And purge his Limbs from Duſt and putred Gore.
And in *Arabian* Spices, fragrant Gums,
Pure *Aromatick* Oyls and rich Perfumes
They lay the Chief, and with officious Hands
His Body wrap in coſtly Linnen Bands.
Next from his Troops a thouſand Youth he choſe,
Who might a ſolemn Equipage compoſe,
And to th' unhappy Father's Palace Gate
With decent Woe attend the Funeral State.
Th' aſſiduous *Britons* weave with bending Sprigs
Of Willow Trees, and tender Oaken Twigs
An artful Bier, where beauteous Flowers they ſpred,
And all the fragrant Off-ſpring of the Mead.
Green Branches ſhade the Roof with ſolemn Grace,
And here ſublime the hapleſs Youth they place.

Such

Such on the Ground the fading Roſe we ſee
By ſome rude Blaſt torn from the Parent Tree.
The Daffodil ſo leans his languid Head
Newly mown down upon his graſſy Bed.
Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,
A while their ſplendid Form and lovely Hue remain.

Then a rich Garment Glorious to behold,
Pondrous with Orient Pearl, and ſtiff with Gold,
A noble Preſent from King *Odet*'s Hand
Receiv'd, when *Arthur* left the *Neuſtrian* Land,
On the high Bier his Royal Bounty throws,
The laſt Reſpect, which a ſad Friend beſtows.
An ample Portion of the wealthy Prey
Gain'd from the vanquiſh'd Foe on Cars they lay,
With Arms and Standards, which himſelf had won,
The laſting Trophies of the Youth's Renown.

Now from the Camp the Herſe advances ſlow,
In ſad Magnificence and pompous Woe.
The lab'ring Axle moves along the Road,
And groans beneath th' uncomfortable Load.
Pendarvan follows ſtooping with his Years,
But more with Grief, and deing'd in his Tears.
Then *Mator*'s Chariot roll'd diſtain'd with Blood,
In which ſublime to charge the Foe he rode.
His War-Horſe *Rapa* with black Trappings ſpread,
And he too ſeem'd to weep, as after led.

Heralds

Heralds his Sword and poliſh'd Armour bear,
His Golden Spurs, his Gauntlet, Shield and Spear.
Then march'd the Warriors, and their Chief bewail'd
With Bucklers turn'd, and Lances backward trail'd.
Now *Arthur* ſtood, and with ſad Accents ſpoke;
Thus far I mourn the Fate I can't revoke.
Back I am call'd, where Arms and bloody Strife
Still with ſad Objects muſt renew my Grief.
Farewel, brave Youth, farewel, till we above
Meet in the peaceful Realms of Light and Love.
Mean while ten Orators from *Offa* ſent
Arriv'd, and waited at the *Briton*'s Tent.
Entruſted with their Monarch's Charge to gain
Arthur's Permiſſion to inter the ſlain.
They urg'd, that all Hoſtilities ſhould ceaſe
Againſt the Dead, who ought to Reſt in Peace.
That Great and Generous Victors always gave
To thoſe, from whom they took their Lives, a Grave.
The *Saxon*'s Pray'r ſeem'd Juſt, and ten Days Truce
Great *Arthur* granted for the pious Uſe.
When to his Father's Court the Tydings came
Of *Macer*'s Fate, born on the Wings of Fame,
Reſiſtleſs Sorrow reign'd in every Breaſt,
And mingled Cries and Tears its Power confeſt.

Like

Like troubled Ghoſts the Men paſs ſilent by,
Women outrageous in their Sorrow cry,
Macer is Dead, our Hopes too with him Dye.
Thro' crowded Streets, th' aſſembled People flow,
And pour'd out from the Gates promiſcuous go
To meet their Hero's Herſe, with flaming Brands,
And pitchy Torches lighted in their Hands;
Which in bright Order ſhone along the Way,
Diſclos'd the Meadows, and ſupply'd the Day.
Soon as they ſpy'd the lofty Bier from far
Attended with the Pomp of mournful War,
Confederate Cries the ecchoing Vally fill,
And bound from Wood to Wood, from Hill to Hill.
With Sorrow ſunk, and raving with Deſpair
They ſtruck their troubled Boſoms, tore their Hair,
And with their Groans oppreſt the ambient Air.
Both Troops unite, Rivals in Love and Grief,
And the ſad Conqueſt ſeek with equal Strife.
Cador with wild Diſtraction in his Eyes,
And Sorrow, like his Love, unbounded, Flies.
He claſp'd the Body with a cloſe Embrace,
Kiſs'd the cold Lips, and bath'd with Tears the Face.
A Sight ſo full of Woe new Moans invites,
Melts all their Hearts, and loud Diſtreſs excites.

When

When the fierce Tempeſt had its Fury broke,
With a deep Sigh thus the Griev'd Monarch
ſpoke.
My deareſt Son, how mild had been my Doom
Had I long ſince lay mouldring in my Tomb?
This Stroke is more than Death. Oh! that the
Dart
Had miſs'd thy Breaſt, and pierc'd thy Father's
Heart!
Why to this fatal Hour did *Cador* Live,
And thee, and all that's dear on Earth, ſurvive?
How much I wiſh Life's tedious Journey done,
The empty Name remains, the Joy is gone.
But ſure I ſhall not long thy Abſence mourn;
Since thou to *Cador*'s Arms wilt ne'er return,
I'll haſte to thee, my hoary Head with Grief
Sinks to the Grave, the wretched Man's Relief.
Happy thy Mother call'd from us below,
She ſees not this ſad Spectacle of Woe!
My ill preſaging Fears are now fulfill'd,
I ſtarted in my Sleep, and cry'd, my Son is
kill'd.
Juſtly I fear'd his warm and active Age
Eager of Fame, and fir'd with martial Rage
The Youth in thickeſt Dangers would engage,
And therefore oft conjur'd him to beware,
Nor raſhly to provoke unequal War.

He promis'd this, while on his Neck I wept,
But oh, how ill has he his Promiſe kept?
I can't Reproach the pious *Arthur*'s Name,
Nor on his want of Friendſhip caſt the Blame
Of my vaſt Loſs; If by Divine Decree
Untimely Fate, my Son, attended thee,
'Tis beſt, that thou art fal'n with juſt Applauſe,
Aſſerting *Albion*'s and the Chriſtian Cauſe.
But why do my Complaints thus endleſs grow?
And why thus tedious my unruly Woe?
Why from new Laurels ſhould I thus detain
Theſe valiant Troops to hear my Sighs in vain?
Go, *Britons*, to your Prince, at your return
Tell him I live, but only live to mourn.
May Heav'n his Arms with future Triumphs bleſs,
Great, as his Virtues, let him meet Succeſs.
Mean time the laſt kind Office me muſt pay,
And *Mavor*'s Body to the Dome convey,
Where his great Fathers ſlumber in the Tomb,
Who reign'd rever'd Abroad, and lov'd at home.
The Solar Orb now with its early Ray,
The gloomy Shades withdrawn, renews the Day.
The *Britiſh* Youth their Breathleſs Friends Inter,
And decent Honours on their Graves confer.
Some with ſharp Spades and pointed Axes wound
The groaning Earth, and caſting up the Ground
Prepare deep Vaults and Subterranean Caves,
Then with the Bodies fill the hollow Graves.

Some

Some Stones erect ſublime, and vaſt of ſize,
To raiſe the Hero's Glory to the Skies.
Some build high Heaps of Turf and Mounts of Sand,
Which of the Slain proud Monuments might ſtand,
And to *Britannia's* wondring Sons declare
In future Times, how Great their Fathers were.
Mean time the *Saxons* bear away their Dead
In Heaps o'er all the Field of Battle ſpread.
Theſe in the Ground they lay, while mingled Cries,
Deep Groans, and Howlings fill the ecchoing Skies.
Then ſend attended with a warlike Band
Their valiant Lords and Chiefs of high Command
In their own diſtant Towns to be Inter'd,
Where decent Funeral State might be confer'd.
But fair *Auguſta* chief appear'd diſtreſt,
Where Grief her utmoſt Pow'r and Pomp expreſt.
Some paſs the Streets with Melancholy Air,
Some rave aloud in Anguiſh and Deſpair.
Parents on Children, Wives on Husbands call,
The Virgin mourns her hapleſs Lover's Fall.
Siſters, for Brothers loſt, their Sorrow vent,
Servants their Maſters, Friends their Friends lament.

United Tears and Cries together flow,
And form a perfect Harmony of Woe.
And while they fear the *Britiſh* Conquering Pow'rs
Would ſoon advance and ſhake *Auguſta*'s Tow'rs,
They oft reproach'd their Monarch's breach of Word,
Who thus expos'd them to the Victor's Sword.
Ardent they wiſh'd the Bloody War might ceaſe,
And *Ethelina* be the Bond of Peace.
Otta's Affairs in this ill State appear,
Such was his People's Grief, and ſuch their Fear.
And now the Prince a Day of Joy ordain'd
For the great Conqueſt by his Arms obtain'd.
His proffer'd Gifts, and generous Thirſt of Fame
To ride a Courſe the *Britiſh* Youth inflame.
A neighb'ring Hill aſcending high, but ſlow,
Survey'd the Vally with its lofty Brow;
And on the flowry Top a ſpacious Down
Extended lay, which Beach and Hazel crown.
The graſſy Plains and Lawns and Groves appear
Like a rich furniſh'd Native Theater,
Where Sylvan Scenes their verdant Pomp diſplay,
And beauteous Proſpects to the Eye convey.
Soon as the Sun had with his roſie Light
From the cold Air diſpell'd the dewy Night,
The *Britiſh* Hero with a numerous Train
Advanc'd his Steps, to this delightful Plain:

Where

Where high amidſt his Friends he takes his Place,
Who ſwarm'd around to view the promis'd Race.
Britons, *Armoricans* and *Neuſtrians* ſtood
Mingled below, the foremoſt of the Crowd.
Was *Edlin* gay in all his Youthful Pride,
Whoſe purple Boots were of *Iberian* Hide;
Which faſt with Golden Buttons held, and grac'd
With Silver Spurs his active Legs embrac'd.
A flaming *Ruban* in *Sydonia* Dy'd
In a hard Knot his Locks collected ty'd;
Which playing on his Shoulders flew behind,
Danc'd in the Air, and ſported with the Wind.
Cloſe to his well ſhap'd Waſt he wore a Coat
Of Silk and Silver by his Mother wrought.
His Cap enrich'd with Sprigs and Flowers of Gold
Was Crimſom Velvet by the *Tyrian* ſold:
While o'er the Plain the Youth did nimble trip
With ſprightly Air, he flaſh'd his braided Whip.
A ſwarthy Groom his vigorous Courſer leads,
That ſcarcely marks the Ground, ſo light he treads.
Swift as a Dove purſu'd, or Mountain Hind,
His aiery Feet could overtake the Wind,
Leave flying Darts, and rapid Stroms behind.
Illuſtrious Blood he boaſts with equal Pride
Tranſmitted to his Veins from either Side.

The Mother Mare was of *Eborac* Race,
The Sire *Auguſta*'s Merchants brought from *Thrace*,
In a high Arch his Neck did graceful riſe,
His inward Fire thro' his wide Noſtrils flies,
And generous Ardor brightens in his Eyes:
His well turn'd Limbs juſt Admiration move,
Where Strength and Beauty for Dominion ſtrove.
Now *Blanadoc* bold on the Field advanc'd,
While led behind his fiery Courſer pranc'd.
The vigorous Youth in a light ſilken Dreſs
Did to the crowded Baſe impetuous preſs.
The gazing *Britons* prais'd his well made Steed,
Nobly deſcended from the ſprightly Breed,
Which on the Hills of *Mauritania* feed:
Fam'd for his ſwiftneſs in the duſty Courſe,
Surpaſt by none in Spirit, Shape or Force.
Next midſt the Rivals young *Lanvallo* came,
Earneſt to win the Prize, and raiſe his Name.
With decent Pride he did his Courſer rein,
Which wanton neigh'd, and bounded o'er the Plain.
His high Deſcent he did from *Arpa* trace
The ſwifteſt Courſer of th' *Iberian* Race:
A Race ſo much renown'd for ſpeedy Feet,
Eurus himſelf was ſcarce eſteem'd ſo Fleet.
Then active *Tudor* came into the Field,
And did to none for Art or Courage yield.

A purple Bonnet on his Head he wore
Of coſtly Pluſh from fair *Liguria*'s Shore.
Thirſty of Honour to the Baſe he flies,
And with his eager Wiſhes graſps the Prize.
His well train'd Courſer was admir'd for ſpeed,
Sprung from *Calabrian* mixt with *Britiſh* Breed.
Light'ning flew from his Eyes, and Clouds of Smoke
Dark'ning the Air from his large Noſtrils broke.
None of the Rival Steeds, that came before,
More Wonder rais'd, or promis'd Conqueſt more.
Next rode Young *Trebor* on a noble Horſe,
And oft Victorious in the rapid Courſe.
He gently ſtroked his Mane, and bid him ſhow
On this great Day, the Feet he us'd to do:
With many more, whoſe leſs applauded Name
Was ne'er recorded in the Roll of Fame.
While round the Baſe the wanton Courſers play'd,
Th' Ambitious Riders in juſt Scales were weigh'd,
And thoſe, who by their Rules were found too Light,
By quilted Lead augment their Native Weight.
All Things adjuſted, and the Laws agreed,
Each eager Rival mounts his generous Steed.
To whom th' indulgent *Britiſh* Prince addreſt,
And to inflame their Zeal theſe Words expreſt.
Let no brave Youth deſpair of due Reward,
For Gifts and Honours are for all prepar'd:

Who e'er contends in this appointed Race,
Shall gain two coſtly Spears, their plated Baſe
Glitters in Silver Sockets, curious wrought
By fam'd Engravers from *Germania* brought.
Their Points are Gilt, illuſtrious to behold,
Whence a deep Fringe depends of Silk and Gold.
Beſides a Fauchion, whoſe well temper'd Blade
Is of *Iberia*'s hardeſt Metal made.
The happy Youth, who ſmear'd with Duſt and Sweat
Midſt loud Applauſes firſt the Goal ſhall get,
This Golden Goblet his Reward ſhall boaſt,
By *Oran* wrought, with Figures high emboſt.
The ſecond Victor ſhall in Triumph wear
In a rich Belt this *Perſian* Scimiter.
The Haft's a precious Stone, which Nature ſtains
With various Images and bloody Veins.
The ableſt Workmen of the Skilful *Eaſt*
Have in the Blade ſurprizing Art expreſt.
The third ſhall win a coſtly poliſh'd Shield,
Three generous Courſers pourtray'd on the Field.
The Signal giv'n by the ſhrill Trumpet's Sound,
The Rivals ſtart, and ſcowr along the Ground.
So *Boreas* ſpringing from his *Northern* Goal
Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverſe Pole.
While for the Palm the ſtraining Steeds contend,
Beneath their Hoofs the Graſs does ſcarcely bend.

So

So long, and ſmooth their Strokes, ſo ſwift they paſs
That the ſurpriz'd Spectators of the Race
Can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by their doubtful Eye,
If on the Ground they tread, or thro' the Air they fly.
So when the Earth ſmiles with the Summer's Ray,
The wanton Swallows o'er the Valley play;
And in their Sport each other rapid Chace
Touching with eaſie Wings the Meadow's Face.
While o'er the Field the ſpeedy Courſers run,
And with thick Clouds of Duſt obſcure the Sun,
Their Vigour flagging in the ſwift Career,
With painful Whips their Flanks the Riders tear.
Never *Arabian* or *Epirian* ſteed
Flew o'er th' *Olympick* Plains with greater Speed,
On their proud Manes the ſtooping Rivals lye,
Preſs forward, and would fain their Steeds outflye.
By Turns they run before, by Turns behind,
As now they loſe, or now regain their Wind.
While on the laſt with ſpurning Heels the firſt
Caſt Storms of Sand, and ſmothering Clouds of Duſt,
The hindmoſt ſtrain their Nerves, and blow and ſnore,
And throw their generous Foam on thoſe before:

Eager of Fame and of the promis'd Prize,
Each ſiezes on the Mark with greedy Eyes.
Now Hopes dilates, now Fears contract their Breaſt,
With Sorrow and alternate Joy poſſeſt.
The Steeds ſuch ſpeed, ſuch Zeal the Riders ſhew
To reach bright Fame, that ſwift before them flew.
Thus far the Rivals with like Fortune paſs,
Uncertain who ſhould win or loſe the Race.
But now the Prize appearing near in Sight
Inſpires new Warmth, and calls forth all their Might.
With their ſharp Spurs they gore each Courſer's Side,
And laſh their panting Flanks with Crimſon dy'd.
While their own Ardor and the Rider's Stroke
T'exert their Force the generous Kind provoke:
Each ſprings out to the Goal with looſen'd Reins,
Works all his Nerves, and ſtaring Eye-balls ſtrains.
In this Contention *Tudor*'s beſt for Wind
Shot forth, and left the vanquiſh'd Steeds behind.
Edlin the other weary Rivals paſt,
Trebor came next, *Lanvallo* was the laſt;
His Courſer *Draco* had unrivall'd Fame,
When once in all the Pride of Youth he came

Curvetting

Curvetting o'er the Plain to win the Courſe;
All yielded to his Swiftneſs and his Force;
Stiff Limbs now ſhew his Age, with drudging Pace
He ſweats behind, and labours thro' the Race.
Now *Tudor* Whips and Spurs his Courſer on,
And near the Goal believ'd the Goblet won;
When, running o'er a riſing, Chalky Place
Slippry with nightly Dew, and bare of Graſs,
Up flew the Courſer's Heels, and to the Ground
He and his Rider fall with mighty Sound.
The ſudden Danger could not be declin'd
By *Edlin*, who purſu'd him cloſe behind:
For ſtumbling on Young *Tudor*'s hapleſs Horſe,
His floundring fell, and loſt the hop'd for Courſe.
Mean time hot *Trebor* whip'd and forward ſprung,
While all the Field with Acclamations rung.
Firſt to the Goal his reeking Courſer came,
Next *Blanadoc*, *Lanvallo* Third in Fame.
The Victors by the Goal triumphant ſtood
Surrounded by the thick applauding Crowd;
When *Tudor* ruſhing in cry'd out of Wrong,
And challenging the Prize broke thro' the Throng.
The Judges over-rul'd the Youth's Demand,
Urging the known eſtabliſh'd Rules ſhould ſtand.
The Prince confirm'd their Sentence, and declar'd
Who firſt arriv'd, ſhould have the firſt Reward.

But

But to the Two, who by ill Fortune croſt
The Conqueſt almoſt in Poſſeſſion loſt,
He marks of Bounty ſhew'd, their Courſers prais'd,
And with his Smiles their drooping Spirits rais'd.
A famous Quiver wrought by *Dido*'s Hand
With *Thracian* Arrows ſtor'd, at his Command,
His Men to *Tudor* as a Gift preſent,
Who bow'd, and took the martial Ornament.
Edlin, who never hop'd ſo mild a Doom
Receiv'd a Silver Cask and milk white Plume.
This Kindneſs to th' Unfortunate expreſt,
He gave the promis'd Prizes to the Reſt.
Then *Arthur* roſe, and all their Footſteps bend
Back to their Camp, which lofty Works defend,
And now the *Britons* all their Hands employ
To raiſe high Structures fit for Fires of Joy.
Swift to the Woods and Mountains they repair,
And with loud Labour fill the ecchoing Air.
They lift their Axes, and with toilſome Strokes
Fell the tall Elms, and lop the ſpreading Oaks:
Then bear the nodding Trees to every Town,
And from the Mountain draw the Foreſt down.
In every City with the ſhady Spoils
The joyful Youth erect prodigious Piles,
And nearer to the Skies advance the Wood,
Than when before on the high Hill it ſtood.
Soon as the Sun his radiant Beams withdrew,
And the parch'd Air grew moiſt with Evening Dew,
While

While ſhouting *Britons* ſet the Heaps on Fire,
The tow'ring Flames to Heav'n's wide Roof aſpire.
Up the ſteep Skies the ruddy Columns play,
And to the Stars their Rival Light convey.
Around the burning Trees the Crowds rejoice,
And mingle Clamours with the Trumpet's Voice.
The diſtant Sphears with Acclamations ring,
While the glad *Britons* *Arthur's* Praiſes ſing.
Arthur long Live, the Towns and Woods reſound,
From ecchoing Hills the joyful Shouts rebound.
The Evening thus in Mirth and Triumph ſpent,
Each from his Friends retires, and ſeeks his Tent.
Mean time four Lords arriv'd from *Tolle* crave
Audience of *Otta*, which the *Saxon* gave.
To hear their Embaſſy in Regal State
High on his Throne th' attentive Monarch Sate.
Duncan the Chief broke Silence thus, We bring,
Great Prince, this Meſſage from th' *Albanian* King.
He's near advanc'd with Martial Zeal inſpir'd,
And leads that Force your Orators requir'd.
A valiant Army ſway'd by his Command,
Whoſe Swords no daring Foe could yet withſtand,
Who laid the *Caledonian* Foreſt waſte,
And from their Forts the fierce *Meatian* chas'd,
Halts on a Plain three Leagues remote, prepar'd
To drive the *Briton*, and your Empire Guard.

But

But our great Leader Prays, that when you come,
The *Britiſh* Powers ſubdu'd, in Triumph home,
Fair *Eſthelina* of the firſt Renown
In Beauty's Empire, may become his own,
Reward his Labour, and his Conqueſt Crown.
If to theſe happy Nuptials you incline,
Tollo with yours will ſoon his Forces joyn.
Be then aſſur'd our mighty Monarch's Arms
Will free your Kingdom from the Foe's Alarms.
He ſaid. The King forthwith in Council ſate
A point of ſuch Importance to debate.
When *Oſred* thus. Affairs of State perſwade
That *Tollo* we ſhould pleaſe, to gain his Aid,
Since by our Streights we are compell'd to Court
Th' *Albanian* Arms our Kingdom to ſupport.
Too well we know how much the *Saxon* Hoſt
Is ſunk and weaken'd by the Battle loſt.
Our Troops diſmaid the *Briton*'s Fury dread,
Rememb'ring what inglorious Rout was ſpread
O'er all the Field, what Death, what Ruin rag'd
Where'er the Hero was in Fight engag'd.
But valiant *Tollo* rivals *Arthur*'s Fame,
Equal their Courage, and their Strength the ſame.
He Breaſt to Breaſt the *Briton* will oppoſe,
And on his Shield ſuſtain his mighty Blows.
No ſtronger Champion travers'd yet the Field,
And *Albion*'s Prince to him, or none, will yield.

Since

Since Heav'n has ſent a Chief ſo great, ſo brave,
From *Arthur*'s Arms our threaten'd State to ſave,
Long wavering in ſuſpence I would not ſtand
But freely grant the Monarch's juſt demand.
He ceas'd, and next *Paſcentio* Silence broke,
And prudent thus th' attentive Peers beſpoke.
Once I adviſ'd, our Kingdom to aſſure,
We with the *Briton* Friendſhip ſhould procure:
Should equal with the Foe the Iſland ſhare,
And by the proffer'd Princeſs end the War.
Theſe healing Meaſures did the *Briton* pleaſe,
And Heav'n propitious promis'd laſting Peace.
But then preſumptuous, ſince the *Britiſh* Hoſt,
By fatal Plagues had numerous Warriors loſt;
That we with Eaſe their Cohorts might defeat,
We did illuſive from our Words retreat.
May ne'er that raſh Proceeding Heav'n provoke
To bend our Necks beneath the *Britiſh* Yoke.
What Loſs, what Grief the *Saxons* undergo,
Our bleeding Wounds and endleſs Funerals ſhow.
What Hero can be found to guard our State
Againſt the *Briton*'s Arms, and proſp'rous Fate?
True, *Tolle*'s Deeds have rais'd the Warrior's Name
But 'tis inferior ſtill to *Arthur*'s Fame.
If we confiding in th' *Albanian*'s Sword
New Triumphs to the *Briton* ſhould afford

Controuling

Controuling Bounds who after ſhall oppoſe
To the Victorious Progreſs of our Foes?
Who then againſt the Torrent ſhall contend?
Againſt th' Aſſailant who our Towns defend?
Prince *Arthur* ſeems, as wiſer Heads agree,
Deſtin'd to Empire by Divine Decree:
If ſo, in vain is all Reſiſtance made,
In vain we build our Hopes on *Tello*'s Aid.
We ſhall oppoſe inevitable Fate,
And in our Ruin learn our Fault too late.
Then let us *Arthur*'s Temper ſearch, and ſtrive
Once more the prudent Treaty to revive.
This way we may controul the Victor's Arms,
And bind the Foe by *Ethelina*'s Charms.
Thus wiſely you may ſtem the rapid Tide,
Aſſur'd of Conqueſt to your Swords deny'd.
He ceas'd. When *Crida* fierce with Choler burn'd,
And with an Air diſturb'd theſe Words return'd.
Nature we know *Paſcentio*'s Tongue has made
Smooth, fluent, ſoft, and proper to perſwade.
In Court Intreagues and cunning State-Deſigns
Paſcentio all the *Saxon* Lords outſhines.
All to his Arts and Eloquence muſt yield,
As he to all for Courage in the Field.
Stateſmen of Thought refin'd take no Delight
In Camps and Arms, they are too wiſe to Fight.
Tho' *Arthur*'s great Renown and late Succeſs
The prudent ſcare, and timerous Hearts depreſs,

A generous Spirit never will deſpair,
Who minds the Turns and doubtful Chance of War.
Joyn'd by the *Pictiſh* and *Albanian* Horſe,
We are Superior to the *Britiſh* Force.
And as their Leaders are for Valour fam'd,
(Whoſe Deeds with greater Wonder are proclam'd!)
So we have Heroes left, who dare engage
The *Briton*'s Arms, and can ſuſtain his Rage.
Shall we ſupine a Conquer'd Nation dread,
And long inur'd to Triumph be diſmay'd?
Let not our baſe Submiſſion ſtain our Fame,
Nor leſſen thro' the World the *Saxon* Name,
No, let the King with *Tollo*'s Pray'r comply,
The *Briton* muſt our Force United fly.
He ceas'd. The Council murmur'd their Applauſe,
And pleas'd with this Advice their Monarch roſe,
And ſent th' *Albanians* back to tell their Lord,
That if in Battle his ſucceſsful Sword
Should vanquiſh *Arthur*, to reward his Arms
He ſhould poſſeſs fair *Ethelina*'s Charms.
Then ſaid, let *Tolla* earneſt be deſir'd
To joyn his Cohorts, ere the Truce expir'd.
This pleaſing Anſwer of the *Saxon* King
Th' *Albanian* Envoys to their Monarch bring.
Tollo tranſported with immoderate Joy
Preſumes no Rival can his Hopes deſtroy:

And

And, as the Conqueſt were already won,
Regards the beauteous Princeſs, as his own.
In glittering Armour, like a radiant Star,
He leads his threatning Squadrons on to War.
A rude and cruel People bred to Spoil,
To Blood and Rapine from *Hibernia*'s Iſle
Did in this Age infeſt th' *Albanian* Coaſt,
And landed there at length their Barb'rous Hoſt.
Scots they were call'd from their wild Iſland's Name,
For *Scotia* and *Hibernia* were the ſame.
Here their Abode the fierce Invaders fix,
And their Courſe Blood with the brave *Britos* mix.
Their new Poſſeſſion they new *Scotia* ſtile,
And now *Hibernia* call their Native Iſle.
The *Calidonian Briton* diſpoſſeſt,
And by a hard Tyrannick Yoke oppreſt,
Did then th' *Iernian Scotiſh* Lords obey,
And felt the Curſes of a Foreign Sway.
This Nation now ſubmits to *Tollo*'s Laws,
And bold in Arms aſſiſts the *Saxon* Cauſe.
The mighty *Donald* of the *Northern* Iſles
Of Viſage ſtern, and dreadful with the Spoils
Of griſly Bears, and of the foaming Boar,
Which hideous Pride he o'er his Shoulders wore,
Marches his hardy Cohorts to the Field,
Whoſe pondrous Swords themſelves could only wield.

Led

Led by Barbarian Chiefs they left the Land,
Where once the old *Meatians* did Command;
And where the Walls from Sea to Sea extend
By *Romans* built their Province to defend;
Stupendous Bulwarks, whoſe unnumber'd Tow'rs
Repell'd th' Incurſions of the *Northern* Pow'rs
When *Rome* was vig'rous, but when feeble grown,
The barb'rous Deluge broke her Fences down.
Now Ruins ſhow, where the fam'd Fabrick ſtood
Between wide *Tinna*'s and *Itunna*'s Flood.
They came from all the Towns, that did obey
In ancient Time the mild *Novantian* Sway:
With thoſe who own'd th' *Elgovian* Seats, and thoſe
Who Till'd the Land, where Silver *Devia* flows;
Or on th' unfaithful Shore did wild reſide
Inſulted by *Ierne*'s raging Tide.
Thoſe where *Randvara* reers her lofty Spires,
And *Glotta*'s Current to the Main retires.
Where heretofore *Oreſtian* Princes reign'd
And *Attacottian* Lords their Pow'r maintain'd.
They march from *Caſtralata* and the Shore
Where wide *Boderia*'s noiſy Billows roar,
And where the *Ottadinian* Cities ſtood
Between *Alanus* and fair *Vedra*'s Flood;
With thoſe from *Vindolana*, and the Land
Where *Ælian*'s Bridge and high *Cilurnum* ſtand,

To

To Aid the *Saxon* from their Country came,
By *Dongal* led, a Lord of martial Fame.
Mackbeth a great Commander of the *North*
From rocky Highlands draws his Nation forth.
Looſe Mantles o'er their brawny Shoulders flung
With careleſs Pride beneath the Mid-leg hung.
Cerulean Bonnets on their Heads they wore,
For Arms broad Swords, and brazen Targets bore.
The Youth advanc'd from high *Victoria*'s Gates
From *Orrea*, and the old *Gadenian* Seats:
From the extended *Calidonian* Wood,
And where fair *Celnius* rolls his gentle Flood.
Part from the *Vicomagian* Cities came,
From proud *Banatia*, and from ancient *Tame*.
And part that dwelt on either verdant Bank
Of *Longo*'s Stream, with thoſe that *Itys* drank.
And thoſe that lay along the Weſtern Coaſt,
To whom their Towns the old *Creonians* loſt.
Where high *Epidium* midſt *Hibernian* Waves
Protrudes its Head, and all their Terror braves.
Some left the Cities on the flowry ſide
Of Northern *Tinna*, and fair *Tava*'s Tide,
Where once the happy *Venicontes* dwelt,
Before a proud Invader's Yoke they felt.
Theſe Warriours march'd by ſtout *Congellar* led
Of *Malcol*'s Royal Stock the famous Head;
Who wafted firſt from wild *Ierne*'s Land
His hoſtile Enſigns to th' *Albanian* Strand.

There

There was a *Northern* Nation fierce and bold,
On whoſe dy'd Members fearful to behold
Wild Beaſts inſcrib'd and figur'd Birds were worn,
Which their vaſt Limbs did dreadfully adorn.
Their painted Squadrons all diſtain'd and ſmear'd
With various Colours and ſtrange Forms, appear'd
In Pageant Arms and Hieroglyphic State,
Like Troops of Heralds, who on Triumphs wait:
Picts they were therefore call'd, who paſſing o'er
From *Scandinavia*, and the ſtormy Shore
Of Southern *Scythia* did the Seas infeſt,
And with their Fleets the *Britiſh* Coaſt moleſt.
Th' exhauſted *Britons* did in vain withſtand
Their Pyracies by Sea, and Thefts by Land.
No more of *Rome*'s declining Pow'r afraid
Fierce the defenceleſs Iſland they invade.
Th' affrighted Native from the Shore retreats,
And to the Victor leaves th' abandon'd Seats.
Their King at Pleaſure they by Suffrage made,
And *Mordred* now th' Imperial Scepter ſway'd.
He to great *Tollo* by his Queen ally'd,
And now by cloſer Bands of Int'reſt ty'd,
Commands his Troops to take the Shield and Lance,
And with the *Scotian* Army to advance.
They march'd, who then poſſeſt the Hilly Land,
Which once the *Carnonatian* command.

From

From *Ricine*, and the frozen *Hebrides*
Wash'd by the loud *Dencalidonian* Seas.
From all the Towns, whence their victorious Sword
Drove the *Carenian* Prince, the rightful Lord:
Where the wild *Hyperborean* Ocean raves,
And breaks against the Rocks his foamy Waves.
They came who now the *Mertian* Cities fill'd,
And own'd the Land, that once the *Logian* Till'd.
They left the Soil, where swift *Tueſis* flows,
Where *Grampius* ſtands in everlaſting Snows,
And, like the fam'd *Riphæan* Hills, appears,
Dividing with his Head the Neighb'ring Sphears.
From all the Land, where *Vara* rolls her Tide
Where once the bold *Decantians* did reſide,
And from their Heights the Pow'r of *Rome* defy'd.
Theſe with the *Saxon* Hoſt their Arms unite,
Who reinforc'd prepare for bloody Fight:
And in his Tent while wounded *Octa* ſtaid
Each Army *Tello* as their Head obey'd.

Prince

Prince *Arthur.*

BOOK X.

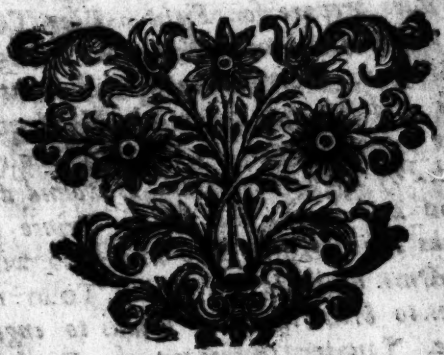
The ARGUMENT.

The Armies prepare for Fight. King Tollo *begins the Battle and makes great Slaughter of the* Britons. Bertudor *and* Galbut *at length oppoſe and ſtop his Progreſs.* Mordred *King of the* Picts *Charges the* Britiſh *Cavalry commanded by King* Meridoc. *Is wounded by the* Briton *and leaves the Field. Prince* Arthur *attacks the* Saxons, *who unable to withſtand his Arms begin to fly. King* Tollo *enrag'd ſtrives to break thro' the Ranks to engage the Prince.* Luciſer *to prevent the Combate and ſave* Tollo *raiſes a ſudden Storm, by which the Foes are parted. King* Octa *calls a Council of his Great Commanders to deliberate on what was fit to be done in this Conjuncture.* Paſcentio *propoſes a ſingle Combate between*

King

The ARGUMENT.

King Tollo *and Prince* Arthur. *This Expedient is approv'd by the Council, and accepted by the Rivals.* King Octa's *Daughter* Ethelina *is promis'd in Marriage to the Victor. The Champions meet and in solemn manner swear to the Observance of the Articles agreed upon. The Combatants engage.* King Tollo *is slain, with whose Death the Action of the Poem Ends.*



Prince

NOW the fair Morn had chas'd the Shades of Night,
And edg'd the ſable Clouds with roſie Light.
Boiling with martial Rage King *Tollo* ſtands,
And his high Chariot and his Steeds demands:
Steeds, whiter than the pureſt *Alpine* Snows,
And fleeter than the Gales, that *Boreas* blows.
He triumph'd, when the generous Breed appear'd,
Their Harneſs thick with Gold and Silver ſmear'd:
With Pride their Neighings heard, and ſmiling ſaw
Their wanton Hoofs the trembling Valley Paw.
Scarce could the Grooms and Charioteer command
The ſprightly Race, who with a gentle Hand
Stroaking their Backs, their fiery Spirit ſooth'd,
And their high Manes with Combs and Spunges ſmooth'd.
Now, while to bloody Toil loud Drums invite,
The form'd Battalions ſtand prepar'd for Fight.
The hot mouth'd Courſers ſhake the trampled Ground,
And martial Clamours from the Hills rebound.
Along the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,
And ſpread with Clouds of Duſt the darken'd Sky.

An Iron Harveſt on the Field appears
Of pointed Lances, and of briſtling Spears;
While in Array th' embattled Troops diſpos'd
The low'ring Front of threatning War diſclos'd.
Firſt furious *Tollo* ſprings from out the Lines,
And on the Plain in poliſh'd Armour ſhines.
His radiant Helmet pain'd the dazled Sight,
And ſhone on high, like a huge Globe of Light.
The Golden Shield, which his ſtrong Arm did bear,
Hung, like a blazing Meteor, in the Air.
His Coat of Mail was o'er his Shoulders caſt,
And Plates of harden'd Steel his Thighs encas'd.
Gold-Buckles to his Legs the Cuiſſes ty'd,
And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side.
Which drawn forth by the Warrior, like a Flame
Of Light'ning, glitt'ring from the Scabbard came.
In ſuch illuſtrious Arms King *Tollo* ſhone,
And thought no Strength Superior to his own.
Then ſhaking in his Hand his maſſy Spear,
He cry'd aloud, that all his Threats might hear;
This Weapon ne'er deceiv'd its Maſter's Hand,
Nor could the braveſt Knight its Force withſtand.
Witneſs, *Aldovius* and great *Locrine* ſlain
In ſingle Combate on th' *Albanian* Plain.
Witneſs, ye *Caledonian* Princes, you
Whom with this Spear on *Tava's* Banks I ſlew.

Now

Now by its faithful Point ſhall *Arthur* dye,
If his juſt Fears perſwade him not to fly.
T' *Auguſta*'s Gates I'll bring his ſever'd Head,
And in his Spoils fair *Ethelina* wed.
Thus boaſtful *Tollo* made his Fury riſe,
While martial Ardour brighten'd in his Eyes.
So when a mighty Lyon from the Side
Of ſome high *Lybian* Mountain has deſcry'd
A ſpotted Leopard, or a foaming Boar,
To rouſe his Courage he begins to roar;
Laſhes his yellow Sides, tears up the Ground,
And threatning rowls his glaring Eyes around.
High in his Car th' *Albanian* King advanc'd,
From his bright Arms a dazling Luſtre glanc'd.
Inflam'd with raging Choler, and with Pride
Elated he the *Britiſh* Pow'rs defy'd.
So when the Spring's warm Breath and cheering Ray
Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay
Folded to Reſt, while Winter-Snows conceal'd
The Mountain's Head, and Froſts the Lake congeal'd,
The ſloughy Spoils of his ſleek Back depos'd,
And the gay Pride of his new Skin diſclos'd,
Freſh Colours die his Sides, and thro' his Veins
Turgid with Life reviving Vigour Reigns.
Sprightly in Youth he draws along the Plain
The gloſſy Honours of his Summer Train:

His Creſt erected high, and forky Tongue
Shot out, he hiſſes, bounds and leaps along.
Such Life and Force did valiant *Tollo* ſhow,
Marching with eager haſte to meet the Foe.

And now the *Britiſh* Hoſt approach'd in Sight,
With ardent Looks, impatient of the Fight.
Prince *Arthur* in Refulgent Arms appear'd
High in the midſt; the *Saxons* ſaw, and fear'd.
So when a Merchant richly laden ſpies
A low'ring Tempeſt in th' Horizon riſe,
While ſhudd'ring Terrors thro' his Vitals dart,
And his chill Blood hangs curdled in his Heart,
He furls his Sails, and fits his Ship to bear
The murmuring Storm that gathers in the Air.

And now th' embattled Hoſts advancing near,
Th' *Albanian* Monarch graſps his trembling Spear,
Then crying out, and threat'ning from afar
In his ſwift Chariot plung'd amidſt the War.
His rapid Wheels cut thro' the thickeſt Files
With fearful Ruin and prodigious Spoils.
Vodnar was deſtin'd firſt his Arms to feel,
Who in his Breaſt receiv'd the pointed Steel.
Next *Byron* lay expiring on the Plain,
Orpes, who brought him Aid, was with him ſlain.
Kentwin, *Moreſten*, *Caradoc* he ſlew
And with his Javelin pierc'd ſtout *Mervin* thro'.

Then,

Then, you brave brave Youths, *Rifan* and *Tudor* fell,
Who did in Strength and Martial Skill excell.
He forc'd his glitt'ring Spear thro' *Arnon*'s Side,
And with his Sword did *Thbor*'s Neck divide.
As *Udas* fled, the Dart the Hero ſent,
Enter'd his Back, and thro' his Navel went.
He fell, and in the Duſt, ſad to behold,
His Bowels iſſuing from his Belly, roll'd.
His Javelin next did *Runo*'s Knee invade,
And in the Bone the pointed Weapon ſtaid:
Strong *Runo* ſunk, and as he wildly ſtar'd,
And moving Words to ſtop his Fate prepar'd,
Th' inſulting Warrior proud of Conqueſt flew,
And with his Spear pierc'd his pale Body thro':
Groaning he lay, and fetch'd deep double Sighs,
While Death ſate ſwimming in his miſty Eyes.
Next *Leoline* great *Malgo*'s Son he kill'd,
A beauteous Youth, and not in War unskill'd.
Ovennar felt within a ſudden Dread,
And, turning round his Chariot, would have fled:
When his long Spear the fierce *Albanian* threw,
Which broke the Bones, and thro' his Temples flew:
Headlong *Ovennar* fell, and on the Ground
Welter'd in Blood, and fainted with his Wound.
Vaſt was the Havock raging *Telo* made,
And where he paſt the Slain in Heaps were laid.

As when a Flood from *Hyperborean* Hills
Rolls foaming down, and the wide Valley fills,
Where Stores of Snow diſſolv'd by Summer Beams
In one vaſt Deluge joyn their various Streams,
The roaring Torrent in its rapid Courſe
O'erflows the Banks, and with reſiſtleſs Force
Sweeps Houſes, Harveſt, Herds and Flocks away,
Nor can the loftieſt Mounds its Progreſs ſtay.
With equal Rage, and ſuch impetuous Haſte
Th' *Albanian* King thro' thick Battallions paſt:
O'er broken Spears, bright Helmets, burniſh'd Shields
And Arms and Harneſs ſcatter'd o'er the Fields,
With fervid Wheels the furious Warrior flies,
And fills with Noiſe and riſing Duſt the Skies.
The trembling Ground his fiery Courſers tear
Smoaking in Sweat, and fill with Foam the Air.
Then valiant *Oſron* with a freſh Brigade
Advanc'd, th' *Albanian* Warrior to invade;
While from another part his warlike Band
Lucius led up, and made a vigorous Stand.
Now Javelins flew and bearded Arrows ſung,
And hiſſing Darts at *Tello*'s Breaſt were flung,
Which from his Armour glanc'd, or in his Buckler hung.
When *Marodan* incens'd approaching near
With all his Sinews caſt his pondrous Spear;

Which

Which paſt the Buckler's Plates, and folded Hide,
And thro' his Armour raz'd th' *Albanian*'s Side.
Tollo incens'd collecting all his Might
Broke thro' the Ranks, and put the Foe to Flight.
And now Deſtruction reign'd amidſt the Files,
While the wide Field lay ſpread with martial Spoils.
So when *Batavian* Harpoonier's aſſail
With pointed Lances ſome prodigious Whale,
That ſhoves the yielding Waves, and rolls at Eaſe
Vaſtly extended on *Iſlandian* Seas;
If the proud Monarch of the Ocean feel
Fix'd in his wounded Side the bearded Steel,
And looking round ſees all the ambient Flood
Diſtain'd and redning with his flowing Blood,
He ſeeks Revenge, and while his hideous Tail
And ſtrong expanded Fins the Fleet aſſail,
Some Barks are cruſh'd, as with a falling Rock,
And ſome o'erturn'd ſink with the dreadful Shock.
The reſt ply all their Oars, and frighted row
Thro' Fields of Ice, to ſhun th' unequal Foe.
Bertudor then brought up a ſtronger Force;
Whom *Galbut* joyn'd to ſtop th' *Albanian*'s Courſe.
Theſe valiant Troops their fainting Friends protect,
And with their Arms great *Tollo*'s Progreſs checkt.
The thick Brigades now cloſe in Fight engag'd,
And Death thro' all the Field in Triumph rag'd:

While Man to Man, and Breaſt to Breaſt they ſtood,
And mingled Spears compos'd a martial Wood.
Clamour and Uproar fill the ſuff'ring Air,
Which dreadful came from the hoarſe Throat of War.
While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring,
Swords claſh with Swords, and miſſive Javelins ſing;
Of pointed Darts a hiſſing Tempeſt flies,
And feather'd Arrows darken all the Skies.
Theſe Warriors threaten loud, Thoſe Mercy cry,
And ſome inſult, while ſome in Torment die.
As when fam'd *Ætna* full of burning Stores
Preluding to ſome dire Eruption roars,
Impriſon'd Thunder bellows under Ground,
And the low Vaults and Caverns groan around.
Panotmo's Domes and *Zancle*'s Turrets ſhake,
And *Sicily*'s high Promontories quake,
Prodigious Noiſe th' Aerial Region fills,
The Shepherds hear, and tremble on their Hill's.
Such horrid Tumults and diſtracting Cries
Such frightful Clamour from the Field ariſe,
While mighty Chiefs their Men to Combate brought,
And Rivals for *Britannia*'s Empire fought.
Mordred in Arms and hardy Actions bred,
His painted Squadrons to the Battel led.

Sticking

Sticking his Golden Rowels in the Sides
Of his huge Steed amidſt the Foe he rides.
Whoſe Cavalry unſhaken as a Rock
Intrepid bore th' Invader's furious Shock.
King *Meridoc*, who did the Horſe Command,
Confirm'd his Men to make ſo brave a Stand.
Yet *Mordred* many valiant *Britons* ſlew;
Firſt with his Spear he pierc'd ſtout *Jaſper* thro',
Then noble *Griffith* by unhappy Chance
Stood in his way, and felt his fatal Lance:
Above his Jaw the Weapon paſs'd his Head,
He fell, and in a Moment ſtretcht out Dead.
Lodannar's Fate was next, to whoſe high Creſt
The mighty *Pict* ſo fierce a Stroke addreſt,
The *Briton* tott'ring with the weighty Blow
Drop'd the looſe Reins, and let his Weapons go.
The frighted Courſer thro' the Battle flew,
And midſt the Duſt the Warrior headlong threw.
The Horſes Hoofs in Pieces cruſh his Head,
And deep amidſt the Sand his Bowels tread.
He charg'd brave *Adel* next, for Letters prais'd,
And grip'd him with ſuch Vigour, that he rais'd
And drew him from his Seat, his fiery Steed
Scour'd o'er the Field from his loſt Rider freed.
Writhing and ſpurning in his Arms the Prey
Mid'ſt loud Applauſes *Mordred* bore away:
So when an Eagle from ſome Mountain Top
To truſs a timorous Leveret makes a Stoop,

He with his Prey graſp'd in his Pounces flies,
Which ſtruggling Mounts and Squeaks amid'ſt the Skies.

To fright the *Pict* bold *Guinan* did advance,
But in his Buckler broke his ſplinter'd Lance.
Then at the *Briton Mordred*'s Javelin flew,
It miſt the Rider, but the Courſer ſlew.
Extended on the Ground the Groaning Beaſt
Th' unhappy Warrior with his Weight oppreſt.
Mordred diſmounts, and with his glitt'ring Dart
Inſulting loud transfixt his generous Heart.
Guinan a Friend to *Meridoc* was dear,
Who by his Death provok'd caught up his Spear,
And ſhaking it from far did furious ſpring
Thro' the thick Ranks to Charge the *Pictan* King.
The mighty Monarch, who elated ſtood
Like ſome tall Oak, that overlooks the Wood,
Or a high Tow'r, which with its lofty Head
Surveys the Towns and Fields beneath it ſpread,
Lifts his Gigantick Spear, and cries aloud
To *Meridoc* advancing thro' the Crowd,
Briton come on, and but a moment ſtand,
A glorious Fate expect from *Mordred*'s Hand.
Let not thy Fears perſwade thee hence to fly,
Heav'n give thee Courage to engage, and Die.
King *Meridoc* his Spear in Anſwer ſent,
Which in the Shield's third ply its Fury ſpent.

The

Then *Mordred* threw, aloft the Weapon hiſt,
Ludar it reach'd, but *Meridoc* it miſt.
Brave *Ludar* was a Lord of *Neuſtrian* Blood,
Who long in vain the fair *Marinda* woo'd
To bleſs him with her Smiles, and ſooth his Pain,
But from th' inſulting Maid ſtill met Diſdain.
Loſt in Deſpair he left his native Soil
His Paſſion to beguile with martial Toil,
Now wounded by an erring Spear he lies,
Cries out, *Marinda*, Cruel Fate! and dies.
Then did the *Briton*'s ſecond Weapon fly,
And thro' his Armour pierc'd King *Mordred*'s Thigh.
Which from the Fleſh he ſtrove to draw in vain,
But flew about the Field in torturing Pain.
Wildly he ſtar'd, and turn'd his Courſer's Head,
Complain'd aloud, and from the Combate fled.
So when a Sword-Fiſh urg'd with generous Rage
In Northern Seas does a vaſt Whale engage,
A noble Fight enſues, and dreadful Strokes
Afflict the Main, and ſhake the Neighb'ring Rocks.
At every Shock up-lifted Waters fly,
And Clouds of liquid Duſt obſcure the Sky,
At length the Whale, his yielding Belly gor'd
By the Aſſailant's ſharp protruded Sword,
Out-roars the Deep, whole Seas his Noſtrils ſpout,
And like a floating Iſle he rolls about,

Then

Then to the Shore he tumbles thro' the Flood,
And marks the redning Waves with Tracks of Blood.

Thus ſtrove the *Pictan* and the *Britiſh* Horſe,
While pious *Arthur* with reſiſtleſs Courſe
In poliſh'd Arms, bright as th' Autumnal Star,
Flies thro' the Foe, himſelf a dazling War.
With his deſtructive Sword, which wav'd on high
Made flaming Bows and Arches in the Sky,
He thro' the Body of their Battle paſt,
Broke their thick Ranks, and laid the Army waſte.

Where-e'er the Hero did his Progreſs bend,
Ruin and Slaughter, ſpread around, attend
His fatal Arms, while to prevent their Fall
In vain the *Saxons* on their Idols call.

'Twas *Oſred*'s hapleſs Fortune firſt to feel
In his left Side the *Briton*'s piercing Steel.
Next *Godred* fell from valiant *Ingulf* ſprung,
He ſtruck the Ground, his Arms upon him rung.
Then *Ethelbert* expiring lay, betwixt
His Head and Shoulders with a Dart tranſfixt.
Nothing his Courage or illuſtrious Blood,
Which in his Veins from mighty *Odin* flow'd,
Nothing his well prov'd Armour, when aſſail'd
By *Arthur*'s Hand, the noble Youth avail'd.
Struggling he lay, and wallowed on the Ground
In the warm Streams which iſſued from his Wound.

Then

Then *Imerick* he ſlew, a hardy Chief,
And *Lodocan*, who ruſh'd to his Relief.
One by his Fauchion dy'd, one by his Spear
That ſplit the Skull, This paſt from Ear to Ear,
Next from his Arm a ſinging Javelin ſent
Thro' the left Groin of great *Congellar* went.
The wounded Chief retreats in torturing Pains,
And flowing Blood his halting Leg diſtains.
Then *Sigebert* a generous Youth he ſlew,
The fatal Weapon thro' his Temples flew.
Next by his Javelin was *Idallan* ſlain,
Then *Edbert* lay extended on the Plain;
Thro' the bright Helmet, which his Head encas'd,
Thro' Bones and Brain the furious Javelin paſs'd,
And his Left Eye from out its Circle ſtruck:
On the ſharp Point the ghaſtly Object ſtuck.
Then *Ethelrick*, a ſtout *Weſt-Saxon* Lord
And mighty *Crida* dy'd by *Arthur*'s Sword:
The firſt his Head down to his Soulders cleft,
Stretcht on the Ground of Breath and Senſe bereft.
The heavy Blade, that fell with ſlanting Sway,
Half thro' the other's Neckbone made its way.
The Head half ſever'd on his Shoulders hung,
While from the Wound the ſtreaming Purple ſprung.
Rolling in Gore the hapleſs Warrior lay,
And wildly ſtar'd, and groan'd his Breath away.

As when a mighty Tempeſt from the *Eaſt*
The Sea aſſail'd, and on the Billows preſt,
By Heav'n's Command, that *Jacob*'s Fav'rite Race
Might *Pharaoh*'s Arms eſcape, and ſafely paſs,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Ocean did its Force obey,
Open'd its watry Files, and clear'd the Way.
The ſplitting Waves in Heaps erected ſtood,
As Fear and Wonder had detain'd the Flood:
So valiant *Arthur* preſt upon the Foe
And ſo their Troops retir'd, and let the Hero thro'.

Now he aſſails King *Tollo*'s foremoſt Band,
Where mighty *Fingal* and *Dolavian* ſtand.
Both theſe he ſlew, next noble *Duncan* falls,
While he in vain for Help on *Tollo* calls.
And now on every Side the *Saxon* Hoſt
Begins to fly, and yield the Battle loſt.
Only bold *Tollo* with enormous Rage
Breaks thro' the Files Great *Arthur* to engage.

Mean time the King of Hell ſate full of Care,
And fear'd th' Event of this unequal War.
To ſtay th' *Albanian* Monarch's threatning Fate,
And for the Prince new dangers to Create,
He calls th' Inferiour Demons of the Air
His Pleaſure to attend, the Fiends repair
Swift to their Lord, to whom thus *Lucifer*.

Aereal Powers, who always ready ſtand
And give Obedience to your Lord's Command,

I now decree to end this bloody Strife,
To part the Hoſts, and guard my *Tullo's* Life.
Then haſte away each to his known Employ,
And let the loudeſt Storms the Heav'ns annoy.
Swift, as your own exploded Light'nings, fly,
And in a moment trouble all the Sky.
The dusky Fiends obſequious wing their Way;
Some gather'd miſty Stores to choak the Day.
Part wide Machines of gloomy Vapours made,
And in their Bowels Trains of Sulphur laid
With Nitre mixt, unkindled Firework part;
Injected Hailſtones turn'd with curious Art.
Some brought ſtrong Winds, which on their Wings might bear
The heavy Tempeſt lab'ring in the Air.
Now confluent Steams the' ſickning Sun-beams drown;
Dark Clouds o'erſpreading all th' Horizon frown,
And hang their deep diſtended Fleeces down.
Hoarce Thunder rolls, and murm'ring tries its Voice,
A Prelude to the Storm's outrageous Noiſe.
And now their livid Flames the Fiends apply,
And fire the Seeds, that yet unactive ly:
The Cloudy Engines burſt amidſt the Skies,
And thro' the Chaſms the darted Lightning flies.
While mids the troubled Air, Fire, Rain and Hail
Mixt in a Tempeſt, or by Turns prevail.

Mean

Mean time the hoſtile Cohorts peaceful grow,
The Strife above compoſes that below.
The Conquering *Britons* to their Camp return,
Their Loſs in theirs the vanquiſh'd *Saxons* mourn.
So when a Summer Storm the Sky o'erſpreads,
The Bees, that wander thro' the flowry Meads,
Or to the Tops of fragrant Mountains climb
To gather yellow Spoils of od'rous Thyme,
Forſake their Toil, and thro' the Cloudy Air
To their known Hives with haſty Flight repair:
All in their Cells returning from abroad
Depoſe their luſcious Dew, and wealthy Thighs unload.

Anxious and ſad the *Saxon* Troops appear,
And in their anguiſh curſe great *Arthur*'s Spear.
They own no *Saxon* can his Arms withſtand,
And doubt Deliverance from King *Tollo*'s Hand.
Scarce half the Night in thoughtful Care was ſpent,
When *Octa* to his Chiefs his Orders ſent
Swift to aſſemble in his Royal Tent:
And firſt to *Tollo* they the Summons bear,
Whoſe Men with ſpeed his wonted Dreſs prepare.
On his lowr Front a Wolf did horrid grin,
And o'er his Back was thrown a Tyger's Skin.
Then girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,
Which hung acroſs his Thigh with awful Pride.

Who

Who ſtern, and on the great Affair intent
Frowning to *Offa*'s high Pavilion went.
Next *Mordred* feeble with his Wound and lame
By his ſtrong Spear ſupported halting came.
A Beaver's Hide adorn'd the Warrior's Head,
A Leopard's ſpotted Spoils his Shoulders ſpread;
And in a Silver Belt he hung his Blade,
The Hilt was Steel with Studs of Gold inlaid.
Then *Ella* roſe, tho' new laid down to Reſt,
And round him claſp'd his rich embroider'd Veſt,
O'er which a pompous Scarlet Cloak he threw
Faſten'd with Gems, and lin'd with coſtly Blue,
And girding on his ponderous Sword in haſte
Led by his Servants to the Congreſs paſt.
Then valiant *Amades* and *Chuline* went,
With Wiſe *Paſcentio* to the Monarch's Tent.
Follow'd by *Oſred*, *Sebert* and the reſt
Of the chief Lords, who like Concern expreſt.
And now th' auguſt Aſſembly fills apace,
And all the Leaders take their proper Place.
Their fixt Attention *Offa* then beſpoke,
And leaning on his Scepter Silence broke.
Subjects and high Allies; you ſee the Field
To the ſucceſsful *Britons* ſtill we yield.
By Sea and Land we hear their known Alarms
And our whole Realm reveres their fatal Arms.
Our Heaps of Dead the Plains with horror crown
And Seas of *Saxon* Blood the Vallies drown.

The

The *Briton's* Sword the Land with Ruin ſpreads,
Like Storms, which from the Trees diſhonour'd Heads
Their ſhady Leaves and ſpreading Branches tear,
Cover the Ground, and leave the Foreſt bare.
Gods unpropitious on the *Saxons* frown,
But on the *Britiſh* Tribes look ſmiling down.
While we oppoſe the Tyde's impetuous Courſe
Raging it ſwells, and gathers greater Force.
Thus ſtriving we precipitate our Fate,
And learn our Error at too dear a Rate.
He ſaid. The *Saxon* Chiefs, who found their Hoſt
Weak and diminiſh'd by the Battles loſt,
Thinking their Arms unable to oppoſe
The rapid Torrent of their Conquering Foes,
Stedfaſt on great *Paſcentio* caſt their Eyes,
As one above the reſt accounted Wiſe,
And did to peaceful Methods ſtill adviſe.
He thus began. Our hard Affairs demand
A Remedy of Force, and near at Hand.
Where frightful Dangers threaten every way,
'Tis difficult ſucceſsful Schemes to lay.
He who in ſuch a Storm ſecure would ſteer,
Muſt own a ſteady Head, ſedate and clear.
Our Ship on all Sides fears deſtructive Shocks,
From Quickſands freed, we fall on fatal Rocks:

In

In ſuch a Caſe Court-Managers debate
How beſt to ſave themſelves, and not the State.
But if impartial Thoughts I muſt declare,
I would compoſe at any Price the War.
Sore with their Wounds, and ſunk with ill Succeſs
The *Saxons* ſtrong Deſires of Peace expreſs,
Which to obtain we muſt to *Arthur* ſue,
And the firſt Treaty, that we broke, renew.
Fair *Ethelina*'s unexampled Charms
Are only ſtronger, than the *Briton*'s Arms.
She muſt be offer'd to the Nuptial Tye,
On this alone we can for Peace rely,
This once prevail'd, again the Method try.
But *Tollo* then incens'd will loud Complain
Of *Octa*, and his Breach of Faith arraign.
Since hence to Peace our chief Obſtructions ſpring,
I move, that *Arthur* and th' *Albanian* King
May by their ſingle Arms the Strife decide,
And let the Princeſs be the Victor's Bride.
If o'er the *Britons* we th' Advantage gain,
And *Arthur* by th' *Albanian*'s Arms is ſlain,
The *Britons* ſhall repaſs *Sabrina*'s Tide,
And in their Rocks and hilly Lands abide.
While all the Cities, Caſtles, and the Land
Stretching on this Side, *Octa* ſhall Command.
But if King *Tollo* ſlain by *Arthur*'s Sword
New Triumphs to the *Britons* ſhall afford,

We'll

We'll meet no more their Armies in the Field,
But all our Conquer'd Lands and Cities yield.
Thoſe, who ſhall ask it, ſhall be wafted o'er
To our old Seats along the *German* Shore:
We the wide *Cantian* Kingdom ſtill retain,
And in its Limits circumſcrib'd remain.
This as the ſafeſt Counſel I propoſe.
He ſaid. The *Saxons* murmur'd their Applauſe.
Then *Tollo* anſwer'd with a haughty Air,
Pleas'd with my Chance I undertake the War.
My Sword and *Arthur*'s ſhall the Strife decide,
Let *Ethelina* be the Victor's Bride.
This Conquering Arm the *Saxon* Realm ſhall guard,
Repel the Foe, and win the bright Reward.
At leaſt when we our Arms in Combate joyn,
Peace is concluded with his Fall or mine.
The Council roſe, and back the Captains went,
They prais'd King *Tollo*, but they fear'd th' Event,
At the firſt opening of the tender Day
King *Offa* ſent ſix Orators away
To *Arthur*'s Camp, who introduc'd expreſs
The Meaſures taken to eſtabliſh Peace.
The valiant *Briton* heard with brave Delight
The Challenge, and approv'd the ſingle Fight.
Now to the ſacred Fanes his Troops repair,
Heav'n to Sollicit with united Pray'r,

That

That their great Hero might in Arms ſucceed,
And vanquiſh'd *Tollo* in the Combate bleed.
With greater Ardor, and more earneſt Cries
The *Britons* never importun'd the Skies,
While all the Warriors deep Concern expreſt,
And anxious Paſſions ſtrove in every Breaſt.
For if their Leader ſhould be conquer'd, all
Their Hopes and unſupported State muſt fall.
Soon as the Sun had ſtreak'd the Clouds with Light,
Great *Arthur* roſe, and arm'd himſelf for Fight.
Pieces with Silver Studs his Legs encas'd,
And harden'd Steel his mighty Thighs embrac'd.
Around his Head he lac'd his Helm, and high
His awful Plume roſe nodding in the Sky,
While like ſome glowing Forge his burniſh'd Shield
Reflected dazling Splendor thro' the Field.
And now he girded to his martial Side
Broad *Caliburno* long in Battle try'd.
Thus arm'd the Hero mounts his thundring Steed,
Not *Thracian* Hills could boaſt a nobler Breed.
And while his Hand graſp'd ſtrong his trembling Spear,
His Friends look'd on with Pleaſure and with Fear.
As on the Sand his vigorous Courſer danc'd,
And *Arthur* ardent to the Foe advanc'd,
His poliſh'd Cuiraſs darted every way
Gleaming Eruptions and reflected Day.

As

As Glorious *Michael*, when unknown Alarms
Diſturb'd all Heav'n, clad in celeſtial Arms
Bright as the Sun, led forth th' Angelick Hoſt
To drive the Rebels from the bliſsful Coaſt:
So radiant on the Plain did *Arthur* ſhine,
Awful his Motions, and his Looks Divine.

Mean time King *Octa* from his Camp proceeds
High in his Chariot drawn by Milk-white Steeds;
Near him was *Tollo* bent on bloody Strife,
Greedy of Fame, and negligent of Life.
His Coat of Mail was o'er his Shoulders flung,
And by his Side his boaſted Fauchion hung:
While, like a Beacon lighted in the Air,
His Buckler flam'd denouncing horrid War.
His ponderous Lance in his right Hand he ſhook,
And to the Liſts his way intrepid took.

Appointed Marſhals had deſcrib'd the Ground
For Combate fit, and fixt a Barrier round,
Which with the Troops on either Side were lin'd,
Their Lances grounded, and their Shields reclin'd.

The *Saxon* Hoſt and *Britiſh* ſtood in Sight
Drawn up in order to obſerve the Fight.
Attended with his Heralds on the Place
The *Briton* firſt appear'd with martial Grace.
Now *Octa* and his Prieſts advancing near,
The *Briton* rais'd his Voice, that all might hear;

And

And then his Hand laid on his Breaſt, his Eyes
Uplifted ſolemn to the diſtant Skies,
To ratifie the Treaty thus he Swore;
Th' Eternal Mind, whom Chriſtian Realms adore,
The God of Truth I here to Witneſs call,
If Unſucceſsful I in Combate fall
By *Tollo*'s Arms, the *Britiſh* Tribes are bound
To quit their Cities, and the Conquer'd Ground.
They hoſtile Actions ſhall no more repeat,
But o'er *Sabrina*'s ſpacious Flood retreat:
And in their Hills and lofty Mountains reſt,
Nor more the *Saxon* Provinces moleſt.
But ſhould propitious Heav'n Aſſiſtance bring,
And I ſubdue *Albania*'s boaſtful King,
The Foe ſhall live confin'd to *Cantia*'s Soil,
And peaceful leave the reſt of *Albion*'s Iſle.
Then did King *Octa* by an Altar ſtand,
On which, while thus he Swore, he laid his Hand.
Irmanſul God of Arms, bleſt *Friga*, *Thor*,
Tuiſco, *Odin* whom our Tribes adore,
And all the Gods and all the Goddeſſes,
Who rule the ſpacious Empire of the Seas,
And you, tremendous Pow'rs, who ſwift reſort
At *Pluto*'s Summons to th' Infernal Court;
Ye rural Gods, who range the Hills and Woods,
And beauteous Nymphs, the Guardians of the Floods,

Devout

Devout I you invoke, bear Witneſs all,
That if King *Tollo* does in Combate fall,
The Treaty now agreed to ſhall be kept;
The *Cantian* Kingdom only we except,
All other Lands, which Maſters of the Field,
We wreſted from the *Britiſh* Kings, we yield.
The Chief whoſe Arms Heav'n ſhall with Conqueſt crown,
Shall Claim the *Saxon* Princeſs for his own.
He ſaid, and further to confirm his Word
And ſacred Vow, he drew his glitt'ring Sword,
And with the Point did his full Veins divide,
And from his Arm let forth the ſpouting Tide.
Then (horrid Cuſtom!) ſolemn drunk the Blood
Which reeking in the golden Goblet flow'd.
Th' *Albanian* Chief and *Britiſh* now prepare
By one brave Combate to decide the War:
While Marſhals, Heralds and the Fecial Prieſts,
The Ceremonies finiſh'd, clear the Liſts.
Now ſounding Trumpets on each Side invite
The mighty Warriors to th' important Fight.
Then graſping in their Hand the glit'ring Lance
They Spur their Steeds, and bright in Arms advance.
And now the Rival Chief approach'd ſo near,
His Foe exclaiming thus, the Prince could hear.
Till now diſtreſs'd, without a Friend or Home,
A Fugitive Thou didſt in *Neuſtria* roam.

Now

Now from thy Limbs thy Soul releas'd ſhall go
A wandring Exile to the Shades below.
This Lance ſhall bear away thy gaſping Head,
And in thy Spoils I'll *Ethelina* wed.
Wert thou brave *Hector*, or his braver Foe,
Or Godlike *Hercules*, I'd mock thy Blow:
But ſuch a mighty Foe I need not fear,
Thine is not ſuch a Shield, nor ſuch thy Spear.
O that the beauteous *Saxon* now were by,
To ſee my Rival and her Lover dye!
Thus boaſtful *Tollo* did his Choler vent,
Thus were in Air his Threats unhurtful ſpent.
The pious Prince ſedate without Reply
Brandiſh'd his Lance, and did to Combate fly.
As when a roaming Lyon from afar
Sees a ſtrong Bull ſtand threatning furious War,
That flouriſhes his Horns, looks ſow'r around,
And hoarcely bellowing traverſes the Ground,
For want of Foes the Foreſt does provoke,
And runs his Head againſt the next tall Oak,
The King of Beaſts obſerves him with Diſdain,
And ſwift to meet him ſcowrs along the Plain.
So *Arthur* boiling with Heroick Rage
Sprung forth th' *Albanian* Hero to engage.
Collected in his Strength the Pagan ſtood,
Like ſome tall Mountain Pine, it ſelf a Wood.

Then *Tollo* firſt, his Foe advancing near,
With all his Force caſt his long Aſhen Spear,
Which on his temper'd Shield great *Arthur* took,
While with a ſecret Dread the *Britons* ſhook.
Thro' the firſt Plate of Braſs the Weapon went,
But in the next its dying Force was ſpent.
The Chriſtian Hero then his Javeling flung,
Swiftly it flew, and in its Paſſage ſung.
Th' *Albanian*'s Buckler did its Force obey,
While thro' the Steel and Hide it made its way;
Then thro' the Jointed Cuiraſs furious paſt,
And fixt its Point within the Monarch's Waſte.
The Blood ſprings thro' his Armour from his Veins,
And trickling down the Plate the Ground diſtains.
A new Effort th' *Albanian* Warrior made,
For whoſe Succeſs the trembling *Saxons* pray'd;
In vain; in *Arthur*'s Shield the Weapon ſtaid.
Then his bright Spear the valiant *Briton* threw;
While *Tollo* ſtoop'd it o'er his Shoulder flew,
And falling pierc'd ſo deep the yielding Soil,
The ſtrongeſt Arm in all *Britannia*'s Iſle
Had ſtrove to draw it forth with fruitleſs Toil.

Now

Now miſſive Weapons ſpent, to end the Fight
The warring Rivals from their Steeds alight;
And as they ſudden leapt upon the Ground,
The moſt undaunted Chiefs, who ſtood around
Started, and by their Aſpect ſeem'd afraid,
Such was the Clanck their Arms and Armour made.
Then dealing furious Strokes they ſtretch their Veins,
Whence a loud Peal rang thro' the ecchoing Plains.
While pale with anxious Care their Cohorts look,
And for their Champion's Life with Terror ſhook.
So when two vigorous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Foreſt fear'd,
Reſolv'd to try which muſt in Combate yield,
Proud in their Might advance along the Field;
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flouriſh their Antlets, and denounce the War;
Then flying on, their threat'ning Heads incline,
And with their claſhing Horns in Battle joyn.
The ſpreading Sound runs ratling o'er the Hills,
And eccho with the Fight the Valley fills.
Retiring oft the Warriors ceaſe to puſh,
But then with fiercer Rage to Combate ruſh.

The trembling Herds at Diſtance gaze, and ſtay
To know the Victor, which they muſt obey.
No leſs concern'd th' Embattled Armies ſtand,
And wait the Hero, who muſt both Command.
Now *Tollo* backward ſhrunk, and panting ſtood
Faint with his Labour, and his Loſs of Blood.
The *Britiſh* Prince enrag'd to ſee the Fight
So far prolong'd, collecting all his Might,
With double Fury on th' *Albanian* preſt,
While brandiſh'd *Caliburne* on his Creſt
With ſuch a Sway deſcended, that it cleft
The Steel, the boaſtful King of Senſe bereft
Let fall his Arms, and ſtagg'ring reel'd about;
The joyful *Britons* raiſe a mighty Shout.
Arthur on Fire lets not th' Advantage go,
But ſtepping forward with a ſlanting Blow
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from Side to Side
Did his wide Throat, and ſpouting Veins divide,
Whence crimſome Streams his burniſh'd Armour dy'd.
Giddy a while and tott'ring *Tollo* ſtood,
And from his Stomach threw up clotted Blood;
Then down he fell; the Field beneath, and all
The *Saxon* Army, trembled at his Fall.
Groveling in Death and ſmear'd with Gore he lay,
His Eyes yet ſtriving with departing Day:

Then

Then quiv'ring and convuls'd the Champion fetcht
Two dreadful Groans, and Breathleſs out he ſtretcht.
As when a Whirlwind with outrageous Force
O'erturns a lofty Oak, that ſtops its Courſe,
The pond'rous Tree is caught up from the Ground
And with the furious Eddy carried round,
Till ruſhing from the Sky his ſtately Head
And ſhady Limbs the groaning Hill o'erſpread.
So by the *Briton*'s Arms Great *Tollo* ſlain
Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain.



THE INDEX,

EXPLAINING

The Names of *Countries*, *Cities*, and *Rivers*, &c. mentioned in this BOOK.

A.

ABum, *the River* Humber.
Agencourt, *or* Azencourt, *in the County of St.* Paul, *in* France.
Alanus, *River* Alne *in* Northumberland.
Alda, *a ſuppos'd Port in* Hampſhire.
Allobroges, *Inhabitants of* Savoy *and* Piedmont.
Alpes-Britiſh, *Mountains in* Caernarvonſhire.
Apulia, *a part of* Italy, *famous for Wool.*
Ariconium, Kencheſter; Hereford *is ſuppos'd to have its Original from* Ariconium.
Armorica, Little Bretaigne, *in* France.
Attrebatians, *Inhabitants of* Barkſhire.
Attacotians; Ortelius *makes them to inhabit between the* Horeſtii *and* Otadenii, *in* Scotland: *But* Cam-

den *places them more Northward, beyond the* Veniconies.

Aufona, *River* Nine *in* Northamptonſhire.

Auguſta, *the City of* London.

Auſonia, Italy.

Ælian's-bridge, *an old Town ſo call'd, by* Hadrian', Wall.

Ætna, *a famous burning Mountain in the Iſland of* Sicily.

B.

BAnnavena, Wendon *in* Northamptonſhire.

Banatia, Camden *ſuppoſes it to ſtand where* Bean-Caſtle *does, in* Murray, *in* Scotland

Bardunus, *a River near* Norwich, *in* Norfolk.

Barry-Iſle, *about three Miles from the River* Taf, *in* Glamorgan-ſhire.

Battavia, Holland.

Blackmoor-land, *that which was call'd* Whitehart-forreſt, *in* Dorſet-ſhire.

Boderia, *or* Boteria, Edenburg-frith, *in* Scotland.

Bolerium, *the utmoſt Promontory of* Cornwal, *or the Lands-end.*

Boſworth, *a Town in* Leiceſterſhire.

Bovium, Boverton *in* Brecknockſhire.

Brannodunum, Brancaſter *in* Norfolk.

Brechinia, Brecknockſhire, *likewiſe* Brecknock-town.

Brigantes, *the Inhabitants of* Yorkſhire, *Biſhoprick of* Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmorland, *and* Cumberland.

Brigæ, *suppos'd to be* Broughton, *an old Town in* Hampshire.

Bellerium, *some suppose it to be* Bualtt-castle *in* Brecknockshire. *The Additions to* Camden *apprehend it to be* Caerphilli-castle, *in* Glamorganshire; *both under the* Silures.

C.

CAlabria, *the farthest part of* Italy.

Caledonian-forest, *the great Forest in* Scotland, *divided by Mount* Grampius, *or* Grantzbain.

Caledonians, *those that inhabited on both sides of Mount* Grampius, *in* Scotland.

Camboritum, *the City of* Cambridge; *near to which are* Gogmagog-hills.

Camelodunum, Malden *in* Essex.

Campania, *a part of* Italy, *in the Kingdom of* Naples.

Canonium, Chelmsford *in* Essex.

Cantians, *Inhabitants of* Kent.

Carenians, Camden *places them in* Cathness, *in* Scotland. Ortelius, *more Northward than the* Carnonacæ, *on the West side of* Scotland.

Carnonations, *they inhabited beyond the River* Longas, *on the West-side of* Scotland.

Carphillis, *a famous Castle, suppos'd to be built by the* Romans, *in* Glamorganshire.

Cartinia, *a suppos'd Port in* Normandy.

Castralate, *City of* Edenburg, *in* Scotland.

Celnius, *suppos'd to be the River* Keillan; *it rises below Mount* Grampius, *and falls into the German Ocean.*

Chaluz, *a Caſtle in* France, *belonging to the Viſcount* Limoges.
Charybdis, *a dangerous place in the Sicilian Sea.*
Cilurnum, *it is ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Collerford *does, or elſe not far from it, at* Silcheſter in the Wall.
Clamorgania, Glamorganſhire.
Cluſentum, *where old* Hanton *ſtood by* Southampton.
Combretonium, Bretenham *in* Suffolk.
Conda, *for* Condate, *a Town of* Bretaigne *in* France.
Conovius, *River* Conwy; *it divides* Caernarvonſhire *from* Denbighſhire.
Coritanians, Darbyſhire *was a part of the* Coritani.
——— Northamptonſhire, *was part of the* Coritani.
Cornavians, *the Inhabitants of* Shropſhire, Cheſhire, *&c.*
Creonians, *or* Cerones, *the Inhabitants of* Aſſenſhire *in* Scotland, *according to* Camden.
Croiſſy, *or* Creſſy, *in* Ponthieu, *in* Lower-Picardy, *in* France.

D.

Danmonians, *Inhabitants of* Cornwal *and* Devonſhire.
Danus, *River* Dan, *in* Cheſhire.
Darventia, *River* Darwent, *in* Darbyſhire.
Decantians, *or, as* Camden *calls them,* Cantæ, *he places them in* Roſs *in* Scotland.
Dimetians, *thoſe that inhabited* Weſt-Wales, *viz.* Caermardhin-ſhire, Pembroke-ſhire, *and* Cardigan-ſhire.

Deucaledonian Ocean, *that on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland.
Deva, *River* Dee *in* Cheſhire.
Devana, *the City of* Cheſter.
Devia, *River* Dee *in* Scotland; *it falls into the Iriſh-Sea.*
Dobunians, *Inhabitants of* Glocesterſhire, *and* Oxfordſhire.
Dornavaria, Dorcheſter.
Dorus, *River* Dore *in* Herefordſhire; *it runs through the* golden Vale.
Dovo *River* Dove *in* Darbyſhire.
Druids, *the Pagan Prieſts among the* Britons *and* Gauls.
Durobrevians, *Inhabitants of* Rocheſter.
Durobrevis, *an old Town, call'd* Dormancheſter *on the River* Nyne, *in* North mptonſhire.
Durotriges, *Inhabitants of* Dorſetſhire.
Durovernum, *the City of* Canterbury.

E.

EBorac Race, Yorkſhire *Breed.*
Elgovians, *or* Selgovians, *Inhabitants of* Liddeſdale, Euſdale, Eskdale, *and* Annandale *in* Scotland.
Epidium, Cantyre *in* Scotland: *The Iſland that is near* Cantyre, *is likewiſe call'd* Epidium.
Epirus, *a Country of* Greece.

F.

FAuſtinus, Vilia Faſtina, *now* St. Edmundsbury *in* Suffolk.
Fial, *one of the chief Mountains in* Swedeland.
Froma, *River* Frome *in* Dorſetſhire.

G.

GAdenians, *Inhabitants of* Teifdale, Twedale, Merch, *and* Lothian, *in* Scotland.
Gallena, Wallingford *in* Barkſhire, *on the borders of* Oxfordſhire.
Garienus, *River* Yare, *on which* Yarmouth *ſtands, in* Norfolk.
Gariononum, *ſuppoſ'd to be* Burg-caſtle *in* Suffolk.
Gaul, France.
Gevini, *a River in* Wales, *that runs into the River* Usk.
Glevum, *the City of* Gloceſter.
Glotta, *River* Cluyd *in* Scotland: *Alſo an Iſland now call'd* Arran, *lying in the Bay of* Cluyd.
Gobanium, Abergaenna *in* Monmouthſhire.
Gobeum, *a Promontory of* Bretaigne *in* France.
Goths, *Inhabitants of the* Lower-Scythia, *in the Northern part of* Europe.

H.

HAga, *the* Hay, *or* Haſeley, *in* Brecknockſhire.
Helenus, *River* Avon *in* Hampſhire.
Hebudes, *or* Hebrides, *a Cluſter of Iſles that lie on the*

the West-side of Scotland, *in the* Deucalidonian-Ocean.
Hibernia, Ireland.
Hunns, *a People that came out of* Scythia *and dwelt in* Europe, *in* Hungary.
Hybernian-Ocean, *the Irish-Seas.*
Hydaspes, *a River in* India.
Hyperborean-Ocean, *that which washes the North part of* Scotland.

I.

IBeria, Spain.
Icenians, *Inhabitants of* Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgshire, *&c.*
Idumanum, Black-water *in* Essex.
Ierne, Ireland.
Imaus, *a Mountain which parts* India *from* Scythia, *and divides* Scythia *into two parts.*
Isca, *River* Usk *in* Monmouthshire.
——— *an old Town on the River* Usk, *in* Monmouthshire.
——— *River* Ex, *on which the City of* Exeter *stands.*
Isis, *a River in* Oxfordshire.
Ithaca, *an Island of* Ionian *Sea.*
Itunna, *River* Eden, *or* Solway-Frith *in* Scotland.

K.

KAndura, *or* Vindogara, *supposed to stand in* Kyle, *in* Scotland.

INDEX.

L.

LAke, *in* Brecknockſhire, *now call'd* Brecknock-mere.

Lapland, Lapponia, *it belongs partly to* Swedeland, Norway *and* Moſcovy.

Latium, *a part of* Italy, *now call'd* Campagna di Roma, *or St.* Peters Patrimony.

Liddenus, *River* Ledden *in* Herefordſhire, *by* Malvern Hills.

Liger, *River* Loire *in* France.

Lindis, *River* Witham *in* Lincolnſhire.

Lindum, *City of* Lincoln.

Loghor, *a River which is the Weſtern Limit of* Glamorganſhire.

Logians, *they inhabited from Mount* Grampius, *to the German Ocean, by the* Mertæ *in Scotland.*

Longo, *a River on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland, *that falls into the Weſtern Ocean, 'tis call'd* Logh Longas.

Loxa, *River* Loſſe *in* Scotland.

Lugas, *River* Lug, *it riſes in* Radnor-hills, *and falls into* Wye, *Three Miles from* Hereford.

M.

MAntua, *a Town in* Italy *where* Virgil *was born.*

Margadunum, *an old Town ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Bever *Caſtle does.*

Maridunum, Caermardhin, *in* Wales.

Mauritania, Barbary.

Meatians, *they inhabited near the* Picts *Wall.*

Mediolanum,

Mediolanum, *an old Town in* Montgomeryſhire.
Medvaga, *River* Medway *in* Kent.
Merſei, *River* Merſey *in* Cheſhire.
Mearians, *thoſe that inhabited the North part of* Scotland, *which lies towards the* German *Ocean.*
Mervinian-mountains, *thoſe of* Merionithſhire.
Milford-haven *in* Wales.
Mona's Iſle, *the Iſle of* Angleſey.
Moſa, *the* Maes, *in* Gallia-Belgica, *it falls below* Dort, *into the German Ocean.*
Muno, *River* Munow, *it riſes in* Hatterill-hills, *and parts* Herefordſhire *from* Monmouthſhire.

N.

NAnnetum, *the City of* Nants, *in* Brittany, France.
Neuſtrian-coaſt, *that of* Normandy.
Nidus, *River* Neath, *on which ſtood a Town of the ſame, in* Glamorganſhire.
Nile, *the famous River of* Egypt.
Novantians, *they inhabited* Galloway, Careck, Kyle, Cuningham, *and* Glotta, *the* Promontory *which here runs into the Sea, was call'd the* Novantian Promontory.

O.

OCtopitarium, *St.* David's *Land, in* Wales.
Olympic, *the Olympick Games were kept in the City* Olympia, *in* Peloponneſus.

Ordovicians, *Inhabitants of* North-Wales, *and* Powisland, *viz.* Montgomeryshire, Meirionithshire, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire.

Oreſtians, *or* Horeſtians *Inhabitants of* Argyle *and* Perth, *according to* Camden, *in* Scotland.

Orrea, *a Town on the North of the River* Tay, *in* Scotland.

Ottadenians, *thoſe that inhabited next the* Brigantes.

Oza, *River* Ouſe, *there is the great and little* Ouſe, *the former divides* Norfolk *from* Cambridgſhire.

P.

PActolus, *a River in* Lidia.

Panormo *now* Palermo *the Chief City of* Sicily.

Parthenope, *the City of* Naples.

Peak, *in* Darbyſhire.

Pictavian-fields, Poictou *a Province in* France, *its Capital City is* Poitiers, *within Two Leagues of which was fought the Famous Battle between the* Engliſh *and* French.

Picts, *they inhabited part of* Scotland, *ſome place them in the South, in* Lothian *and* Fife: *Alſo* Camden *places them in* Orkney, *and the Northern Iſles.*

Plinlimon, *a high Mountain in* Wales, *whence* Severn, Wye *and* Rydol, *take their Riſe.*

R.

RAnduara *or* Vanduara, *ſuppoſ'd by* Camden *to be* Reinfraw *in* Cluydeſdale, Scotland.

Ratoſtibium, *River* Taf *in* Wales.

Regnum-wood, Ringwood *in* Hampſhire.
Repandunum, Repton *in* Darbyſhire.
Rhemnius, *River* Remny *in* Glamorganſhire.
Rhine, *a River which parts* France *from* Germany, *after it has run* 306 *Miles, it falls into the River* Moſa, *and the* German *Ocean.*
Ricine, *the firſt Iſland of the* Hebudes.
Riphean-hills, *Mountains of* Scythia *ſo call'd.*
Roman-military-way, *call'd* Watlinſtreet.
Rutunium, Ronton *in* Shropſhire.
Rutupiæ, *an old Town* Richborrow, *near* Sandwich *in* Kent.
——— *The* Foreland *in* Kent.

S.

SAbrina, *River* Severn.
Salopia, Shropſhire,
Scandanavia, *or* Scandia, *the Country between the* Vele *and the Northern Sea, containing* Norway, Swedeland, *&c.*
Scylla, *a dangerous place in the* Sicilian *Sea.*
Scythia, *otherwiſe call'd* Sarmatia; *now that part of* Tartary, *which lies in* Europe, *about the* Euxine *Sea, and the* Meotick *Lake.*
Segontium, Caernarvan *in* Wales.
——— Silcheſter, *in* Hampſhire.
Sein, *the River on which* Paris *ſtands.*
Seſtus, *a Caſtle of* Thrace *by the* Helleſpont.
Severus-wall, *the* Picts *Wall.*
Silures, *Inhabitants of* South-wales, *viz.* Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Glamorganſhire, Herefordſhire, *and* Monmouthſhire.

Sirius,

Sirius, *the* Dogſtar.
Sorbiodunum, Salisbury *in* Wiltſhire.
Spinæ, *an old Town hard by* Newberry.
Stourus, *River* Stoure *in* Dorſetſhire.
——— *River* Stoure *in* Suffolk.
Stuccia, *River* Yeſtwith *in* Cardiganſhire.

T.

TAme, *a Town on the River* Celnius *in* Scotland.
Tava, *River* Tay *in* Scotland.
Tegæan-lake, Pimble-mere, *in* Wales.
Thamiſis, *River of* Thames.
Thanotos, *Iſle of* Thanet.
Thet, *the River on which* Thetford *ſtands.*
Thrace, *now* Romanis.
Tinna, *River* Tine, Tinmouth *ſtands on it, there is likewiſe another* Tine *more Northward.*
Trenta, *River* Trent, *it divides* Lincolnſhire, *from* Yorkſhire *and* Nottinghamſhire.
Treſantona, *River* Teſt, *it runs into* Southampton-Bay.
Trinacrian Iſle, *the Iſle of* Sicily.
Tripontium, *ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Towceſter *does, in* Northamptonſhire.
Trojans, Troy *was a City of* Phrygia, *in the leſſer* Aſia.
Tuella, *a River in* Scotland, *that riſes below* Grampius, *and falls into the* German *Ocean.*
Turobius, *River* Teivi *in* Wales.
Tyber, *the famous River of* Rome.

V.

URiconium, *an old Town call'd* Wroxceſter, *near the place where* Severn *and* Tern *joyns*, Shrewsbury *is ſuppos'd to have its riſe out of the Ruins of* Uriconium.

Uſocona, *ſuppos'd to be* Oxenyate *in* Shropſhire.

V.

VAga, *River* Wye, *it riſes in* Wales, *and runs thro'* Herefordſhire.

Vagniacans, *Inhabitants of* Maidſtone *in* Kent.

Vandals, *they inhabited about* Meklenburg *in* Germany, *on the Coaſt of the* Baltick *Sea.*

Vara, *or* Bay *of* Vavaris *in* Scotland.

Vecta's-Iſle, *the* Iſle of Wight.

Vedra, *River* Ware, *in the Biſhoprick of* Durham.

Vindogladia, Winburn *in* Dorſetſhire.

Venicontes, *or* Vernicontes, *they inhabited North of* Tay *in* Scotland, Camden *places them in* Mernis.

Venta, *an old Town near* Chepſtow *in* Monmouthſhire.

—— *An old Town call'd* Caſter, *near* Norwich, *out of whoſe Ruins* Norwich *is ſuppos'd to have its Original.*

—— Wincheſter, *in* Hampſhire.

Verolamium, *an old Town near St.* Albans, *out of whoſe Ruins it has its beginning.*

Veſuvius, *a Famous burning Mountain in* Italy.

Vicomagiana, Camden *makes them to inhabit* Murray, *but* Ortelius *places them between the* Creones *and* Carnonacæ, *in the Western part of* Scotland.
Victoria, *suppos'd to be* Inch-Keith-Island, *broke off from the Land.*
Vindolana, *Old* Winchester *in* Northumberland.

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